THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
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NOVEMBER 6, 1915 5c. THE COPY

Speaking of Operations—By Irvin S. Cobb

The Red Splash of Romance—By Harry Leon Wilson

Better Trucking Means Bigger Business

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All of these benefits are sure to follow the installation of trucks of quality—if the proper size and right power are selected.

The GMC line includes trucks ranging from 1000 lbs. to 6 tons capacity. It includes gasoline and electric power, worm drive, chain drive and shaft drive.

In no other factory in the world can such a variety of motor trucks be found. In no other factory can better quality be had.

In the GMC line the Manufacturer, Merchant, Municipality, Dairyman, Truck Gardener, Contractor—any man or corporation with hauling to do can find the truck that will fit the work to be done. ***That*** makes motor trucks profitable.

We will gladly offer suggestions when desired and co-operate with you in selecting the size and kind of trucks that will be most economical for you.

Tell us what you have to haul, the kind of roads you have—whether hilly or level. Our suggestions should be helpful, for we have no prejudice in favor of any particular size of truck or kind of power.

"We make a truck to fit your business"

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the units of General Motors Company

Pontiac, Mich.

Direct Factory Branches: *New York* *Boston* *Chicago* *Philadelphia* *St. Louis* *Kansas City*

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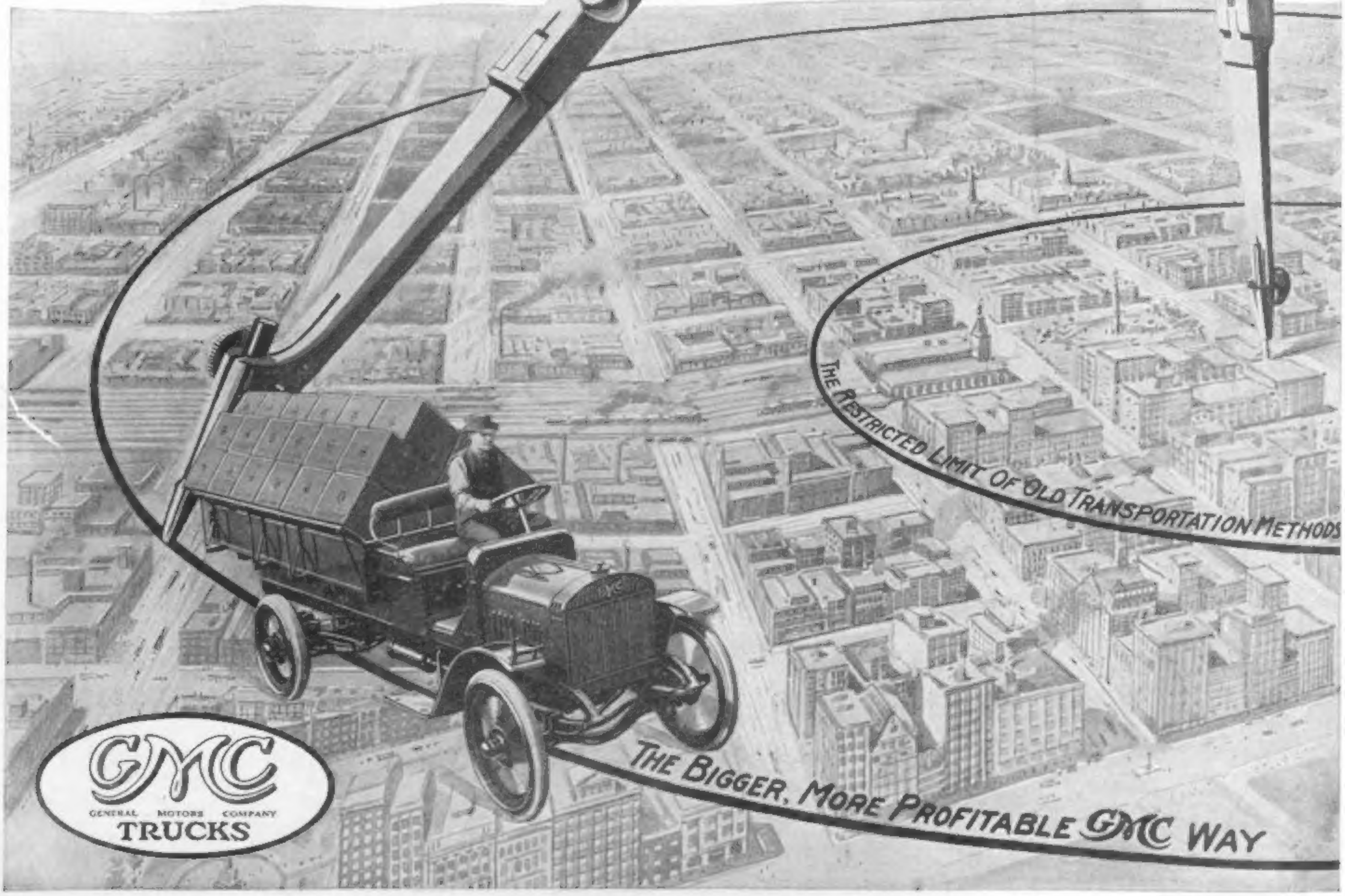
G M C Trucks are built in the world's largest, exclusive motor truck factory.



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The merchant who sells our goods will show you values from $35 to $60. Our label is sewed in the coat; it's a small thing to look for—a big thing to find.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago New York

For the Children

*"Sugar in some form is necessary for children, as their universal craving for it shows. * * * * Sugar is best taken when combined with food, so candy should be restricted. * * * *"*

Elizabeth Robinson Scoville.

TO EVERY mother the candy question is perplexing. Its proper answer—indicated in the quotation given above—is wholesome cakes and cookies.

The objection that such foods may tax the digestion of the child can be overcome by making them with

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½ cupful sugar
½ cupful Crisco
½ cupful molasses
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¼ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla extract

(Use level measurements)

Cream Crisco and sugar together, add eggs well beaten, molasses, extract, flour, salt and nuts. Divide into small fancy Criscoed tins, or bake in Criscoed sheet tin and cut in squares. Bake in moderate oven half hour. Crisco Brownies are a cross between cake and candy. Sufficient for twelve squares.

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"Speaking of Operations —"

By IRVIN S. COBB

SKETCHES BY TONY SARG

NOW that the last belated bill for services professionally rendered has been properly paid and properly receipted; now that the memory of the event, like the mark of the stitches, has faded out from a vivid red to a becoming pink shade; now that I pass a display of adhesive tape in a drug-store window without flinching—I sit me down to write a little piece about a certain matter—a small thing, but mine own—to wit, That Operation.

For years I have noticed that persons who underwent pruning or remodeling at the hands of a duly qualified surgeon, and survived, liked to talk about it afterward. In the event of their not surviving I have no doubt they still liked to talk about it, but in a different locality. Of all the readily available topics for use, whether among friends or among strangers, an operation seems to be the handiest and the most dependable. It beats the weather, or Roosevelt, or Bryan, or when this war is going to end, if ever, if you are a man talking to other men; and it is more exciting even than the question of how Mrs. Vernon Castle will wear her hair this winter, if you are a woman talking to other women. Wherever two or more are gathered together it is reasonably certain that somebody will bring up an operation.

Until I passed through the experience myself, however, I never really realized what a precious conversational boon the subject is, and how great a part it plays in our intercourse with our fellow beings on this planet. To the teller it is enormously interesting, for he is not only the hero of the tale but the rest of the cast and the stage setting as well—the whole show, as they say; and if the listener has had a similar experience—and who is there among us in these days that has not taken a nap 'neath the shade of the old ether cone?—it acquires a doubled value.

Apparently There Was Nobody at Home

The Haunted Midriff

"SPEAKING of operations ——" you say, just like that, even though nobody present has spoken of them; and then you are off, with your new acquaintance sitting on the edge of his chair, or hers as the case may be and so frequently is, with hands clutched in polite but painful restraint, gills working up and down with impatience, eyes brightened with desire, tongue hung in the middle, waiting for you to pause to catch your breath, so that he or she may break in with a few personal recollections along the same line. From a mere conversation it resolves itself into a symptom symposium, and a perfectly splendid time is had by all.

If an operation is such a good thing to talk about, why isn't it a good thing to write about too? That is what I wish to know. Besides, I need the money. Verily, one always needs the money when one has but recently escaped from the ministering clutches of the modern hospital. Therefore I write.

It all dates back to the fair, bright morning when I went to call on a prominent practitioner here in New York, whom I shall denominate as Doctor X. I had a pain. I had had it for days. It was not a dependable, locatable pain, such as a tummyache or a toothache is, which you can put your hand on; but an indefinite, unsettled, undecided kind of pain, which went wandering about from place to place inside of me like a strange ghost lost in Cudjo's Cave. I never knew until then what the personal sensations of a haunted house are. If only the measly thing could have made up its mind to settle down somewhere and start housekeeping I think I should have been better satisfied. I never had such an uneasy tenant. Alongside of it a woman with the moving fever would be comparatively a fixed and stationary object.

Having always, therefore, enjoyed perfectly riotous and absolutely unbridled health, never feeling weak and distressed unless dinner happened to be ten or fifteen minutes late, I was green regarding physicians and the ways of physicians. But I knew Doctor X slightly, having met him last summer in one of his hours of ease in the grand stand at a ball game, when he was expressing a desire to cut the umpire's throat from ear to ear, free of charge; and I remembered his name, and remembered, too, that he had impressed me at the time as being a person of character and decision and scholarly attainments.

He wore whiskers. Somehow in my mind whiskers are ever associated with medical skill. I presume this is a heritage of my youth, though I believe others labor under the same impression. As I look back it seems to me that in childhood's days all the doctors in our town wore whiskers. I recall one old doctor down there in Kentucky who was practically lurking in ambush all the time. All he needed was a few decoys out in front of him and a pump gun to be a duck blind. He carried his calomel about with him in a fruit jar, and when there was a cutting job he stropped his scalpel on his bootleg.

Diagnosis: Fifteen Dollars

YOU see, in those primitive times germs had not been invented yet, and so he did not have to take any steps to avoid them. Now we know that loose, luxuriant whiskers are insanitary, because they make such fine winter quarters for germs; so, though the doctors still wear whiskers, they do not wear them wild and waving. In the profession bosky whiskers are taboo; they must be landscaped. And since it is a recognized fact that germs abhor orderliness and straight lines, they now go elsewhere to reside, and the doctor may still retain his traditional aspect and yet be practically germproof. Doctor X was trimmed up in accordance with the ethics of the newer school. He had trellis whiskers. So I went to see him at his offices in a fashionable district, on an expensive side street.

Before reaching him I passed through the hands of a maid and a nurse, each of whom spoke to me in a low, sorrowful tone of voice, which seemed to indicate that there was very little hope. I reached an inner room where Doctor X was. He looked me over, while I described for him as best I could what seemed to be the matter with me, and asked me a number of intimate questions touching on the lives, works, characters and peculiarities of my ancestors; after which he made me stand up in front of him and take my coat off, and he punched me hither and yon with his forefinger. He also knocked repeatedly on my breastbone with his knuckles, and each time, on doing this, would apply his ear to my chest and listen intently for a spell, afterward shaking his head in a disappointed way. Apparently there was nobody at home. For quite a time he kept on knocking, but without getting any response.

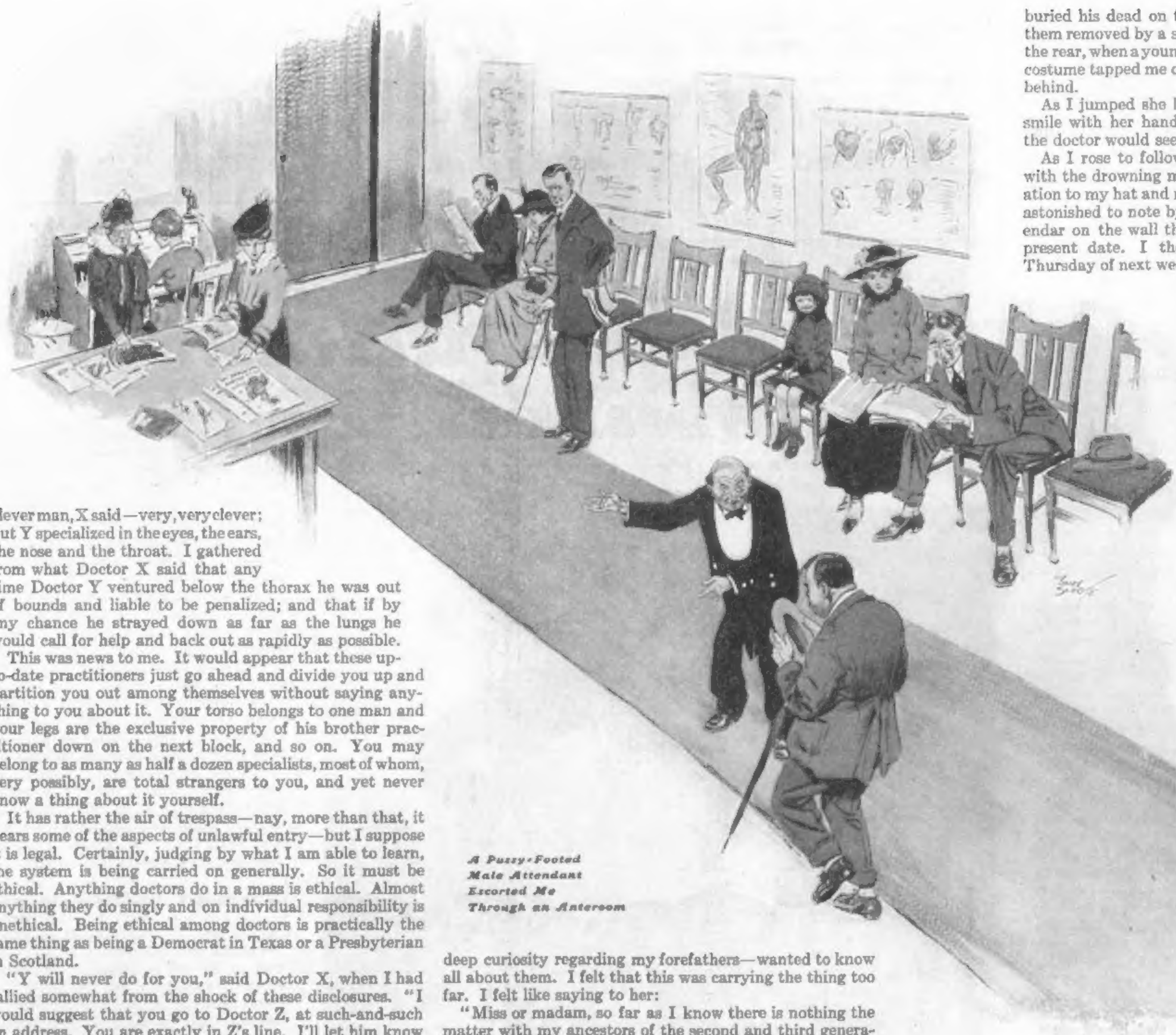
He then took my temperature and fifteen dollars, and said it was an interesting case—not unusual exactly, but interesting—and that it called for an operation.

From the way my heart and other organs jumped inside of me at that statement I knew at once that, no matter what he may have thought, the premises were not unoccupied. Naturally I inquired how soon he meant to operate. Personally I trusted there was no hurry about it. I was perfectly willing to wait for several years if necessary. He smiled at my ignorance.

"I never operate," he said; "operating is entirely out of my line. I am a diagnostician."

He was too—I give him full credit for that. He was a good, keen, close diagnostician. How did he know I had only fifteen dollars on me? You did not have to tell this man what you had, or how much. He knew without being told.

I asked whether he was acquainted with Doctor Y—Y being a person whom I had met casually at a club to which I belong. Oh, yes, he said, he knew Doctor Y. Y was a



A Pussy-Footed Male Attendant Escorted Me Through an Anteroom

clever man, X said—very, very clever; but Y specialized in the eyes, the ears, the nose and the throat. I gathered from what Doctor X said that any time Doctor Y ventured below the thorax he was out of bounds and liable to be penalized; and that if by any chance he strayed down as far as the lungs he would call for help and back out as rapidly as possible.

This was news to me. It would appear that these up-to-date practitioners just go ahead and divide you up and partition you out among themselves without saying anything to you about it. Your torso belongs to one man and your legs are the exclusive property of his brother practitioner down on the next block, and so on. You may belong to as many as half a dozen specialists, most of whom, very possibly, are total strangers to you, and yet never know a thing about it yourself.

It has rather the air of trespass—nay, more than that, it bears some of the aspects of unlawful entry—but I suppose it is legal. Certainly, judging by what I am able to learn, the system is being carried on generally. So it must be ethical. Anything doctors do in a mass is ethical. Almost anything they do singly and on individual responsibility is unethical. Being ethical among doctors is practically the same thing as being a Democrat in Texas or a Presbyterian in Scotland.

"Y will never do for you," said Doctor X, when I had rallied somewhat from the shock of these disclosures. "I would suggest that you go to Doctor Z, at such-and-such an address. You are exactly in Z's line. I'll let him know that you are coming and when, and I'll send him down my diagnosis."

So that same afternoon, the appointment having been made by telephone, I went, full of quavery emotions, to Doctor Z's place. As soon as I was inside his outer hallway I realized that I was nearing the presence of one highly distinguished in his profession. A pussy-footed male attendant, in a livery that made him look like a cross between a headwaiter and an undertaker's assistant, escorted me through an anteroom into a reception room, where a considerable number of well-dressed men and women were sitting about in strained attitudes, pretending to read magazines while they waited their turns, but in reality furtively watching one another.

How They Pry Into a Patient's Past

I SAT down in a vacant chair, holding fast to my hat and my umbrella. They were the only friends I had there and I was determined not to lose them without a struggle. On the wall were many colored charts showing various portions of the human anatomy and what ailed them. Directly in front of me was a very thrilling illustration, evidently copied from an oil painting, of a liver in a bad state of repair. I said to myself that if I had a liver like that one I should keep it hidden from the public eye—I would never permit it to sit for its portrait. Still, there is no accounting for tastes. I know a man who got his spleen back from the doctors and now keeps it in a bottle of alcohol on the what-not in the parlor, as one of his most treasured possessions, and sometimes shows it to visitors. He, however, is of a very saving disposition.

Presently a lady secretary, who sat behind a roll-top desk in a corner of the room, lifted a forefinger and silently beckoned me to her side. I moved over and sat down by her; she took down my name and my age and my weight and my height, and a number of other interesting facts that will come in very handy should anyone ever be moved to write a complete history of my early life. In common with Doctor X she shared one attribute—she manifested a deep curiosity regarding my forefathers—wanted to know all about them. I felt that this was carrying the thing too far. I felt like saying to her:

"Miss or madam, so far as I know there is nothing the matter with my ancestors of the second and third generations back, except that they are dead. I am not here to seek medical assistance for a grandparent who succumbed to disappointment that time when Samuel J. Tilden got counted out, or for a great-grandparent who entered into Eternal Rest very unexpectedly and in a manner entirely uncalled for as a result of being an innocent bystander in one of those feuds that were so popular in my native state immediately following the Mexican War. Leave my ancestors alone. There is no need of your shaking my family tree in the belief that a few overripe patients will fall out. I alone—I, me, myself—am the present candidate!"

However, I refrained from making this protest audibly. I judged she was only going according to the ritual; and as she had a printed card, with blanks in it ready to be filled out with details regarding the remote members of the family connection, I humored her along. When I could not remember something she wished to know concerning an ancestor I supplied her with thrilling details culled from the field of fancy. When the card was entirely filled up she sent me back to my old place to wait. I waited and waited, breeding fresh ailments all the time. I had started out with one symptom; now if I had one I had a million and a half. I could feel goose flesh sprouting out all over me. If I had been taller I might have had more, but not otherwise. Such is the power of the human imagination when the surroundings are favorable to its development.

Time passed; to me it appeared that nearly all the time there was passed and that we were getting along toward the shank-end of the Christian era mighty fast. I was afraid my turn would come next and afraid it would not. Perhaps you know this sensation. You get it at the dentist's, and when you are on the list of after-dinner speakers at a large banquet, and when you are waiting for the father of the Only Girl in the World to make up his mind whether he is willing to try to endure you as a son-in-law.

Then some more time passed. One by one my companions, obeying a command, passed out through the door at the back, vanishing out of my life forever. None of them returned. I was vaguely wondering whether Doctor Z buried his dead on the premises or had them removed by a secret passageway in the rear, when a young woman in a nurse's costume tapped me on the shoulder from behind.

As I jumped she hid a compassionate smile with her hand and told me that the doctor would see me now.

As I rose to follow her—still clinging with the drowning man's grip of desperation to my hat and my umbrella—I was astonished to note by a glance at the calendar on the wall that this was still the present date. I thought it would be Thursday of next week at the very least.

Doctor Z also wore whiskers, carefully pointed up by an expert hedge trimmer. He sat at his desk, surrounded by freewill offerings from grateful patients and by glass cases containing other things he had taken away from them when they were not in a condition to object. I had expected, after all the preliminary ceremonies and delays, that we should have a long séance together. Not so; not at all. The modern expert in surgery charges as much for remembering your name between visits as the family doctor used to expect for staying up all night with you, but he does not waste any time when you are in his presence.

I was about to find that out. And a little later on I was to find out a lot of other things; in fact, that whole week was of immense educational value to me.

Doctor Z Plunges Into the Manifest

I PRESUME it was because he stood so high in his profession, and was almost constantly engaged in breaking into members of the first families, that Doctor Z did not appear to be the least bit excited over my having picked him out to look into me. In the most perfunctory manner he shook the hand that has shaken the hands of Jess Willard, George M. Cohan and Henry Ford, and bade me be seated in a chair which was drawn up in a strong light, where he might gaze directly at me as we conversed and so get the full values of the composition. But if I was a treat for him to look at he concealed his emotions very effectually.

From this point on everything passed off in a most businesslike manner. He reached into a filing cabinet and took out an exhibit, which I recognized as the same one his secretary had filled out in the early part of the century. So I was already in the card-index class. Then briefly he looked over the manifest that Doctor X had sent him. It may not have been a manifest—it may have been an invoice or a bill of lading. Anyhow, I was in the assignee's hands. I could only hope it would not eventually become necessary to call in a receiver. Then he spoke:

"Yes, yes-yes," he said; "yes-yes-yes! Operation required. Small matter—hum, hum! Let's see—this is Tuesday? Quite so. Do it Friday! Friday at"—he glanced toward a scribbled pad of engagement dates at his elbow—"Friday at seven A. M. No; make it seven-fifteen. Have important tumor case at seven. St. Germicide's Hospital. You know the place?—up on Umpty-umph Street. Go' day! Miss Whoziz, call next visitor."

And before I realized that practically the whole affair had been settled I was outside the consultation room in a small private hall, and the secretary was telling me further details would be conveyed to me by mail. I went home in a dazed state. For the first time I was beginning to learn something about an industry in which heretofore I had never been interested. Especially was I struck by the difference now revealed to me in the preliminary stages of the surgeons' business as compared with their fellow experts in the allied cutting trades—tailors, for instance, not to mention barbers. Every barber, you know, used to be a surgeon, only he spelled it chirurgeon. Since then the two professions have drifted far apart. Even a half-witted barber—the kind who always has the first chair as you come into the shop—can easily spend ten minutes of your time thinking of things he thinks you should have and mentioning them to you one by one, whereas any good, live surgeon knows what you have almost instantly.

As for the tailor—consider how wearisome are his methods when you parallel them alongside the tremendous advances in this direction made by the surgeon—how cumbersome and old-fashioned and tedious! Why, an experienced surgeon has you all apart in half the time the tailor takes up in deciding whether the vest shall fasten with five buttons or six. Our own domestic tailors are bad enough in this regard and the Old World tailors are even worse.

I remember a German tailor in Aix-la-Chapelle last year who undertook to build for me a suit suitable for visiting the battle lines informally. He was the most literary tailor I ever met anywhere. He would drape the material over my person and then take a piece of chalk and write quite a nice long piece on me. Then he would rub it out and write it all over again, but more fully. He kept this up at intervals of every other day until he had writer's cramp. After that he used pins. He would pin the seams together, uttering little soothing, clucking sounds in German whenever a pin went through the goods and into me. The German cluck is not so soothing as the cluck of the English-speaking peoples, I find.

The Fine Art of Carving

AT THE end of two long and trying weeks, which wore both of us down noticeably, he had the job done. It was not an unqualified success. He regarded it as a suit of clothes, but I knew better: it was a set of slip covers, and if only I had been a two-seated runabout it would have proved a perfect fit, I am sure; but I am a single-seated design and it did not answer. I wore it to the war because I had nothing else to wear that would stamp me as a regular war correspondent, except, of course, my wrist watch; but I shall not wear it to another war. War is terrible enough already; and, besides, I have parted with it. On my way home through Holland I gave that suit to a couple of poor Belgian refugees, and I presume they are still wearing it.

He Regarded It as a Suit of Clothes, But I Knew Better

So far as I have been able to observe, the surgeons and the tailors of these times share but one common instinct: If you go to a new surgeon or to a new tailor he is morally certain, after looking you over, that the last surgeon you had, or the last tailor, did not do your cutting properly. There, however, is where the resemblance ends. The tailor, as I remarked in effect just now, wants an hour at least in which to decide how he may best cover up and disguise the irregularities of the human form; in much less time than that the surgeon has completely altered the form itself.

With the surgeon it is very much as it is with those learned men who write those large, impressive works of reference which should be permanently in every library, and which we are forever buying from an agent because we are so passionately addicted to weekly payments. If the thing he seeks does not appear in the contents proper he knows exactly where to look for it. "See appendix," says the historian to you in a footnote. "See appendix," says the surgeon to himself, the while humming a cheery refrain. And so he does.

In Which I Assumed All Responsibility for What Was to Take Place

Well, I went home. This was Tuesday and the operation was not to be performed until the coming Friday. By Wednesday I had calmed down considerably. By Thursday morning I was practically normal again as regards my nerves. You will understand that I was still in a state of blissful ignorance concerning the actual methods of the surgical profession as exemplified by its leading exponents of to-day. The knowledge I have touched on in the paragraphs immediately preceding was to come to me later.

Likewise Doctor Z's manner had deceived me. It could not be that he meant to carve me to any really noticeable extent—his attitude had been entirely too casual. At our house carving is a very serious matter. Any time I take the head of the table and start in to carve it is fitting to remove the women and children to a place of safety, and bystanders should get under the table. When we first started housekeeping and gave our first small dinner party we had a brace of ducks cooked in honor of the company, and I, as host, undertook to carve them. I never knew until then that a duck was inclosed in a burglarproof case. Without the use of dynamite the Red Leary-O'Brien gang could not have broken into those ducks. I thought so then and I think so yet. Years have passed since then, but I may state that even now, when there are guests in for dinner, we do not have ducks. Unless somebody else is going to carve, we have liver.

I Wished to Show How Utterly Indifferent I Was

I mention this fact in passing because it shows that I had learned to revere carving as one of the higher arts, and one not to be approached except in a spirit of due appreciation of the magnitude of the undertaking, and after proper consideration and thought and reflection, and all that sort of thing. If this were true as regards a mere duck, why not all the more so as regards the carving of a person of whom I am so very fond as I am of myself? Thus I reasoned. And finally, had not Doctor Z spoken of the coming operation as a small matter? Well, then?

A Guest at St. Germicide's

THURSDAY at noon I received from Doctor Z's secretary a note stating that arrangements had been made for my admission into St. Germicide that same evening and that I was to spend the night there. This hardly seemed necessary. Still, the tone of the note seemed to indicate that the hospital authorities particularly wished to have me for an overnight guest; and as I reflected that probably the poor things had few enough bright spots in their busy lives, I decided I would humor them along and gladden the occasion with my presence from dinnertime on.

About eight o'clock I strolled in very jauntily. In my mind I had the whole program mapped out. I would stay at the hospital for, say, two days following the operation—or, at most, three. Then I must be up and away. I had a good deal of work to do and a number of people to see on important business, and I could not really afford to waste more than a week-end on the staff of St. Germicide's. After Monday they must look to their own devices for social entertainment. That was my idea. Now when I look back on it I laugh, but it is a hollow laugh and there is no real merriment in it.

Indeed, almost from the moment of my entrance little things began to come up that were calculated to have a depressing effect on one's spirits. Downstairs a serious-looking lady met me and entered in a book a number of salient facts regarding my personality which the previous investigators had somehow overlooked. There is a lot of bookkeeping about an operation. This detail attended to, a young man, dressed in white garments and wearing an expression that stamped him as one who had suffered a recent deep bereavement, came and relieved me of my hand bag and escorted me upstairs.

As we passed through the upper corridors I had my first introduction to the hospital smell, which is a smell compounded of iodoform, ether, gruel, and something boiling. All hospitals have it, I understand. In time you get used to it, but you never really care for it. The young man let me

(Continued on Page 29)

The Red Splash of Romance

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

THE walls of the big living room in the Arrowhead ranch house are tastefully enlivened here and there with artistic spoils of the owner, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill. There are family portraits in crayon, photo-engravings of noble beasts clipped from the Breeder's Gazette, an etched cathedral or two, a stuffed and varnished trout of such size that no one would otherwise have believed in it, a print in three colors of a St. Bernard dog with a marked facial resemblance to the late William E. Gladstone, and a triumph of architectural perspective revealing two sides of the Pettengill block, corner of Fourth and Main Streets, Red Gap, made vivacious by a bearded fop on horseback who doffs his silk hat to a couple of overdressed ladies with parasols in a passing victoria.

And there is the photograph of the fat man. He is very large—both high and wide. He has filled the lens and now compels the eye. His broad face beams a friendly interest. His mustache is a flourishing, uncurbed, riotous growth above his billowy chin.

The checked coat, held recklessly aside by a hand on each hip, reveals an incredible expanse of waistcoat the pattern of which raves horribly. From pocket to pocket of this gaudy shield curves a watch chain of massive links—nearly a yard of it, one guesses.

Often I had glanced at this noisy thing tacked to the wall, entranced by the simple width of the man. Now on a late afternoon I loitered before it while my hostess changed from riding breeches to the gown of lavender and lace in which she elects to drink tea after a day's hard work along the valleys of the Arrowhead. And for the first time I observed a line of writing beneath the portrait, the writing of my hostess, a rough, downright, plain fashion of script: "Reading from left to right—Mr. Ben Sutton, Popular Society Favorite of Nome, Alaska."

"Reading from left to right!" Here was the intent facetious. And Ma Pettengill is never idly facetious. Always, as the advertisements say, "There's a reason!" And now, also for the first time, I noticed some printed verses on a sheet of thickish yellow paper tacked to the wall close beside the photograph—so close that I somehow divined an intimate relationship between the two. With difficulty removing my gaze from the gentleman who should be read from left to right, I scanned these verses:

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

A child of the road—a gypsy I—
My path o'er the land and sea;
With the fire of youth I warm my nights
And my days are wild and free.

Then ho! for the wild, the open road!
Afar from the haunts of men.
The woods and the hills for my spirit untamed—
I'm away to mountain and glen.

If ever I tried to leave my hills
To abide in the cramped haunts of men,
The urge of the wild to her wayward child
Would drag me to freedom again.

I'm slave to the call of the open road;
In your cities I'd stifle and die.
I'm off to the hills in fancy I see—
On the breast of old earth I'll lie.

Wilfred Lennox, the Hobo Poet,
On a Coast-to-Coast Walking Tour.

These cards for sale.

I briefly pondered the lyric. It told its own simple story and could at once have been dismissed but for its divined and puzzling relationship to the popular society favorite of Nome, Alaska. What could there be in this?

Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill bustled in upon my speculation, but as usual I was compelled to wait for the talk I wanted. For some moments she would be only the tired owner of the Arrowhead ranch—in the tea gown of a débutante and with too much powder on one side of her nose—and she must have at least one cup of tea so corrosive that the Scotch whisky she adds to it is but a merciful dilution. She now drank eagerly of the fearful brew, dulled the bite of it with smoke from a hurriedly built cigarette, and relaxed gratefully into one of those chairs which are all that most of us remember William Morris for. Even then she must first murmur of the day's annoyances, provided this time by officials of the United States Forest Reserve. In the beginning I must always allow her a little to have her own way.

"The annual spring rumpus with them rangers," she wearily boomed. "Every year they tell me just where to turn my cattle out on the Reserve, and every year I go ahead and turn 'em out where I want 'em turned out, which ain't the same place at all, and then I have to listen patiently to their kicks and politely answer all letters from the higher-ups and wait for the official permit, which always comes—and it's wearing on a body. Darn it! They'd ought to know by this time I always get my own way. If they wasn't such a decent bunch I'd have words with 'em, giving me the same trouble year after year, probably because I'm a weak, defenseless woman. However!"

The lady rested largely, inert save for the hand that raised the cigarette automatically to her lips. My moment had come.

"What did Wilfred Lennox, the hobo poet, have to do with Mr. Ben Sutton, of Nome, Alaska?" I gently inquired.

"More than he wanted," replied the lady. Her glance warmed with memories; she hovered musingly on the verge of recital. But the cigarette was half done and at its best. I allowed her another moment, a moment in which she laughed confidentially to herself, a little dry, throaty laugh. I knew that laugh. She would be marshaling certain events in their just and diverting order. But they seemed to be many and of confusing values.

"Some said he not only wasn't a hobo but wasn't even a poet," she presently murmured, and smoked again. Then: "That Ben Sutton, now, he's a case. Comes from Alaska and don't like fresh eggs for breakfast because he says they ain't got any kick to 'em like Alaska eggs have along in March, and he's got to have canned milk for his coffee. Say, I got a three-quarters Jersey down in Red Gap gives milk so rich that the cream just naturally trembles into butter if you speak sharply to it or even give it a cross look; not for Ben though. Had to send out for canned milk that morning. I drew the line at hunting up case eggs for him though. He had to put up with insipid fresh ones. And fat, that man! My lands! He travels a lot in the West when he does leave home, and he tells me it's the fear of his life he'll get wedged into one of them narrow-gauge Pullmans some time and have to be chopped out. Well, as I was saying ——" She paused.

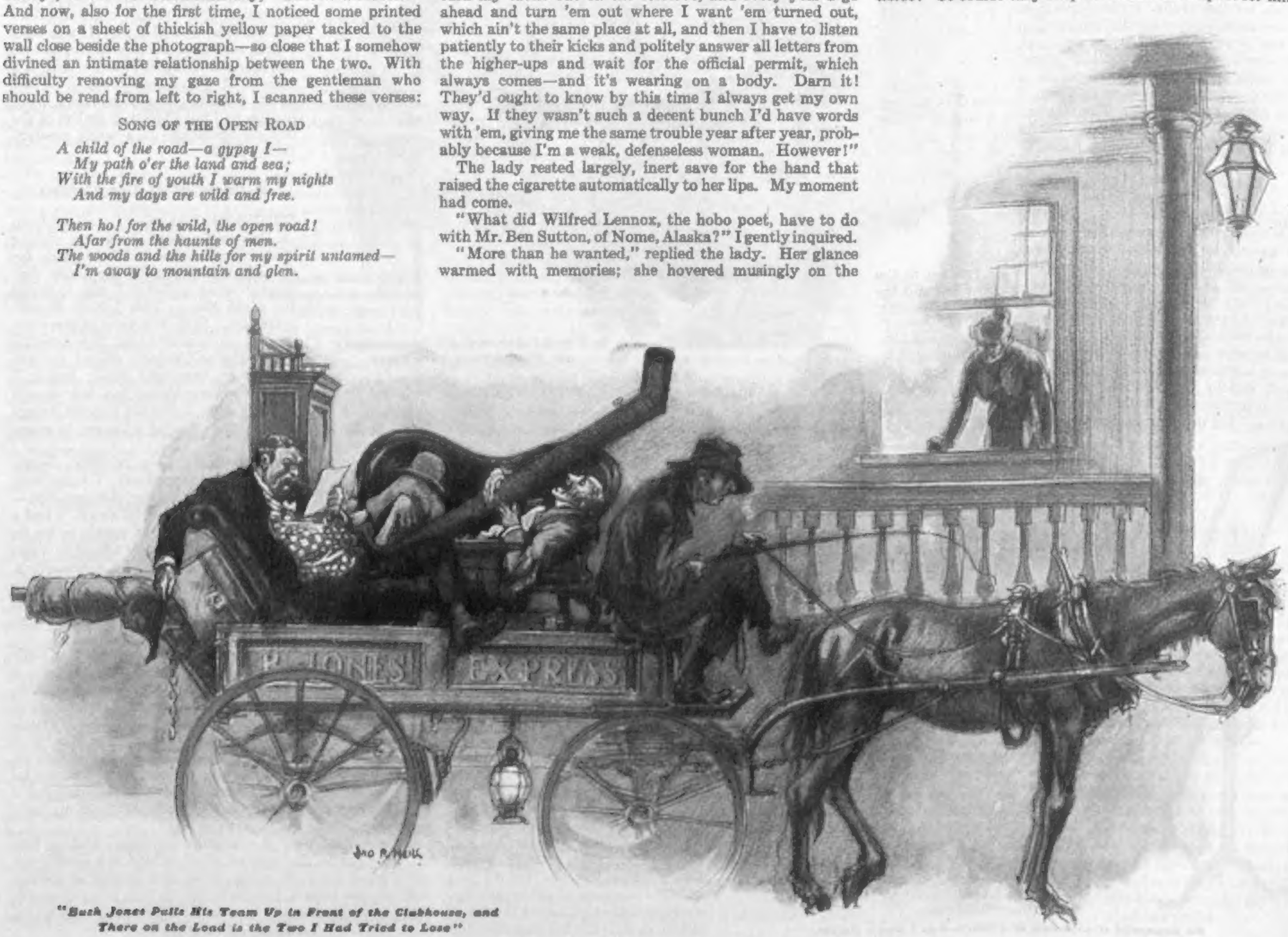
"But you haven't begun," I protested. I sharply tapped the printed verses and the photograph reading from left to right. Now she became animated, speaking as she expertly rolled a fresh cigarette.

"Say, did you ever think what aggravating minxes women are after they been married a few years—after the wedding ring gets worn a little bit thin?"

This was not only brutal; it seemed irrelevant.

"Wilfred Lennox——" I tried to insist, but she commandingly raised the new cigarette at me.

"Yes, sir! Ever know one of 'em married for as long as ten years that didn't in her secret heart have a sort of contempt for her life partner as being a stuffy, plodding truck horse? Of course they keep a certain dull respect for him



"Bush Jones Pulls His Team Up in Front of the Clubhouse, and There on the Load is the Two I Had Tried to Lose"

"Just at the Foot of the Steps Wilfred Made a Tactical Error. He Started to Run"

as a provider, but they can't see him as dashing and romantic any more; he ain't daring and adventurous. All he ever does is go down and open up the store or push back the roll-top, and keep from getting run over on the street. One day's like another with him, never having any wild, lawless instincts or reckless moods that make a man fascinating—about the nearest he ever comes to adventure is when he opens the bills the first of the month. And she often seeing him without any collar on, and needing a shave mebbe, and cherishing her own secret romantic dreams, while like as not he's prosily figuring out how he's going to make the next payment on the endowment policy.

"It's a hard, tiresome life women lead, chained to these here plodders. That's why rich widows generally pick out the dashing young devils they do for their second, having buried the man that made it for 'em. Oh, they like him well enough, call him 'Father' real tenderly and see that he changes to the heavy flannels on time, but he don't ever thrill them, and when they order three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of duds from the Boston Cash Emporium and dress up like a foreign countess, they don't do it for Father, they do it for the romantic guy in the magazine serial they're reading, the handsome, cynical adventurer that has such an awful power over women. They know darned well they won't ever meet him; still it's just as well to be ready in case he ever should make Red Gap—or wherever they live—and it's easy with the charge account there, and Father never fussing more than a little about the bills.

"Not that I blame 'em. We're all alike—innocent enough, with freaks here and there that ain't. Why, I remember about a thousand years ago I was reading a book called Lillian's Honor, in which the rightful earl didn't act like an earl had ought to, but went traveling off over the moors with a passel of gypsies, with all the she-gypsies falling in love with him, and no wonder—he was that dashing. Well, I used to think what might happen if he should come along while Lysander John was out with the beef round-up or something. I was well-meaning, understand, but at that I'd ought to have been laid out with a pick-handle. Oh, the nicest of us got specks inside us—if ever we did cut loose the best one of us would make the worst man of you look like nothing worse than a naughty little boy cutting up in Sunday school. What holds us, of course—we always dream of being took off our feet; of being carried off by main force against our wills while we snuggle up to the romantic brute and plead with him to spare us—and the most reckless of 'em don't often get their nerve up to that. Well, as I was saying ——"

But she was not saying. The thing moved too slowly. And still the woman paltered with her poisoned tea and made cigarettes and muttered inconsequently, as when she now broke out after a glance at the photograph:

"That Ben Sutton certainly runs amuck when he buys his vests. He must have about fifty, and the quietest one in the lot would make a leopard skin look like a piker." Again her glance dreamed off to visions.

I seated myself before her with some emphasis and said firmly: "Now then!" It worked.

"Wilfred Lennox," she began, "calling himself the hobo poet, gets into Red Gap one day and makes the rounds with that there piece of his poetry you see; pushes into stores and offices and hands the piece out, and like as not they crowd a dime or two bits onto him and send him along. That's what I done. I was waiting in Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale's office for a little painless dentistry, and I took Wilfred's poem and passed him a two-bit piece, and Doc Martingale does the same, and Wilfred blew on to the next office. A dashing and romantic figure he was, though kind of fat and pasty for a man that was walking from coast to coast, but a smooth talker with beautiful features and about nine hundred dollars' worth of hair and a soft hat and one of these flowing neckties. Red it was.

"So I looked over his piece of poetry—about the open road for his untamed spirit, and him being stifled in the cramped haunts of men—and of course I get his number. All right about the urge of the wild to her wayward child, but here he was spending a lot of time in the cramped haunts of men taking their small change away from 'em and not seeming to stifle one bit.

"Ain't this new style of tramp funny? Now instead of coming round to the back door and asking for a hand-out like any self-respecting tramp had ought to, they march up to the front door, and they're somebody with two or three names that's walking round the world on a wager they made with one of the Vanderbilt boys or John D. Rockefeller. They've walked thirty-eight hundred miles already and got the papers to prove it—a letter from the mayor of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the mayor of Davenport, Iowa, and a picture post card of themselves on the courthouse steps at Denver, and they've bet forty thousand dollars they could start out without a cent and come back in twenty-two months with money in their pocket—and ain't it a good joke?—with everybody along the way entering into the spirit of it and passing them quarters and such, and thank you very much for your two bits for the picture post card—and they got another showing 'em in front of the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, if you'd like that too—and thank you again—and now they'll be off once more to the open road and the wild free life. Not! Yes, two or three good firm Nots. Having milked the town they'll be right down to the dee-po with their silver changed to bills, waiting for No. 6 to come along, and ho! for the open railroad and another town that will skin pretty. I guess I've seen eight or ten of them boys in the last five years, with their letters from mayors.

"But this here Wilfred Lennox had a new graft. He was the first I'd give up to for mere poetry. He didn't have a single letter from a mayor, nor even a picture card of himself standing with his hat off in front of Pike's Peak—nothing but poetry. But, as I said, he was there with the talk about pining for the open road and despising the cramped haunts of men, and he had appealing eyes and all this flowing hair and necktie. So I says to myself: 'All right, Wilfred, you win!' and put my purse back in my bag and thought no more of it.

"Yet not so was it to be. Wilfred, working the best he could to make a living doing nothing, pretty soon got to the office of Alonzo Price, Choice Improved Real Estate and Price's Addition. Lon was out for the moment, but who should be there waiting for him but his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Templeton Price, recognized leader of our literary and artistic set. Or I think they call it a 'group' or a 'coterie' or something. Setting at Lon's desk she was, toying petulantly with horrid old pens and blotters, and probably bestowing glances of disrelish from time to time round the grimy office where her scrubby little husband toiled his days away in unromantic squalor.

"I got to tell you about Henrietta. She's one of them like I just said the harsh things about, with the secret cry in her heart for romance and adventure and other forbidden things, with a kindly contempt for peaceful Alonzo. She admits to being thirty-six, so you can figure it out for yourself. Of course she gets her husband wrong at that, as women so often do. Alonzo has probably the last pair of side whiskers outside of a steel engraving and stands five feet two, weighing a hundred and twenty-six pounds at the ring side, but he's game as a swordfish, and as for being romantic in the true sense of the word—well, no one that ever heard him sell a lot in Price's Addition—three miles and a half up on the mesa, with only the smoke of the canning factory to tell a body they was still near the busy haunts of men, that and a mile of concrete sidewalk leading a life of complete idleness—I say no one that ever listened to Lon sell a lot up there, pointing out on a blue print the proposed site of the Carnegie Library, would accuse him of not being romantic.

"But of course Henrietta never sees Lon's romance and he ain't always had the greatest patience with hers—like the time she got up the Art Loan Exhibit to get new books for the M. E. Sabbath-school library and got Spud Mulkins of the El Adobe to lend 'em the big gold-framed oil painting that hangs over his bar. Some of the other ladies objected to this—the picture was a big pink hussy lying down beside the ocean—but Henrietta says art for art's sake is pure to them that are pure, or something, and they're doing such things constantly in the East; and I'm darned if Spud didn't have his oil painting down and the mosquito netting ripped off it before Alonzo heard about it and put the Not-at-All on it. He wouldn't reason with Henrietta either. He just said his objection was that every man that saw it would put one foot up groping for the brass railing, which would be undignified for a Sabbath-school scheme, and that she'd better hunt out something with clothes on like Whistler's portrait of his mother, or, if she wanted the nude in art, to get the Horse Fair or something with animals.

"I tell you that to show you how they don't hit it off sometimes. Then Henrietta sulks. Kind of pinched and hungry looking she is, drapes her black hair down over one side of her high forehead, wears daring gowns—that's what she calls 'em anyway—and reads the most outrageous kinds of poetry out loud to them that will listen. Likes this Omar Something stuff about your path being beset with pitfalls and gin fizzes and getting soused out under a tree with your girl.

"I'm just telling you so you'll get Henrietta when Wilfred Lennox drips gracefully in with his piece of poetry in one hand. Of course she must have looked long and nervously at Wilfred, then read his poetry, then looked again. There before her was Romance against a background of Alonzo Price, who never had an adventurous or evil thought in his life, and wore rubbers! Oh, sure! He must have palsied her at once, this wild, free creature of the woods who couldn't stand the cramped haunts of men. And I have said that Wilfred was there with the wild, free words about himself, and the hat and tie and the waving brown hair that give him so much trouble. Shucks! I don't blame the woman. It's only a few years since we been let out from under lock and key. Give us a little time to get our bearings, say I. Wilfred was just one big red splash before her yearning eyes; he blinded her. And he stood there telling how this here life in the marts of trade would sure twist and blacken some of the very finest chords in his being. Something like that it must have been.

"Anyway about a quarter to six a procession went up Fourth Street, consisting of Wilfred Lennox, Henrietta and Alonzo. The latter was tripping along about three steps back of the other two and every once in a while he would stop for a minute and simply look puzzled. I saw him. It's really a great pity Lon insists on wearing a derby hat with his side whiskers. To my mind the two never seem meant for each other.

"The procession went to the Price mansion up on Ophir Avenue. And that evening Henrietta had in a few friends to listen to the poet recite his verses and tell anecdotes about himself. About five or six ladies in the parlor and their menfolks smoking out on the front porch. The men didn't seem to fall for Wilfred's open-road stuff the way the ladies did. Wilfred was a good reciter and held the ladies with his voice and his melting blue eyes with the long lashes, and Henrietta was envied for having nailed him. That is, the women envied her. The men sort of slouched off down to the front gate and then went down to the Temperance Billiard Parlor, where several of 'em got stewed. Most of 'em, like old Judge Ballard, who come to the country in '62, and Jeff Tuttle, who's always had more than he wanted of the open road, were very cold indeed to Wilfred's main proposition. It is probable that low mutterings might have been heard among 'em, especially after a traveling man that was playing pool said that the hobo poet had come in on the Pullman of No. 6.

"But I must say that Alonzo didn't seem to mutter any, from all I could hear. Pathetic, the way that little man will believe right up to the bitter end. He said that for a hobo Wilfred wrote very good poetry, better than most hobos could write, he thought, and that Henrietta always knew what she was doing. So the evening come to a peaceful end, most of the men getting back for their wives and Alonzo showing up in fair shape and plumb eager for the comfort of his guest. It was Alonzo's notion that the guest would of course want to sleep out in the front yard on the breast of old earth where he could look up at the pretty stars and feel at home, and he was getting out a roll of blankets when the guest said he didn't want to make the least bit of trouble and for one night he'd manage to sleep inside four stifling walls in a regular bed, like common people do. So Lon bedded him down in the guest chamber, but opened up the four windows in it and propped the door wide open so the poor fellow could have a breeze and not smother. He told this downtown the next morning, and he was beginning to look right puzzled indeed. He said the wayward child of Nature had got up after about half an hour and shut all the windows and the door. Lon thought first he was intending to commit suicide, but he didn't like to interfere. He was telling Jeff Tuttle and me about it when we happened to pass his office.

"'And there's another funny thing,' he says. 'This chap was telling us all the way up home last night that he never ate meat—simply fruits and nuts with a mug of spring water. He said eating the carcasses of murdered beasts was abhorrent to him. But when we got down to the table he consented to partake of the roast beef and he did so repeatedly. We usually have cold meat for lunch the day after a rib roast, but there will be something else to-day; and along with the meat he drank two bottles of beer, though with mutterings of disgust. He said spring water in the hills was pure, but that water out of pipes was full of typhoid germs. He admitted that there were times when the grosser appetites assailed him. And they assailed him this morning too. He said he might bring himself to eat some chops, and he did it without scarcely a struggle. He ate six. He said living the nauseous artificial life even for one night brought back the hateful meat craving. I don't know. He is undeniably peculiar. And of course you've heard about Pettikin's affair for this evening?'

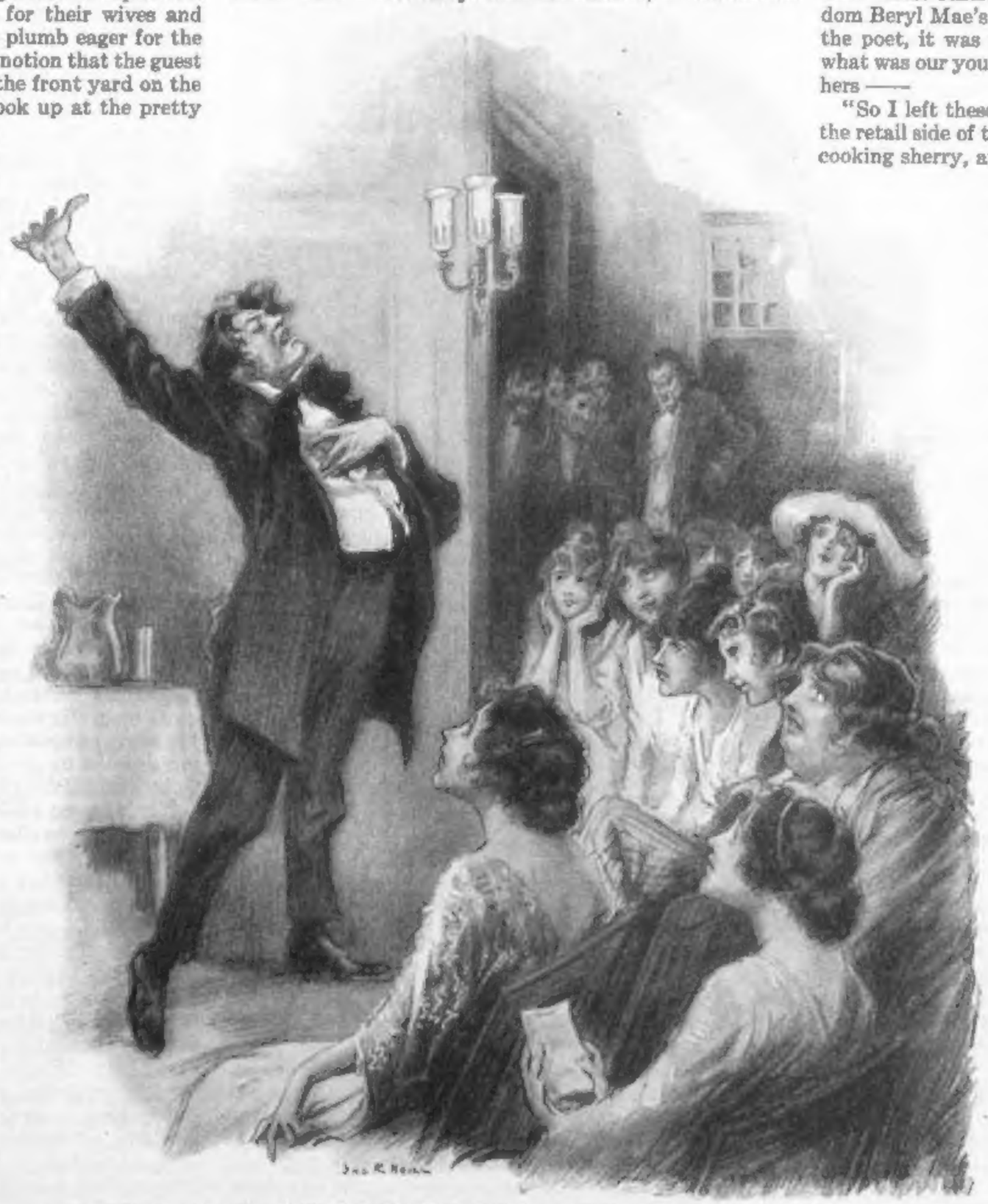
"We had. Just before leaving the house I had received Henrietta's card inviting me to the country club that evening 'to meet Mr. Wilfred Lennox, Poet and Nature Lover, who will recite his original verses and give a brief talk on The World's Debt to Poetry.' And there you have the whole trouble. Henrietta should have known better. But I've let out what women really are. I told Alonzo I would sure be among those present. I said it sounded good. And then Alonzo pipes up about Ben Sutton coming to town on the eleven forty-two from the West. Ben makes a trip out of Alaska every summer and never fails to stop off a day or two with Lon, they having been partners up North in '98.

"'Good old Ben will enjoy it too,' says Alonzo; 'and, furthermore, Ben will straighten out one or two little things that have puzzled me about this poet. He will understand his complex nature in a way that I confess I have been unequal to. What I mean is,' he says, 'there was talk when I left this morning of the poet consenting to take a class in poetry for several weeks in our thriving little city, and Henrietta was urging him to make our house his home. I have a sort of feeling that Ben will be able to make several suggestions of prime value. I have never known him to fail at making suggestions.'

"Funny, the way the little man tried to put it over on us, letting on he was just puzzled—not really bothered, as he plainly was. You knew Henrietta was still seeing the big red splash of Romance, behind which the figure of her husband was totally obscured. Jeff Tuttle saw the facts, and he up and spoke in a very common way about what would quickly happen to any tramp that tried to camp in his house, poet or no poet, but that's neither here nor there. We left Alonzo looking cheerily forward to Ben Sutton on the eleven forty-two, and I went on to do some errands.

"In the course of these I discovered that others besides Henrietta had fell hard for the poet of Nature. I met Mrs. Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale and she just bubbles about him, she having been at the Prices' the night before.

"'Isn't he a glorious thing!' she says; 'and how grateful we should be for the dazzling bit of color he brings into our drab existence!' She is a good deal like that herself at times. And I met Beryl Mae Macomber, a well-known young society girl of seventeen, and Beryl Mae says: 'He's awfully good looking, but do you think he's sincere?' And even Mrs. Judge Ballard comes along and says: 'What a stimulus he should be to us in our dull lives! How he shows us the big, vital bits!' and her at that very minute going into Bullitt & Fleishacker's to buy shoes for her nine-year-old twin grandsons! And the Reverend Mrs. Wiley Knapp in at the Racquet Store wanting to know if the poet didn't make me think of some wild free creature of the woods—a deer or an antelope poised for instant flight while for one moment he timidly overlooked man in his hideous commercialism. But, of course, she was a minister's wife. I said he made me feel just like that. I said so to all of 'em. What else could I say? If I'd said what I thought there on the street I'd of been pinched. So I beat it home in self-protection. I was sympathizing good and hearty with Lon Price by that time and looking forward to Ben Sutton myself. I had a notion Ben would see the right of it where these poor dubs of husbands wouldn't—or wouldn't dast say it if they did.



'They Just Clenched Their Hands and Hung on Wilfred's Wild, Free Words"

"About five o'clock I took another run downtown for some things I'd forgot, with an eye out to see how Alonzo and Ben might be coming on. The fact is, seeing each other only once a year that way they're apt to kind of loosen up—if you know what I mean.

"No sign of 'em at first. Nothing but ladies young and old—even some of us older ranching set—making final purchases of ribbons and such for the sole benefit of Wilfred Lennox, and talking in a flushed manner about him whenever they met. Almost every darned one of 'em had made it a point to stroll past the Price mansion that afternoon where Wilfred was setting out on the lawn in a wicker chair with some bottles of beer, surveying Nature with a look of lofty approval and chatting with Henrietta about the real things of life.

"Beryl Mae Macomber had traipsed past four times, changing her clothes twice with a different shade of ribbon across her forehead and all her college pins on, and at last she'd simply walked right in and asked if she hadn't left her tennis racquet there last Tuesday. She says to Mrs. Judge Ballard and Mrs. Martingale and me in the Cut-Rate Pharmacy, she says: 'Oh, he's just awfully magnetic—but do you really think he's sincere?' Then she bought an ounce of Breath of Orient perfume and kind of two-stepped out. These other ladies spoke very sharply about the freedom Beryl Mae's aunt allowed her. Mrs. Martingale said the poet, it was true, had a compelling personality, but what was our young girls coming to? And if that child was hers ——

"So I left these two lady highbinders and went on into the retail side of the Family Liquor Store to order up some cooking sherry, and there over the partition from the bar side what do I hear but Alonzo Price and Ben Sutton! Right off I could tell they'd been pinning a few on. In fact, Alonzo was calling the bartender Mister. You don't know about Lon, but when he calls the bartender Mister the ship has sailed. Ten minutes after that he'll be crying over his operation. So I thought quick, remembering that we had now established a grillroom at the country club, consisting of a bar and three tables with bells on them, and a Chinaman, and that if Alonzo and Ben Sutton come there at all they had better come right—at least to start with. When I'd given my order I sent Louis Meyer in to tell the two gentlemen a lady wished to speak to them outside.

"In a minute Ben comes out alone. He was awful glad to see me and I said how well he looked, and he did look well, sort of cordial and bulging—his forehead bulges and his eyes bulge and his mustache and his chin, and he has cushions on his face. He beamed on me in a wide and hearty manner and explained that Alonzo refused to come out to meet a lady until he knew who she was, because you got to be careful in a small town like this where everyone talks. 'And besides,' says Ben, 'he's just broke down and begun to cry about his appendicitis that was three years ago. He's leaning his head on his arms down by the end of the bar and sobbing bitterly over it. He seems to grieve about it as a personal loss. I've tried to cheer him up and told him it was probably all for the best, but he says when it comes over him this way he simply can't stand it. And what shall I do?'

"Well, of course I seen the worst had happened with Alonzo. So I says to Ben: 'You know there's a party to-night and if that man ain't seen to he will certainly sink the ship. Now you get him out of that swamp and I'll think of something.' 'I'll do it,' says Ben, turning sideways so he could go through the doorway again. 'I'll do it,' he says, 'if I have to use force on the little scoundrel.'

"And sure enough, in a minute he edged out again with Alonzo firmly fastened to him in some way. Lon hadn't wanted to come and didn't want to stay now, but he simply couldn't move. Say, that Ben Sutton would make an awful grand anchor for a captive balloon. Alonzo wiped his eyes until he could see who I was. Then I rebuked him, reminding him of his sacred duties as a prominent citizen, a husband and the secretary of the Red Gap Chamber of Commerce. 'Of course it's all right to take a drink now and then,' I says.

"Alonzo brightened at this. 'Good!' says he; 'now it's now and pretty soon it will be then. Let's go into a saloon or something like that!'

(Continued on Page 34)

SCRAP—By FORREST CRISSEY

PERHAPS Scrapheap King may strike you as a rather rusty, second-hand sort of title, but in Chicago there is a railroad purchasing agent who is proud to bear it. He regards it as a kind of Iron Cross, conferred for constructive thrift on the field of industry; and his superiors see it in the same light. Here is the story of the big waste-saving work that suggested this strange title and made it stick:

The push that gave this man his first real impetus toward the king row of scrapheap specialists came from a stack of moldy and mildewed paper in the basement of a Topeka railroad station. At this time Mr. Collins was a clerk in the purchasing department of the system and his duties occasionally took him out over the line.

Early in his career he formed the habit of traveling with his eyes open. Besides, he had an instinctive thrift that worked automatically whenever he was awake. Waste just naturally went against the grain with him, and he was as alert as a terrier to see where a chronic leak could be stopped or a substantial saving made.

The station agents he visited along the line were sometimes inclined to consider him as a little stingy with stationery supplies, not to speak of showing a tendency to stick his nose into things that did not concern him—like noticing, for example, how generously the company's pencils had been supplied to hack drivers, hotel drummers and other hangers-on about the depot. What was a railroad for anyhow? But even the growing reputation of being a bit nosey did not hinder him from digging into things wherever he went, and then thinking about what he saw.

One day when going to the storeroom in the basement of the Topeka station he happened to look into a small room adjoining. It was about half full of old record books and bundles of paper.

"Have you thrown all that away?" he asked the agent.

"Sure!" came the quick answer. "All dead stuff. We've got almost a whole cellar full of it. What you see there is only a starter."

A little investigation proved the truth of this statement, and from that time he constituted himself a station-basement inspector. Wherever he stopped along the line he dug into the visible and invisible supply of waste paper. In the course of time he had compiled an estimate of the waste-paper accumulations of the road that gave him peculiar satisfaction as he reflected what a surprise he had in store for his superiors when the proper time came for him to spring it.

The Wastebasket Hound on the Trail

ONE day good fortune threw him into the company of the General Manager out on the road when the Old Man seemed to be in a genial mood. Finally the young man decided that the moment had come to bring the findings of the "wastebasket hound"—as one sharp-tongued agent had christened him—to a focus.

"I find," he said, "that the stations along the line have accumulated considerable waste paper in the form of old records, and it would be a good thing to get it together and sell it."

"Not worth bothering about," was the unsympathetic response.

This answer seemed so unreasonable to the young man, who had looked for a little approval of his efforts to save something for the road, that he stubbornly determined to keep his information to himself and let actual results compel attention to the value of the economy.

"But, anyhow, it'll be a good job to get the stuff cleaned up," he quietly persisted; "and if you'll give me a circular to all agents ordering the forwarding and the unloading I'll be able to get a good price for the old stuff—waste paper is rather high just now."

"Fix up the circular yourself," was the answer, "and I'll sign it; but I can tell you right now that you'll not be able to scare up a carload."

The young waste-saver smiled to himself as he wrote the circular that instructed the operating department to gather all the waste paper along the line and handle it according to the directions of the purchasing department. Not many months later, when the last station had been heard from with a clean-up contribution, the young man concluded his first adventure in constructive economy by once more intruding himself on the attention of the General Manager. With little more than a respectful "Good morning, sir!" he laid a slip of tinted paper on the official's desk.

"What's that?" sharply exclaimed the "Old Man," staring at the slip.

"A check for twenty-six thousand dollars—the proceeds of the waste paper along the line."

"Let's see," finally commented the General Manager without taking his eyes from the check; "I think I insisted that you wouldn't get a carload. Well, did you?"

"Rather!" responded the young waste-saver. "We've had 'em rolling in from every station along the line. I guess I'm about the best-hated man here in the general offices, so far as the agents are concerned. They call me 'the paper hound' and a lot of other things; but the agents who kick the hardest have seen the floors of their basement storerooms and cellars for the first time in years. They'll have more room and the stations will smell better."

"I guess that's true, all right," responded the General Manager in an absent-minded way as he pressed the button for his office messenger, who was sent to summon the head of the insurance department.

As that specialist entered the General Manager remarked:

"This young man here has been doing quite a job of housecleaning along the line. I couldn't see much to it when he started out. He'll give you a list of how much waste paper has been taken out of the holds of the various stations. All told, it brought twenty-six thousand dollars—which spells a good deal of waste paper to me. It strikes me that our buildings are far better risks than they were before he did his little job of ragpicking, and that we should be able to get quite a bit of reduction from the insurance companies after you have taken their inspectors over the line."

"Well, I should say so!" commented the chief of the insurance department.

A little later the stationery buyer received a raise in salary of seventy-five dollars a month; but he was keen enough to realize that the most important part of the transaction was the fact that he had made a big dent in the attention of the management, and that he had opened up a lead pointing to still more substantial results.

Naturally this experience focused his thoughts on the subject of waste-saving, and he was always subconsciously on the lookout for an opening by which he could turn another trick in the line of constructive economy that would be worthy of his first adventure into this field. His promotion to the head of the purchasing department gave him intensive employment, however, and his opportunity for another big strike along the line of manifest destiny and the Kingship of the Scrapheap did not come until his seat in his new position was firmly established.

One day he received notice that the Argentine Shops had three carloads of steel-tired wheels from locomotives and passenger coaches which he was expected to dispose of as scrap. Either his own mental readiness or the fact that the lot of wheels to be junked was uncommonly large stirred the slumbering spirit of waste-saving in him, and he began to look into the possibilities of the car-wheel scrap that came back to his department for final disposal. The wheels consisted of a cast-iron center with a steel tire. This tire was originally about three inches in thickness, or, in the case of a locomotive driver, three and a half inches. The rules required that when these tires were worn to less than two inches they should be sent to the scrapheap.

"Isn't the center of that wheel just as good and serviceable to-day as it ever was?" he asked a representative of the mechanical department.

"Precisely," was the answer.

"Then why not take the worn tires off and put new ones on?"

The reply of the mechanical superintendent was substantially this:

"If you want to start that sort of tinkering you can do it on your own hook; but don't put anything of that sort up to these shops unless you want to get yourself disliked. We've got troubles enough with new work. Our men don't care about pottering with old stuff."

This did not look exactly encouraging; but, anyhow, he had the admission that the wheel centers were as good as new. As his office had bought the wheels originally and kept very complete records, it was easy for him to go into the cost question fully. A new wheel center cost twenty-three dollars and a new tire twenty-one dollars. As scrap the entire wheel would bring three dollars.

This salvage, which would be sacrificed in case of a re-use of the center, would bring the cost of the new tire up to twenty-four dollars. New wheels were then costing fifty-two dollars and fifty cents. In order to determine the cost of setting the new tires on the old centers, the wheels were shipped to Burnham, Pennsylvania, at an outright expense of six dollars for freight. It was found that the net shop expense was three dollars a wheel. This would have made a saving of twenty-five dollars and fifty cents on each wheel if he had not been obliged to ship the wheels to the locomotive works in the East, and back, because the mechanical department of his own road did not care to start any tinkering job. This freight bill cut the economy down to nineteen dollars and fifty cents.

A Surprise for the Directors

AS THE records of his office showed that about forty-five hundred wheels of this style were sent to the scrapheap, this nontinkering attitude stood for a direct cost of twenty-seven thousand dollars a year to the system, while the possible annual saving by the resetting of tires was $114,750: but, even with the irritating freight item of twenty-seven thousand dollars, he could still save the company $87,750 a year, and that sum looked decidedly substantial to him.

It had been up to him to "show" the General Manager on the waste-paper transaction. He would follow the same line for producing the results in this economy. After the management saw the net achievement he would then strike for the means by which to save that twenty-seven thousand dollars paid for freight, and perhaps still more. Why not get a small appropriation for a tinker shop that could handle to advantage some things besides tires? The mechanical department had got its back up; if he could only get a shop, to be operated under his own department, which would reclaim all sorts of things and demonstrate the possibilities of waste-saving from the scrapheap end of the game, the mechanical department would be handed an answer that would be convincing for all time.

Consequently he staked his chances for a tinker shop, in which to reclaim materials, on making a showing with reset car wheels. Some months after he started in to make this demonstration there was a directors' meeting. Later these officials were taken on an inspection trip, in the course of which they encountered a long platform containing seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of steel-tired wheels. A director who recalled that no wheels had recently been bought began to ask questions.

The purchasing agent was on hand, waiting for these gentlemen—and it was no trouble for him to show the goods either. He explained about that little item of twenty-seven thousand dollars for freight on wheels going back and forth to the locomotive works, and deeply regretted that he had not been permitted to save it. Still, he had reduced the high cost of steel-tired wheels to the tune of about eighty-seven thousand dollars a year; and if he only had an appropriation of half that amount he could have a little tinker shop, with a few pick-up men of his own, and not only save that twenty-seven thousand dollars but, he believed, some more with it.

Did he get the money? He did. He had "shown" the directors, and now he was going to get his chance to hand

his answer to the mechanical department, which did not wish to have anything started along the tinkering line. Incidentally he realized, as will all who are acquainted with the spirit of the mechanical division of a railroad, that this was typical of the shop everywhere, and that the workman naturally prefers to handle new materials and engage in new work; that he despises anything in the nature of tinkering. For this reason it would be far better worth while to show what an independent tinker shop for reclaiming waste material from the scrapheap could do.

After he secured his appropriation it fell to an official not keenly in sympathy with this new waste-saving movement of the scrapheap specialist to designate the spot on which the tinker shop would be permitted to stand. He led the elated purchasing agent to a portion of the yards at that time covered with seven feet of water and smilingly said:

"Take that—and do your worst!"

The challenge was accepted with a cheerfulness that astonished the official. The good humor with which the future Scrapheap King set to work at the task of reclaiming a lake in order to erect a shop with which to reclaim materials sentenced to the scrapheap almost made the official a little ashamed of the deep-water joke he had handed the ambitious young man.

First, the purchasing agent built piers of scrapped car sills and other discarded timbers, and filled in with cinders. Every shop in the scrap-reclaiming settlement is constructed entirely of scrapped materials and equipped mainly with machines discarded by the shops and assigned by the mechanical department to the junk pile.

The power by which these machines are driven is generated by an engine discarded by the shops and fed with fuel that is waste and refuse.

The venerable engineer, who once drove a locomotive on the road, lives in a scraphouse warmed in winter by an old car stove. Not a small portion of his living is scrap in the form of potatoes brought almost to the door of his engine room in the refrigerator and fruit cars which are sidetracked there for cleaning after being unloaded.

To-day there are more than three hundred names on the pay roll of the scrap gang, and it is no reflection on this force to say that some of its members would probably have been separated from the pay roll of the road on account of age if the reclamation work of the Scrapheap King had not afforded them a refuge. Here, for example, is a demand for men who must earn their pay on their judgment as to the re-use value of certain pieces of equipment rather than on their ability to do a full day's work measured by physical performance. The man who has spent many years in handling or making that kind of equipment is best suited for this place, and many of the positions are filled by such men who no longer have the physical stamina to hold up their end of the hard, driving work of the shop. Their eyes, however, are quick to detect the extent to which a unit of equipment—a valve, a drill, a wrench or a tool—will lend itself to restoration treatment.

Where Saving is a Hobby

THE office from which the activities of the scrapyard and shops are directed, and in which the minutely exact records of this work are kept, is made from two scrapped refrigerator cars. A typical monthly report sheet from this office shows that a hundred and twenty-two kinds of articles are handled. There are about one hundred groups of supplies and materials that always appear on this interesting sheet, which has seven columns of figures under the following headings: Material Used; Labor; Shop Expense; Supervision; Total; Value Now; Difference.

The last column might properly be called Saving, though the economies shown by this set of figures are only suggestive of less obvious savings that elude expression in tables of this kind. Already the operations of this unique scrapyard show a direct net profit of considerably more than three hundred thousand dollars a year; and in the words of the purchasing agent, who follows constructive economy as his favorite sport:

"We've been at the job only five years and have had to make our own way, provide our own shelter, power and tools. What is more, this has been a trail-breaking task. I haven't found any precedents to serve as guideposts; so we have even had to make our own mistakes. Consequently I feel that we have only got a fair start. If it were a private business, breaking into a pioneer field, I should certainly feel that way about it.

Men Must Earn Their Pay on Their Judgment as to the Re-Use Value of Certain Pieces of Equipment

"In most respects it has been a regular Robinson Crusoe job. All we had to start with was a large collection of junk and a limited supply of experience. To combine the two and make the most of such resources was the problem of the famous castaway and also of the scrapheap division of this office.

"It has been an experience in practical conservation, in constructive, systematic and permanent waste-saving, which I would not have missed on any account.

"After we have reached a point where we can feel fairly established and not constantly crowded to provide for ourselves the tools with which to do our work, then we can begin to show something of what can be done in the way of scrapheap economy under normal conditions. Certainly it is the most fascinating pastime in which a man of an economical turn of mind can indulge."

The drawbridge guarding this unique castle of industrial economy consists of a pair of track scales operated by a trusted weighman. This precaution is considered essential. Only the odd derricklike engines that have no resemblance to the ordinary locomotive, but are able to propel themselves, have entrance here; the other locomotives deliver their loads at the front gate and depart.

The cranes of these peculiar engines belonging to this yard are equipped with huge electromagnets, which are able to pick up an immense load of steel and iron scrap, swing it above the spot where it is to be put through the first sorting, and then suddenly release it. If the scrap happens to be just the right sort the magnet will lift a load of five tons at a single dip. Three of these huge cranes are constantly at work in the yards.

As the visitor enters this reclaimed swamp he sees miles of track running between mountains of scrap, and in the distance a group of shacklike shops that harmonize perfectly with the rusty landscape surrounding them. These buildings are all roofed and sided with reclaimed sheet iron, and the sidewalks and platforms in Scrapville are all made of old boiler plate. There are miles of this sort of steel paving there, and trains of reclaimed trucks and wheelbarrows are constantly shifting materials on it.

As a great crane was swiftly unloading a car of scrapped passenger-coach and locomotive tires the purchasing agent was asked:

"What do you do with those?"

"They are of a grade of carbon steel that is just the thing for making shovel blades, and so we sell them to the shovel manufacturers for eleven dollars a ton. However, I expect to see the day when we shall turn them into shovels right here. Why not? The process of manufacturing shovels is not complicated, and we use thousands of them. I believe there would be a substantial saving in it. Our operating costs here are low, because we do everything on a scrap basis. Even our fuel is scrap.

"When it comes to supervision costs I think we have any other shop beaten. In the month of October, for example, the net profit on our operations was $32,588, and to make this saving involved an expense for supervision of exactly $244.02! You get some idea of the volume of work from the fact that the new value of the reclaimed materials we handled that month was $109,416."

From a little distance the great heaps of junk appear to be composed of every kind of waste and wreckage that a railroad could possibly produce, a veritable succotash of scrap; but a nearer approach shows that there is a certain order and system even in a scrapheap. One mountain, for example, is made up of rods of all sizes and shapes, twisted, rusted and broken. The short lengths that are in good condition are cut into standard lengths and used as bolts; but many of the rods are too badly rusted or cracked to be used without rerolling. These are put through the rolling machine and reduced to a smaller diameter. Then they may be used as rods or may be fed into an automatic machine that turns out 26,252 bolts as a full day's work. At almost every turn in these scrap-shops are machine hammers—themselves reclaimed from the scrap contributed by the big construction shops of the mechanical department—equipped for straightening the various kinds of bars, rods and plates which come in by thousands.

No spot in this entire waste-saving plant is more fascinating than the end of a certain shop—which has the unpretending architectural lines of a tin-can shack—that is called the metal room. Here the student of constructive thrift may find results enough to justify the existence of the entire plant without regard to the savings made along any other line. In this shop is handled the brass, copper and Babbitt junk.

Washing Money out of Dirt

THE eye of the visiting investigator is instantly attracted to barrels of dirt—very dirty-looking dirt at that; but whenever the Scrapheap King sees a barrel of this stuff he is inclined to indulge in a broad smile. Undoubtedly you yourself would smile if that dirt spelled to you what it does to him.

One day he received word that a junk dealer had offered a hundred dollars for a pile of sweepings from a certain shop out on the line. Instantly the waste-saver sat up and took notice. He reasoned that when a junk dealer made a first offer of one hundred dollars for a pile of dirt there must be something in it worth finding, and he decided to have a look for the hidden treasure.

Consequently he wired his refusal of the offer and gave instructions to have the stuff forwarded to Scrapville. There were two carloads of it and its appearance was most unpromising. He inspected it personally and decided that if it was pay dirt he would certainly make a poor prospector, for he would walk over stuff like that any day without giving it a thought.

However, it was up to him to find out what there was in it and how to get it out. First, he started an inquiry to find out where the junk dealer disposed of sweepings; then he had a crude barrel-shaped washing machine built. It was constructed on the principle of a foundry "rattler"—a huge hollow cylinder in which castings are placed and polished by friction against one another as the rattler revolves. Into this washing machine he dumped a quantity of the dirt and several large iron balls heavy enough to break any lumps of the dirt. Then he added a liberal supply of water and started the washer going. After a time the contents were drawn off and he found he had an astonishing amount of settlings, composed mainly of fine particles of Babbitt metal. He sold the settlings obtained from the two carloads of dirt for thirty-eight hundred dollars.

This adventure in shop-floor placer mining paid so handsomely that he would, no doubt, have been content to rest on the results of this first experiment if his inquiry concerning the transactions of the junk dealer who had tried to buy the sweepings had not brought the interesting information that this man was in the habit of selling dirt to certain manufacturers, who used it for fluxing. Here was another lead; and the waste-saver followed it until he learned that the plain dirt which was separated from the metal in the process of washing was worth thirty-six dollars a ton. His placer mine now yields him ninety dollars a ton in metal filings and thirty-six dollars a ton for the earth. At one time the railroad paid one dollar and a half a ton to have these sweepings hauled away.

Back of one shop, long before the Scrapheap King got into action, was a dump heap of this pay dirt. It finally grew to a size that compelled action, and when a small contractor offered a thousand dollars for the dump hill he was not allowed to escape. He also had a keen scent for salvage, and by constructing a far cruder device for panning his placer he contrived to wash out fourteen thousand dollars' worth of metal. He tried to keep his rich strike to himself, but in the course of time it leaked out and found its way to headquarters—not, however, until the purchasing agent had found his own way of dealing with this waste material.

In the same room with this busy washing machine is a nervous device that suggests an old-fashioned fanning mill. This is for the purpose of separating iron and steel borings and fine bench scraps from brass, Babbitt metal and copper, in like form. Here is where a simple magnet earns very substantial profits by stopping the particles of iron and steel and allowing those of other metals to pass unchallenged. Before this machine was installed, the men who bought this form of scrap deducted ten per cent from the purchase price to cover the cost of separating the iron and steel from the other metals. The cost of the machine was a hundred and sixty-five dollars and it cleans fifteen tons a day. This metal brings sixteen cents a pound, or forty-eight hundred dollars for a day's run; ten per cent of this is four hundred and eighty dollars—a very snug day's earning for a hundred-and-sixty-five-dollar machine.

The metal shack is roughly partitioned into rooms or bins, in which is heaped brass, copper and Babbitt-metal scrap of every size and shape.

Saving the Waste in Hose

"IN THE old days," said the purchasing agent, "before even the crudest ideas of economy had developed in this branch of the railroad business, the brass, Babbitt metal and copper were largely scrapped by the dinner-pail route. In other words, the workman in the shop considered this line of salvage as his own particular perquisite; he did not suffer any moral shock in stowing into his dinner pail a chunk of old brass that would bring him about a dollar. What the workman left went to junk dealers, who paid about nine dollars a ton. From thirty tons of this general scrap they would get about five tons of brass, which would yield them a net profit of about five hundred dollars.

"To-day, however, the brass, copper and Babbitt metal are all scrapped by the purchasing department and not by the workmen. There has been something of a shrinkage in the size of dinner pails since then. However, it must be said for the men that they felt a kind of poetic license in picking up this scrap; to their minds it was a practice at which the management winked, and therefore it could not fairly be classed as stealing.

"Now this metal is boarded like funds for a savings bank. All along our twelve thousand miles of road, at division headquarters and junction points, are metal banks for the reception of this form of scrap. Suppose a journal brass is discarded for a new one. This is at once dropped into the opening of the bank; for every man of every crew on the road knows that the rules require this, and great care is taken to see that this regulation is obeyed. The deposit box is so constructed that its contents cannot be taken out except by the proper person, who carries the key. When this kind of scrap is shipped the car carrying it is always locked.

"Right here in this shack we always carry about fifty thousand dollars' worth of this stuff, and frequently its value is far greater than that; and you may be sure it is well guarded. There is one particular pile on which a watchman roosts every night. The bars of Babbitt metal you see corded up round here have all been reclaimed from journal brasses in a little smelter of our own. Of course it isn't so precious a metal as silver, but it costs enough to command respect, and the amount we reclaim here comes to a very tidy sum each month."

Possibly no place in this waste-saving settlement is better calculated to throw the spotlight on certain secondary economies than the shop in which scrapped hose and rubber are handled. When the purchasing agent first undertook to reclaim a portion of this form of waste the remounting was done at a hundred places along the line, and involved the work of two men at each place; to-day this work is all handled at headquarters by six men.

The process of reclamation begins out in the yard where the scrap is unloaded as it comes in from various parts of the line. One car may contain something for every one of the ninety-six groups into which this road separates its scrap. Of course an effort is made, out on the line, to do as little mixing as possible; but in many cases it is out of the question to do any sorting at the collection end of the waste-saving enterprise.

This means that a car containing a mixed load of all kinds of junk must be unloaded in one heap in the yard. Then the pile is worked over by the specialists and their helpers until it has been distributed. If the air-brake expert should turn up a length of hose that looked to him to be usable without any rehandling beyond testing, he would place one kind or color of chalk-mark on it; those pieces that appeared to have good nipples and couplings would receive another mark at his hands, which would indicate its treatment and disposal. In the same way the pile is picked over by the valve expert, the tool specialist, and all the men whose judgment enters into the sorting. Their helpers then take the marked materials or articles of equipment to the shops where they are to be rehandled.

Only a short time ago scrapped air-brake hose was passed on to the junk dealers, with the nipples and couplings still attached; but in this disposal no allowance whatever was made for these attachments. It was assumed that they were valueless. To-day the saving through the re-use of these fittings is a big item. For example, in the month of October, 1914, nearly thirteen thousand pieces of air hose were equipped with these nipples and couplings that were once thrown away, on which a net saving of $845.92 was effected. The saving that month on stripping and reclaiming air hose was $3132.59, while a net profit of $511.32 was made in the rehandling of steam hose and $116.94 in reclaiming signal hose—the total net economy in hose reclamation for the month being $4606.77.

This, however, is only a part of the real economy. All air-brake hose is bought under a guaranty of thirty-three months of active service. On each hose is embossed a perpetual calendar, so arranged that by nicking an upstanding figure when the hose goes into use, and another when it is scrapped, the record of service may be read at a glance. Under this system of handling each piece of scrapped hose for purposes of restoration, this record is read, and each piece that has not been in active use for the full time covered by the seller's guaranty is put aside. The number of these varies from about fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred a month; once the percentage was far higher than at present. A representative of the hose manufacturer is then sent for, and after checking up the pile he gives an order on his company for the same number of new hose. This transaction is called replacement, and it applies to scores of items of machinery and equipment.

"Of course," says the Scrapheap King, "the supposition has always existed that the purchasing department kept this matter of replacement carefully checked up. The fact is that before our waste-saving plant got into action it was done only indifferently. This was particularly true regarding small articles, like air-brake hose, for example. Before they were all brought here to the central scrapheap, you may be sure a whole lot slipped through our fingers. If a big machine or a unit costing hundreds or thousands of dollars failed to perform according to the guaranty, that was called to our attention; but thousands of small items which should have been replaced got away from us. There is no question about that.

"Under the practice of having a central scrapheap, where every article is rehandled for the purpose of saving it, checking for replacement is reduced to a system and the percentage of replacements is immensely increased. Moreover, this increase is secured without a dollar of extra expenditure; the sorting is wholly an incident of the work of reclaiming.

"Then there is another phase of the matter that cannot be expressed in figures of net savings. This is the moral effect on the manufacturer that inevitably follows as a result of this persistent, relentless accumulation of articles for replacement. The manufacturer who is obliged, month after month, to make good several thousand pieces of expensive hose is going to get tired of the high cost of replacement and cut it out by improving the quality of his hose. We know from experience that it works out this way. This is what I call the moral effect of the scrapheap—and it isn't confined to manufacturers either. Instead, it extends to every department of the road."

Prejudice Against Old Equipment

"AFTER this system of reclaiming stuff from the scrapheap was well started I suggested to the president of the road that it was ready to be turned over to the mechanical department. He put his foot down flatly and announced that it was too effective a check on that branch to be dispensed with; that it should remain where it was; and that every care must be taken to maintain its independence of all other departments.

"This moral effect, both inside and outside the organization, is immense. It cannot be computed in dollars and cents; but right on that basis it results in a great volume of saving by preventing waste, and by planting the spirit of economy in men who would reject and resist it if it were not for the fact that the scrapheap, when handled as an agent of constructive thrift, brings them under criticism, and perhaps discipline. This applies to both the mechanical and the operating departments, to those that take raw materials and fabricate them for railroad use, and to those that use all kinds of supplies and equipment. The central scrapheap, operated independently and on a restoration basis, brings them all to time.

"About the biggest element in railroad work is human nature; and it is a fact of human nature that no mechanic who is accustomed to new work, with new materials, likes to do repairing, restoring, or to work with old stuff.

"Once a visiting purchasing agent remarked to me that the trouble and expense of bringing all scrapped or damaged tools to Chicago for repair were decidedly wasteful, and that it would be far more economical to send them to the nearest shop of the road, with an order to have them put in shape there. A little later I took a trip over the line with which he was connected and visited one of the shops. Pointing to a large stack of tools that were plainly in need of repairs, I casually asked the foreman what he was going to do with them.

"'Just let 'em lie there until the superintendent gets sick of the sight of them, and then send 'em to the scrapheap. We can always find enough to do here on new work.'

"That is the spirit of the regular shop workman. The same thing is true of the man in the operating department or the maintenance-of-way department. At the outset of this waste-saving enterprise we found plenty of opposition to the acceptance of restored tools and equipment. Some section foremen were about ready to fight when their

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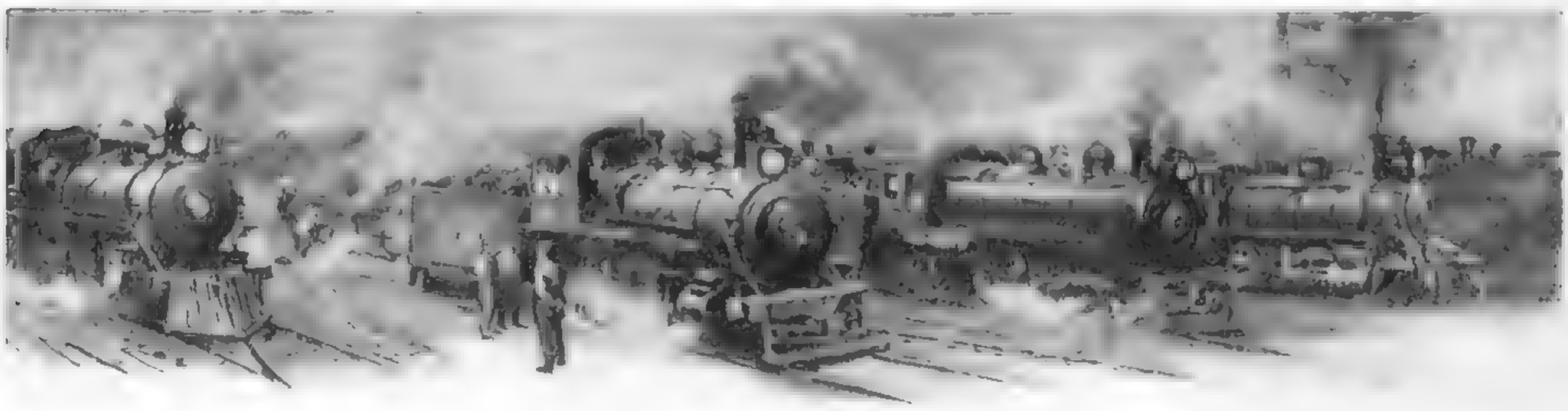


SOLVIG'S SAGA

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

A Gratitude to Evett for So Demeaning Her Filled Her Eyes With Tears

YOUNG Mr. George Tevis, alone at the breakfast table, turned to the column of the morning paper headed Scholastic Sports and rang at one and the same time. He was intimately interested in the report of a baseball game, and yet, when Solvig entered with his breakfast on a tray, the paper drooped and he contemplated her with mingled pleasure and discontent.

She placed the bacon and toast on the table with a large gesture which invested that homely act with a serious grace. All Solvig's movements, Mr. George thought, were splendid; she was stronger than the captain of his school's football team, yet at the same time she entirely satisfied his critical, esthetic sense of what a woman should be. She was corking, and suddenly, without premeditation, he surprisingly said so.

"I wish," he pronounced with an almost bitter vigor, "that I knew girls like you, Solvig; big, with—with gold hair. All the ones I meet are like marshmallows. I don't know one that could row a herring boat through a gale, or plow."

Solvig stood in the middle of the floor with her clear gaze veiled in memories.

"The plowing wasn't much," she pronounced slowly, "only a small field at the back of the house for rye. But the storms that swept through the fiord, they were something. Many of the men were lost coming in from the sea. My brother Dag ——" she broke off.

"It must have been terribly interesting where you were a girl," young Mr. George continued; "living as you did on that precipice above the water."

"The children were tied to the doorstep."

"I had some Norway history last term," he told her; "all about Harald Bluetooth and Olaf Tryg something or other. And the Vikings, they were immense! Why, they used to run round in full armor on the oars of their ships at sea, and the Berserkers would get into a rage and fight without any armor at all. They spent their lives killing and burning."

"We were Vikings in the old time," Solvig said in her deliberate, grave voice. "The boat my father and brothers fished in, they say, was like the ship in the museum at Christiania, high at the stern and fore and painted with red marks. But it's different now, no one goes berserk—they are all good church people."

"That about the Vikings is easy to believe, Solvig," he assured her; "you're not like the girls to-day. You're the sort some old rauder would want to take off on his boat, kill half a village to win. You are so splendid and ——" He stopped abruptly, and with the newspaper endeavored to hide the red tide that stained his clear cheeks. His mother had unexpectedly entered the breakfast room.

Mrs. Tevis, too, was a large woman, with a wide capability comfortably founded on an assured social consciousness. She took her place with an easy manner, dismissed Solvig for fresh toast and turned to her son:

"It's dangerously close to nine, George. You know that I don't like your being late at school."

He rose promptly, obviously relieved at the opportunity to escape from a situation that had promised to be difficult. He kissed his mother on her smooth, cool brow and disappeared. When Solvig returned Mrs. Tevis preserved a complete silence during the placing of the Sheffield breakfast dishes. She said nothing while she ate, but disposed thoroughly of the large mail at her place; then when she had finished:

"Oh, Solvig!" She stopped the girl as the latter was about to leave the room. Solvig returned, standing motionless beyond the table.

"I'd like you to pack your things and leave—immediately," Mrs. Tevis smoothly informed her.

A faint color rose in Solvig's still countenance, there was the stir of a slightly quicker breath beneath her black muslin waist. But she made no immediate response; her gaze did not leave Mrs. Tevis' serene countenance.

"I mean just that," the latter went on. "If you will gather your belongings I'll get your money now. This is a very short notice, but to make up for it I am going to give you a full month's salary—twenty-four dollars, I think."

Mrs. Tevis rose and turned to leave the room; but in turning she stopped and addressed Solvig in a kindlier manner.

"You are an honest, good girl, Solvig," she added; "and I'll give you the best reference possible. But—but the truth is you are too spectacular for service. I have no doubt you will soon get a husband and house of your own."

II

ON THE street Solvig paused in momentary indecision. She set her bag on the pavement, and looked again into the purse that contained her entire material fortune—thirty-one dollars and the reference from Mrs. Tevis. There were two courses that she might pursue: She could leave her bag at the boarding house to which she had first gone on entering the city, and from there proceed in search of employment; or she could make her way directly to the service bureau in the hope of getting a place at once, and so save something of her small, precious store of dollars.

She decided upon the latter, and, picking up her bag, again went forward. The bag was palpably heavy, but its weight was nothing to Solvig. She walked with her big, free stride, her print dress flowing about a body that resembled the heroic mold of a Greek marble, unconscious of the curiosity and admiration that met her on the crowded thoroughfare. The glow of radiant health on her sculpturesque face, the rope of honey-colored hair bound under an absurd hat of green straw decorated with unnatural blue poppies, the strong, racial impress of her unmixed heritage, were extraordinary in the throng of attenuated and mingled bloods.

She made one turn and then another, stopped to inquire her way of a policeman, thanked him in her serious, adequate English and found the service bureau.

It occupied a dingy room with dusty windows elevated to admit the bland, late spring warmth. Facing a weary woman with gray cheeks at a flat desk sat a row of incongruously garbed and fateful-appearing individuals. There was an empty chair between a ponderous Hibernian with a belligerent, watery gaze and a tallow-faced Swede, and there—after registering and the payment of a dollar—Solvig took her place.

No one entered in search of a servant. Solvig sat, her hands folded in her broad lap, without a movement, her gaze resting immobile on the opposite, stained wall. But slowly within her accumulated a distaste for her surroundings, for the probable near future. The Irishwoman invested the unclean air with the flat odor of gin. At the end of the line a thin voice maintained an interminable, whining recital of the wrongs suffered at the hands of various "ladies." There was an occasional acid reply, succinct statements of what the speaker would have done in like case. The future held no light—monotonous labor in kitchens and disorderly bedrooms, the endless washing of dishes in steamy thick water, the close, hot confines of walls throughout long hours.

An intangible perfume of spring, drifting from afar through the window, carried Solvig's thoughts once more back to the small, dark timber house at the head of the fiord where she had been born. She saw the sheer, black drop to the profound, glassy water far below, the high, bare shore line and somber sweeps of fir. In the late spring of Norway the wild cherries would be just in bloom, the birches covered with delicate new foliage. She recalled the aromatic summer nights, the moonlight on the cliffs, the green northern sky and the green phosphorus afire on the still sea. A sudden and cruel nostalgia contracted her heart, blurred her vision. She realized for the first time that she would never see Norway, her home, again.

The unconscious, stoical philosophy of her blood partially returned, blotting out the unusual stir of feeling; but it left undiminished her shrinking from the existence into which circumstance was forcing her. Now it seemed impossible for her to go on with it; a slow desperation accumulated within her, crystallizing into a determination to avoid at any price such a sordid fate. Yet nothing else offered, no path of escape opened to her laborious mental searching.

The Swede, with an unintelligible mutter, tramped from the room, leaving a newspaper unfolded to the Help Wanted section. Solvig secured it and studied every individual requirement, but found nothing. Her eyes strayed to another part, where she idly scanned advertisements for boarders. One finally held her attention, its details once more fired her imagination, and she read it a second time:

> Country board, seven dollars a week. Recuperate from the city amid blossoming orchards. Fresh milk and fruits and vegetables in season.

The location followed, a station twenty miles from the city. Country board! Blossoming orchards! A tyrannical hunger for the open seized Solvig, for the smell of the flowering earth, for the day fading from the fields into the hush of darkness and not merely shifting to a heated electric glare. Seven dollars a week. She again fingered the slim sum in her purse. It would soon vanish before any period of idleness, leave her without security in a strange land. Perhaps she might get a position in the country. But that, except for rare hours of release, would be little better than the city—the same changeless routine of dis-ordered linen and dish washing.

She wanted to be free again in the green heart of the country. The wild cherries were in bloom in Norway now. Seven dollars! She could stay two or even three weeks, and still have something left, enough for a fee at a service bureau, for a certain amount of food. She felt an unwieldy bulk upon her shoulder—the Irishwoman had fallen over upon her, asleep. The odor of gin enveloped Solvig, choking her; and in an uncontrollable wave of repulsion she rose, secured her bag and escaped toward the country.

III

IT WAS well past noon when she left the train at the station indicated by the advertisement. About her the countryside, slumberous in a yellow veil of heat, rose in smooth, luxuriant hills of greenery; the trees were solidly massed with foliage; a robin whistled clearly out of the stillness. Roads wound, dusty silver, away from the railway; but there was no indication of her destination, and she approached the station agent.

He pointed out with laborious exactitude the way she must take, but "It's a couple of miles," he warned her.

"Does Stacy know you're coming? He generally meets the boarders in a wagon. Stacy don't have a telephone. He'll be here for the four-fifty from the city though; he's expecting folks. It's near three hours, but I guess the best you can do's wait."

"I'll walk, if it's only two miles," she decided, picking up her bag. The latter, however, at the solicitation of the agent, she left at the station for the wagon.

"Not that you couldn't heft it," he announced, in open admiration of Solvig's palpable strength.

As she progressed over the soft road, between fields of vivid grain, orchards still flushed with pink blooms, a deep peace enveloped Solvig. The way mounted, the verdant prospect below widened; and at the top of the rise, under the outflung limb of an oak, she sat gazing out over the shimmering expanse of hills. This lush country was far different from her own austere north, from the great bare cliffs and sea; but it was the unencumbered earth from which the generations of her ancestors had risen; here she was free, familiar, superior.

She had no difficulty in finding the boarding house—a two-storied structure of thinly painted boards, with a porch that ran parallel to the road. An informal drive crossed the rough lawn to the door, where, finding no bell, Solvig stood in momentary doubt. No one was visible. She crossed the end of the house to the porch and walked its length. Below, on the sod was a weather-beaten shuffleboard; and, overhanging the road, a platform built in a triangle of towering pines.

Beyond, orchard succeeded to orchard, unstirred by any wind, empty of humanity. Solvig sat and tranquilly waited for someone to appear.

The minutes accumulated into an hour, a second hour passed, and still Solvig waited patiently. Finally she heard the hoof beats of a horse, and a muddy carriage appeared about the house, driven by a man in shirt sleeves, with a bushy white beard masking a broad countenance. He saw her and, leaving the carriage with a rein hastily twisted about a post, approached with a heavy, booted tread.

It was Stacy. After a brief negotiation, conducted by him in short, explosive periods, he led Solvig through a bare, plastered hall and up a narrow flight of stairs. The room into which he ushered her was small and scantily furnished with a narrow bed, a deal bureau, washstand and insecure chair; but the single window opened into the immediate, leafy intimacy of a great apple tree that filled the room with a pervading sweetness.

"The bell'll ring for supper," Stacy informed her. "End of July and August you'd have to be prompt to get set, but there's only about ten with us now. Mrs. Hoover, she stays all summer, and Mr. Duckle, the three Miss Collops, the Gieselbachs and ——" The faint, distant wail of a locomotive brought him to an abrupt close. "There's the four-fifty!" he exclaimed from the hall; "looking for two gentlemen."

IV

A BELL rang loudly through the thin partitions of the boarding house, and Solvig descended to supper. A long, bare dining room held an array of tables, only one of which was now spread. At the farther end chairs were piled aloft; and, midway in the wall, a square opening gave access to the region of the kitchen. The proprietor was at the door and led her to a place at the furnished table. There a short, stout man was pompously assisting to her seat a woman of barrel-like girth, clad in figured black satin, with a multiplicity of gold chains upon her ample bosom.

"I didn't catch your name," Stacy said to Solvig. Then, "Let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Hoover and Mr. Duckle." The latter said, "Delighted!" and executed a short dip. Mrs. Hoover filled her already distended cheeks with air, which she expelled with a sharp, suspicious sound.

Three diminutive women of advanced age, as identical and thin as three shadows, took their places with a simultaneous nod, an unintelligible cackle; an incredibly ungainly young woman followed, with smoothly drawn red hair and a white shirtwaist angular with starch; a fretful woman in a black waist and white skirt conducted a bullet-headed offspring to his seat; and, last, two young men entered with striped flannels ironed to a knifelike edge, shirts strikingly ornamented respectively with cobalt and emerald, which, since their proprietors were without coats, lost nothing of their effect; and regally purple ties marked with flowering initials.

The latter, Solvig saw, were regarded by Mr. Duckle with heavy disfavor. He had a grayish, pendulous countenance and a sparse, curling mustache, now turned darkly toward Mrs. Hoover. She refilled her cheeks and hissed with more vigor than before.

The two young men, after a comprehensive stare, addressed each other vivaciously.

"He said there was a tennis court," proclaimed the one with the cobalt shirt.

"I'll lay it's a grand little court," the other replied; "a corner of the potato patch."

"The tennis court," Mr. Duckle announced, "is very good indeed. Mrs. Hoover, who has seen the courts at Coronado Beach, pronounces this one excellent. The shuffleboard, too, has been freshly planed and leveled."

"Show me," demanded the gentleman of the emerald; "I'm wise to the rural districts. Whoever this Mrs. Hoover is she's got no dope on Child Eric."

"The lady at the end of our table is Mrs. Hoover," Mr. Duckle explained in a solemn, shocked manner. "I may add that she has traveled extensively in Europe."

Mrs. Hoover filled her cheeks to a degree that far outdid her previous efforts. The bullet-headed child, fascinated, attempted to emulate her. But his mother, with an accurate and unexpected slap, destroyed his effort in a choked explosion.

Solvig ate her ample supper with deep enjoyment. Mr. Duckle impressed her immensely. At his announcement that Mrs. Hoover had traveled in Europe she turned with instant interest to that personage.

"Have you been in Norway?" she asked; "to Christiania or Tromsö or Bergen?"

Mr. Duckle plainly regarded this query as an unwarranted aspersion on Mrs. Hoover's universal peregrinations. The latter preserved a heavy silence. Then she commenced a surpassing inflation, but unexpectedly said instead:

"I have visited Napoleon's mausoleum."

"Situated, I believe, in London," suavely put in the individual of the cobalt.

"Napoleon's mausoleum," Mrs. Hoover ponderously replied, "is in Paris, France."

"Napoleon," Mr. Duckle added severely, "was a Frenchman."

"Eytalian," said he of the cobalt.

"Refinement's What Makes a Hit With Me"

"Am I incorrect, Mrs. Hoover, in stating that Napoleon was French?"

"Dago! Guinea! Wop!" further particularized the cobalt.

"Napoleon Bonaparte the First, as Emperor of the French, was French," pronounced Mrs. Hoover; with which precise statement she moved from the dining room, hastily followed by Mr. Duckle. The three shadowy women produced three wool shawls and, netting their heads like three shriveled apples, vanished in the direction of the porch. Solvig rose and passed them, wandering farther over the grass, where she was joined by the young woman with the red hair.

"The fresh things!" she exclaimed with an overemphasized annoyance; "they asked me would I show them the buttercups. They mentioned you too—something about the Swedish monument."

"But I'm not Swedish," Solvig said mildly; "I'm Norwegian, from the Sogne Fjord."

"They wondered," the other continued, "if we'd take a stroll with them. They got me to ask you."

"Why not? I'm sure it would be very nice."

"I didn't know if you'd take up with strangers like that. Not that I wanted to. I've a friend coming Saturday who would go on something fierce if it came to him."

"It might be better not to go," Solvig agreed placidly.

A certain irritation appeared in the other's manner; no man, she intimated, had her under his thumb. However, she pursued the subject no further, and, leading the way across the grass, skirted an aged, low-set stone house, evidently Stacy's dwelling, and crossed a road to a rough pasture and orchard beyond. In every direction mature apple trees extended in regular pattern, and it was an appreciable time before they emerged upon the orchard's far side. There, after a short, steep ascent, they reached the crown of a hill, from which the countryside outspread folded in the dusty blue veil of early evening.

They sat on a smooth bowlder partially washed from the hill, while the contentment deepened in Solvig's heart. "What's your name?" the other asked. And then: "That's awful pretty. Mine's Elizabeth McCracken, and McCracken I look. See that light below there, that's the farm of Benjamin Frambes. He's the wealthiest man in the county. Sometimes he stops in at Stacy's; the girls dress their heads off at him, but nobody has got him yet. On beyond's Eyott's—it's rich about him. He was engaged to the local peach, when she went off with another the day before the wedding to be.

"That ain't the best—her mother had been staying at the Eyotts', and she's never went, stuck right on for seven years or better. Take a woman to get rid of her; his sisters are all married and mother dead, so there she is to this day. They say Eyott's never believed in anything since, and drives his animals and men till they drop. But that's nothing unusual in this section, believe me." She rose. "We'd better be getting back or it'll be dark on us. One of those two said something about music and dancing later; there's an old box of a piano in the house."

A pleasant weariness pervaded Solvig; and, when they reached their destination, she declined to wait for the probable gayety and went to her room, where she was speedily lost in elemental, dreamless slumber.

V

ON THE following evening Solvig returned alone to the hill beyond the orchard, where, mutely happy, she sat till the dusk had thickened to night.

The shrilling of frogs below, the dark, unbroken arch of the sky and brightening glimmer of stars, the indefinable sense of space, bridged over the sea to the tranquil past. She could see a warm square of light in the farmhouse of Benjamin Frambes, the wealthiest unmarried man in the county; but Eyott's, beyond, lay unmarked in the night.

She recalled what Elizabeth McCracken had told her of the former's visits to the boarding house, of the girls' efforts to secure him for a husband; but Eyott's story more keenly engaged her imagination. She pictured his black wrath at the desertion on the day before that set for the marriage; but the detail of the faithless girl's mother brought a slow smile to her countenance. That, she thought, was comical.

She returned slowly through the thick spicy grass of the orchard, and as she approached the boarding house

heard the jarring notes of the piano. She entered the room where it stood, a dismal inclosure with damp plaster walls and floor cleared for dancing, where she found a group about Mr. Duckle, who was presiding at the yellow keyboard. Elizabeth McCracken turned from the piano to whisper hastily in her ear:

"Mr. Duckle plays grandly; he's a professor of music; join in the chorus."

A determined volume of uncombined voices—one of the two young men possessed a surprising profundity of tone while the other held a heroic shake—made the lyric and undeniable statement that

"Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep,
So bee-ware, be-ware."

Mrs. Hoover sat against the wall in an attitude of critical attention blunted by frequent lapses of somnolence. Stacy stood in the doorway, marking time with the portentous tap of a leather boot.

"I guess that's poor," one of the young men remarked with paradoxical intent at the song's end. The eager discussion of another selection was interrupted by what apparently was a small bolt of thunder loosened on the porch, and ending with a shattering report against the wall of the room.

"It's that Gieselbach boy," Elizabeth declared; "he threw a croquet ball."

Stacy abruptly disappeared, and from without came the rumble of his voice mingled with a stridulous maternal command:

"You, Harold, c'm here this minute!"

"Nix," Harold declined from the safety of the outer dark; "you'll lam me."

"No, I won't, Harold," his mother promised; "not this time I won't—honest."

"Ah, yes, you will," doubtfully.

"Not if you come this minute."

There was a short period of muffled negotiations, assurances, brought to a sudden close by a piercing yell and the echo of an indiscriminate slapping.

"I'll learn you," Harold's mother proclaimed.

"You promised!" he snuffled. "You said ——"

"I'll learn you good this time," she reiterated.

Solvig left the room for the soft darkness of the porch. An unfamiliar bird was crying persistently in the pines that towered before the house, and the sound folded her in a new sense of loneliness. A great gulf lay between her inborn gravity and the facile merriment within. She heard heavy footfalls approaching, and saw the swinging, orange blur of a hand lantern—Stacy, she thought, shutting the lower floor for the night.

But it was a younger man than the proprietor of the boarding house, a man with a smooth face. Even in the flittering light of the lantern Solvig saw that his mouth was set in a hard line and that his eyes were hard and light blue.

"Stacy about?" he demanded shortly.

"Not here," she replied in her low, even voice. A momentary silence followed. Solvig was tall, but the man before her was easily taller; she was broad, but he was the broadest man she had seen since leaving Norway. He was in his shirt sleeves, and the light slid over bare, powerfully corded arms and great gripping hands.

"Stacy's sheep are in my grass," he added.

"What a pity," she said; "sheep eat so close."

With an expression of surprise he elevated the lantern. In its envelopment Solvig stood projected upon the night; her flimsy dress emphasized the heroic sweep of her limbs, the resplendent depth of her shoulders; above her still face her hair was like yellow metal.

He held the light steady for a long scrutiny. Neither moved nor spoke. In the pines the unknown bird called with a ceaseless and passionate energy. Solvig's breathing was interrupted; she drew an unsteady breath that was almost a gasp. Then Stacy's voice sounded from the grass. The man before Solvig turned sharply, tramped away; and a moment after she heard the mutter of deep voices from below.

She stood for minute upon minute, immobile by the porch rail, the vision of a hard mouth and hard blue eyes, of crushing hands, swimming before her.

The men's conversation grew intelligible. She heard Stacy say: "Can't get help with the fences . . . set of loafers. I'll send right after the sheep, Eyott. I will put everything in fruit, first thing you know, and down this damnation."

He Held the Light Steady for a Long Scrutiny. Neither Moved Nor Spoke

A FRESH accession of boarders arrived late on Saturday, speedily absorbed into the gayety of the porch and dancing floor. A second table was spread in the dining room, the formulas of a recondite, commonly understood wit cried back and forth. After supper a group congregated about Mr. Duckle, seated on the porch steps with a mandolin, and again called the attention of all brave hearts to the menace of the deep, following with the lament of a lover conveniently situated for purposes of rime—since his lady's name was Asthore—on the shore.

Solvig felt outside the universal merriment; she was vaguely restless, dissatisfied; she thought of her slim store of money, of the precarious future. The world, life, lying boundless and dark about her, seemed filled with shapeless menaces, pits, groping, veiled forms. She was seated on the porch. The rattle of the piano sounded continuously; a long, open window made a bright, whirling segment of the dancing within. Elizabeth McCracken hovered momentarily at her side, her hand hooked in the elbow of a youth with an incipient, spiked mustache.

"Why don't you join in?" she cried breathlessly.

(Continued on Page 45)

Day by Day in Constantinople

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IT IS not possible to write about Constantinople these days in any but a disjointed, a sort of "walloping window-blind" strain. It is not possible to think consecutively on any line. But why apologize in the midst of the greatest human storm in history? To catch fleeting impressions as they fly in the high wind of emotions is better than to be numbed into complete inertia; and that is one's danger.

What is going to happen? Nobody knows. No muttering volcano ever promised direr things than are promised by the undergrowl of this beautiful, terrible, fascinating city. Yet here we live on day after day with an exaggeration of tranquillity and an emphasis of indifference, which are the chief evidences of our uneasiness.

I do not know how much the world outside Turkey knows about the latest Armenian massacres, which make all past performances of this kind look like mere sketches of Turkey's desire and intention. I am not going to write about it—not now; next week, if I am permitted. It is information more dangerous than dynamite, but it is what we have been living in; a tense and terrible thing.

During my stay in Constantinople I have talked mostly with Christians and Jews; and, though together they form a very large percentage of the population, I may be getting a distorted view of the situation. I do not think so.

The Christians and Jews are known in the Turkish official language as *rayah*—the herd. They are exempt from military service, but in lieu of service they pay an enormous tax. They do not fight and they do not "make *kief*"; but they work and make prosperity, and they are the backbone and sinew of the body politic.

Making *kief* is the Turkish national pastime. It is done by sitting motionless for hours at a time gazing into space. A *nargileh* and a cup of thick, syrupy coffee are necessary adjuncts to what might be called *kief* de luxe; but *kief* pure and simple can be enjoyed without them. The Turks fighting down on the Peninsula do not seem to be making *kief* to any demoralizing extent, but it must be remembered that those are Turks of a different kind. They are not inured to luxury. Your really true-blue, refined, white-handed, *kief*-making Turk will not have to go to war while there is so much good rough material down in Asia Minor. They are now bringing up the Arabs, and the Grand Rue de Pera got a fresh touch of color the other day when a band of them came in and were given leave to view the sights of the city before proceeding on their way. Their hooded turbans, short tunics, bright sashes and upturned sandals made one see visions of camel trains, desert sands and tall, wind-bent palm trees cutting across a bright horizon. In such a picture the Arab belongs; but it rather shocks one's sense of form to see him, vacant-eyed with astonishment, gazing into the show window of a women's shop, the stock of which is so far depleted that there is nothing left to display but some pink silk corsets on smiling wax figures.

They are very tall, these Arabs. They have shaggy hair, lowering brows and gleaming black eyes. It is said they cannot shoot, but maybe there is an intention of having them rise up out of a trench some early morning and scare a lot of Allies to death. If I were the Germans I should not uniform them. Why reduce such picturesque awfulness to the familiar dead level of khaki, ill-fitting at that? And I should let each one of them keep his long, murderous knife. But this, of course, will be done.

I was in the apartment of some friends the other evening at sunset. We were standing on the balcony overlooking

the Bosporus, watching the changing and surpassing color of a scene that should have moved us to talk of something more edifying than Madame So-and-So's entertaining affair with a certain officer; but it did not.

We leaned on the rail and just gossiped. Down below us, covering the hill on its slope to the shore, were hundreds of small dwelling houses nestling among the low trees and lifting their red roofs this way and that at quaint and crooked angles.

A man came in—an American.

"Heard anything about what's promised for the night?" he asked.

No; we had not.

"Notice how quiet it is?" he continued. "And do you observe that all the houses below you there are tight shut and that there isn't even a child's voice to be heard? Usually at this hour of the evening there are hundreds of kids playing in those gardens."

True enough! It was uncannily quiet. What did it mean?

"Probably nothing," said he; "but it is the end of Ramadan and I understand that a massacre of Christians has been planned by way of a feast."

The awful stillness continued throughout the evening and as long as I was awake that night. Not even a horse's hoof on the pavement could be heard—only the occasional clang of a street-car bell. Nothing happened—not yet; they promise immunity for Constantinople, but the fear is always in the air and cannot be escaped.

One American woman wants to go home.

"But why don't you go?" I say.

"Oh, impossible! I can't leave until the English come up."

"But the English aren't coming up."

"Of course they are! You've been talking with the Germans until your judgment is completely warped. This thing can't go on. Something must happen; and when it happens—I want to be here!"

We Live Day After Day With Tranquillity and Indifference

How the Germans Dominate Constantinople

AFTER the Italian Ambassador left the first thing I myself wanted to do was to talk with a German. The Germans are the only people here who seem really to know anything, and already, before Italy came in, I thought I had obtained a faint outline of a dawning uncertainty in their attitude. Enver Pasha says: "Let them come; we will get them all. One wiry Turk from Asia Minor is worth any five soldiers of the Allies." But it is true that something must happen; so one continues to feel a blind way into the minds of men, seeking there a telltale gleam.

A friend offered to take me down to the Peninsula. There I could see the mighty, unbreakable line drawn across the approaches to the city that cannot fall. But could I go, I asked. Yes, of course, if I wanted to take the necessary risk; but I must remember that not a life-insurance company on earth would issue a policy to me before I went.

Could I ride, my friend asked. Yes. Well, I would have to ride, and sometimes I would have to "ride like hell!" But why? Well, you get in the line of fire and it is wise to try to get out. No place of safety at all? Not within seeing distance.

I am going to make the boast that this did not impress me much. I was not afraid, simply because I could not get a full sense of such danger; but I did get a vision of the sights to be seen, and I did not want to see them. If I could do anything to help anyone—but what's the use? Nobody out of mere curiosity should go near a fearful thing like that. Creating unbearable memories—that's all. And one sees enough here. They do not bury the dead down there. That to me is the terrible thing. The dead lie thick and the stench rises on the strewn fields in a murk that can actually be seen. Look at it. It takes away war's thrill and is good for the soul. No, I would not go; I did not have the nerve.

The Italian Ambassador, with the simplicity of a traveling gentleman, left; the special German Ambassador, Prince Hohenlohe, who comes to relieve the overwrought regular representative, arrived. There were some dinner parties at the German Embassy, on all the corners of which the carved eagles spread their wings, and from the top of which floats always the victorious flag, flaunting toward the Dardanelles and fanned by the winds from the Black Sea and the Bosporus.

A wholly neutral woman asked me the other day whether I would not go with her for a week-end to some islands over in the Sea of Marmora, where we could "look in almost any direction without seeing the German Embassy." Everybody feels it. The German Embassy dominates Constantinople as the Capitol dominates Washington—only in a different way.

Germany is establishing precedents even in her embassies. The Grand Vizier and Bedri Bey, the Chief of Police, were invited to dinner together; excellent citizens both—of Turkey—and the Grand Vizier accepted the innovation without a word. The American Ambassadress is now the first lady of the Diplomatic Corps, and really the German Baroness, of no particular rank at all, had no right to announce at a quarter before ten that she must be going. The niceties of diplomatic social usage must be observed, else capitals will be in social pandemonium. But trust the American Ambassadress; she knows the rules of the game, and she represents a neutrality and a normality that must be respected. The German Baroness did not leave until the American Ambassadress had taken a leisurely departure. More gossip!

His Highness, Prince Hohenlohe, went the other afternoon to present his credentials to the Sultan. He rode in a coach and four and was attended by outriders and a dozen carriages full of men in brilliant uniforms and wonderful decorations. He went at the unholy hour of half past two, and everybody looked as though he had hurried through his luncheon and was bored to the point of exhaustion. It was frightfully hot, and there were just a few spectators to view the pageant, which did not turn out to be a pageant at all. They did not line up with majestic decorum and start off on the blast of a trumpet, as they should, considering the clank and rattle of their magnificence and the gorgeousness of their equipment and array. They just climbed into their carriages under the porte-cochère, four men at a time according to rank, and were driven away with a slouchy leisureliness that was exasperating to an interested stranger under a plane tree, looking for a thrill. No doubt they arrived at Yildiz Kiosk with a wholly sufficient flourish, but it is a long drive from the German Embassy to Yildiz Kiosk and the road is white and dusty.

Looking at handsome Prince Hohenlohe and his steel-helmeted suite, and remembering the puffy, white goneness of the Sultan, one wonders who will deliver the emblems of authority in Constantinople when the emblems of authority are delivered, and what the picture will be like then.

Prince Hohenlohe Went the Other Afternoon to Present His Credentials to the Sultan

The Birthday of Franz Joseph

WE CELEBRATED the eighty-fifth birthday of the Emperor Franz Joseph the other day. There was a great array of flags all over the city, mostly Turkish, of course—that blood-red wave, mirroring a white star and a crescent. I looked for other flags and found only three—the German, the Austrian and the American. There were other flags flying from minor neutral staffs in various parts of the city, no doubt; but in the general scheme of decoration one saw only the Stars and Stripes cutting a glorious gleam of light and happiness into the pervading, sinister Germano-Turkishness of it all. It is a fine thing to be a great nation, with a thrillingly beautiful flag, and at peace with the world these days!

At night everybody went to a garden out beyond the end of the main street-car line. It is a beer garden surrounding a brewery, and the brewery was puffing and throbbing away as though the stability of its red brick walls depended on its turning out so many liters of amber hilarity within a stated hour. There were bands—German bands in red fezzes—playing music, real music, the music of the good old days when hearts rose to German music and were glad. There were hundreds of little, green iron tables everywhere, and long tables under wistaria arbors, with white cloths on them for the bemedaled and white-gloved elect. The figures 1830–1915 were worked out in electric lights over the roof of the brewery and there were colored lights in all the trees.

When the Germans began to come—but who would have thought there were so many Germans in Constantinople? Literally thousands! It was the Austrian Emperor's birthday, but there were not many Austrians present. You can tell an Austrian at a glance. They are the most charming people in the world. They have a lightness and grace that are nearly French, and a solidity of refined and accurate self-valuation that is not at all German. They have suffered long to efface by achievement the brand on the hearts of the Hapsburgs—"More Land"—but they are bright-spirited; they love the world, and Austria's worst enemy has a sneaking affection for the Austrians.

(Continued on Page 38)

IN PURSUIT OF HICKS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

At First I Confess His Aspect Was Sufficiently Terrifying

OUR great Lamartine has said: "Whenever a person is unhappy, God sends him a dog." Ah, you laugh! That is the weakness of your wonderful people—to hold up to levity what they do not comprehend. But wait, my friend, what did he add? "I have proved it twenty times, although man does not always perceive it."

And so I tell you that God sent that noble beast to me in my need—to me, Henri Giraud. Else why should he have come from nowhere, to succor me in a barbarous land? I was friendless and alone, beset with perils in countless unguessed forms. Who can doubt that he was created to lend aid at that crisis of my career, in the dark hour that presages the turning point in every man's life? How well this glorious creature fulfilled his destiny you will presently learn.

Let us first glance back at the causes that provoked my extraordinary journey—my quest, as you would be justified in calling it. I had been giving exhibitions of my art at the annual exposition in Dallas, in a modest *théâtre nouveauté*—to be concise, a tent theater, what you term a side show. All day and far into the night I amazed and thrilled throngs of pleasure-seekers who gaped in a wonder not unmixed with awe at a dexterity of hand that defied Fate and rendered my act truly superb. Also, I would vary the entertainment by moving them irresistibly to laughter with my droll fumbles, from which, however, I would instantly rally, only to evoke wilder plaudits by an added surprise. It is not for me to boast, m'sieu, but no one who has never been privileged to see me perform can appreciate to what heights this ancient art can be raised.

But, you will ask, what was I, a man of talent and education, doing in a tent show, amusing the ignorant and vulgar? Alas, that is a long story, my friend, too long to be recited here. It is true that I was educated for the priesthood, but when the escapade occurred which—*eh bien*, we are young only once. And my father was a circus performer before me. He kept a home in Sorel, Quebec, where I was born, and he trained me as a child and as a youth to his profession. But when I showed an aptitude for scholarly attainments his ambition grew to see me a priest and so he sent me to a school in Montreal—but I perceive that this wearies you.

So! I was performing then in a tent at the annual exposition and daily revealing tricks both new and marvelous. Nevertheless, the attendance was not all that could be desired. But, m'sieu, what could have been expected?—I ask you—two enormous fat women to execute a *combat de boxe*, and a python which was represented on our canvas as devouring a lamb at one gulp. He could not do it! That snake was a traitor; he was not sincere. His name was Clarence and he did nothing but sleep all the day, even should you poke him with an umbrella. A fine array, truly!

Therefore, despite my utmost endeavors, the populace went in greater numbers elsewhere for their diversion. This continuing, the manager of the theater waited upon me to complain—yes, upon me, to whom he owed everything. Why did he not address himself to the creatures of the odious embonpoint, or to Clarence? But no; he came to me and, placing his hands upon his knees thus, said:

"Hennery, if you don't speed up your act this show is going to bust. Cut out that alleged comedy. It used to go fine with the Hicks when the circus hit Honey Grove, but these people want something modern."

You will observe what manner of boor he was, my friend. Without any of those compliments and graces that smooth human relations, even when delivering a rebuke, he spoke bluntly as I have narrated. Yet I did not lose my control.

"I have not the honor to know M'sieu Hicks or his family," I replied, "but you will pardon me for drawing your attention to the fact that the applause is vociferous when I get through."

He could not deny that. "Yes," he admitted, "when you get through."

He thought for some minutes, rolling a villainous cigar round in his teeth, as was his habit. And his next words were like a stab in the back.

"I guess me and you had best part company, Hennery. The show is headed straight for the bowwows unless we land some new stuff, and I can grab the Vere de Vere sisters in their unrivaled underwater act—thirty per."

Perfidious as was his intention, it was plain to me that he was in earnest. And why quarrel with the inevitable? Only fools rail at what cannot be helped. So it was with composure that I rejoined: "What would you suggest?"

"Meet me at Jake's for supper and we'll settle up." And then he pulled down his vest over his gross stomach and added with a coarse attempt at humor as he walked away: "Thank the Lord he didn't cry."

You may well believe, my friend, that I returned to my act in no happy frame of mind. In fact, I was so nervous that twice I narrowly missed transfixing my assistant with a knife, so that a lady in the front row exclaimed in affright.

"Be easy, madame," I counseled with a bow. "He will come to no hurt."

She subsided, but I felt her fascinated gaze on my every movement and could not forbear glancing toward her. What beauty and grace were united there, m'sieu! Her hair was a lustrous black, and black as night were her eyebrows. Only once in all my experience—or possibly twice—have I seen a more delicate skin or whiter teeth. She smiled, and I bowed again. The gentleman beside her scowled. He is not worth mentioning; all I will say of him is that he was a typical husband, a big, awkward hulk of morose countenance. In a few minutes he spoke to her and they got up to leave. Little did I suspect, as I waved a merry adieu, in what manner we should meet again.

Bien, my friend, the manager met me at Jake's and we settled up—that is to say, the scoundrel paid me half of my wages, brazenly laying the blame for his delinquency on the bad state of business. He was profuse, too, with specious promises to send me the remainder within thirty days. In vain did I protest and plead and threaten. He vowed he had no more, and turned his pockets inside out to convince me. What was I to do? Arrest him? It would not get me my money or pay my poor assistant. I took the miserable dole and opened my mind to him. Yet so hardened was this boor that my utterances failed to disturb him in the least.

"Where," he asked when I had finished, "are you going now, Count?"

"I do not know. But it ought not to be difficult for an artist of reputation to secure a place here."

"Humph!" he snorted. "If you take my advice you'll fly the coop!"

His cheap familiarity was exasperating to a degree, and I answered with withering politeness: "Do I understand you to advise my departure from this city?"

"You do," was his reply. "Right the very first time. Beat it! Hit for the long grass where those stunts of yours won't start a riot. Pick out the towns where they feature East Lynne, and maybe you'll get by. Try it on the Hicks. Maybe you'll gather some coin there, but you'll starve to death in this burg."

Alas, I was fain to agree with him before the week was out. Nowhere could I find employment for my talents. That I, Henri Giraud, should go begging for a job! Such was the situation, however, and I faced it with a resolution that has never failed me. Everywhere it was the same tale. War had demoralized industry.

When it became apparent that my professional services were not in demand I humbled myself and made application for any sort of work. It is true, m'sieu, I stood, hat in hand, and begged for an opportunity to wait on table—I, a great-grandson of Napoleon's bravest general.

My assistant had disappeared immediately

I Gave Her a Lesson; But the Customary Pepper, as You Would Say, Was Somehow Lacking

after collecting his pay to the last penny; because I had been cheated did not justify me in defrauding him, you understand. Every day saw my store of money dwindling and the keeper of my lodging house wearing a glum face When it was all gone but a few dollars I went into a park and sat down on a bench to decide my course of action. Should I tarry, in the hope that what yesterday had refused to-morrow would bestow? Or should I act upon the manager's advice? "Beat it," he had said. "Go out among the Hicks and you'll gather the coin."

Before nightfall my mind was made up.

"I will beat it," I declared, flinging back my head in defiance of perverse Fortune. "And I will find the estimable Hicks and so gather the coin."

In my distressed situation it was manifestly impossible, m'sieu, to take with me the elaborate and exquisite paraphernalia it had taken me years to select. No, such an undertaking was out of the question. I stored it with the woman who conducted the house where I lodged and who promised to guard it as her own. Truly, she did—within a week she had sold it. And then, placing in a bundle a new suit of clothes, a few of the books that are ever my inseparable companions, and those articles indispensable to my profession, I set out for the railway, determined to find the Hicks family and conquer them.

And that, my friend, is how the dog came to me. Did you ever ride on the bumpers of a freight, m'sieu? Accursed contrivance! Little did I conjecture what tortures and fears were in store for me! Notwithstanding, I overcame them with steadfast purpose, persisting against every obstacle.

It was my intention to penetrate to the western part of your bewildering country, because I had gathered from what the manager let fall that the Hicks family flourished somewhere in that region. And well was I aware that it meant long and painful travel by the only means of transportation available to me.

I was not deceived. We rolled through bleak sandhills and late on the third night of that terrible journey our train stopped in the middle of a lonely expanse that the engine might receive water. Just as I was planning to drop off to ease my aching bones a lantern was flashed in my face.

"Oh, Bill," said a harsh, brutal voice. "Look what I've found."

It was the brakeman. His comrade speedily joined him, whereupon I sought to escape, but my bundle caught fast.

"He's mine, Bill. I saw him first."

"Let me get in just one, anyhow."

Such was the dialogue that reached my ears as I attempted to free myself and slip from under the car. Doubtless the ruffians referred to me, although I had no decisive means of establishing the point. Suffice that one of them took a short run and applied the toe of his boot with painful force to that portion of my body most easily accessible to him. Eh, you may be sure, my friend, that I did not tamely suffer this indignity without protest. No, indeed; I cried to him to cease, but his only answer was a gleeful whoop, and then the man Bill begged for a chance to do the same. Is it not incredible, m'sieu? But the opportunity was readily accorded. Before he could put his horrible intent into practice, however, I squirmed out on the other side and ran. Yes, I am not afraid to confess it—I ran. And the ruffians laughed; one of them flung a stone.

By and by I stopped. There was no pursuit and the train was starting again. What now? All round me pressed the black night, full of strange shapes and tiny, whispering noises. Not a light anywhere to indicate a human habitation. If I went on, who could tell what might overtake me? Death by starvation and thirst lay in wait for him who got lost. I headed back to the railway; there, at least, I was in touch with my kind. By following it relief must ultimately be found.

It was so dark that my progress was attended with much discomfort and frequent stumbles, so on arrival at the tank I lay down, resolved to abide until morning. For a considerable time I could not sleep, but listened with not a little misgiving to the weird reverberating cries of sundry wild beasts adjacent to the railway. However, they did not come nearer and at last I dozed.

I was wakened by something moist on my face and sat up with a start. There stood a huge dog, eying me almost hungrily, and the sun was coming up all red and gold behind some hills.

At first in the dim light I will confess that his aspect was sufficiently terrifying; but friendliness beamed in his glance and in the regular oscillations of his tail, and while I rubbed my eyes he attempted to lick me again. That was not to be considered; I repulsed him, but gently.

Ah, my friend, you who see him to-day here in safety and at your ease cannot conceive what his abrupt appearance meant to me that cruel dawn. Here was companionship, at once a protector and a friend! And then his demeanor, so calm and fearless and high! Sometimes I have thought I detected a faint surprise in the countenances of those to whom I praised the aspect of my dog, and it has puzzled me. It is true that his eyes are slightly bloodshot, but note the affection shining from them. And then that kingly mien! What matter if his jowls hang down and his legs be bowed—sure tokens of his illustrious lineage. His tail? Ah, yes, m'sieu, in that one particular I will admit that much might be desired. He had a darling stump, but something occurred to break it and now it droops, as you see. Otherwise he is a perfect animal.

Bien, there he was, wriggling with joy all over at finding me, and where he came from, or how, the dear God only knows. I moved to see what he would do—sometimes a beast will harbor a delusion that he has been set as a guard to hold one to the spot. He merely grew alert and whined. Next I patted him, and he graciously permitted it, half-closing his eyes. It was enough. Heaven had sent me a dog I embraced him rapturously and kissed his wonderful nose; he sneezed and lay down. In this fashion was our friendship cemented.

Presently we ate sparingly of the bread and meat I carried in my bundle, and afterward I started to walk along the track, going west, as the train had gone. My canine comrade watched me curiously a moment, making no effort to follow. Then he came on, but with obvious reluctance. When I stopped he gazed off toward a low hill to the right and whimpered.

"So!" I exclaimed. "You would have me go in that direction, would you? Very well, we will go."

And off I went, straight toward the brow of the hill. He gave a joyful bark and dashed ahead to lead the way, glancing back from time to time to assure himself that I did not desert him.

We breasted the hill and looked down on a cluster of houses nestling amid some trees. Crude as they were and arranged without symmetry or apparent method, they nevertheless filled me with an indescribable sense of beauty. One was much larger than its fellows and built of concrete. It was, indeed, an imposing structure for a locality so remote. In addition to the houses I discerned several barns and three immense pens, such as are employed for cattle and horses.

"Victory!" I cried to my new comrade. "Courage! All will yet be well."

The distance to the settlement was greater than it appeared at first sight, due to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere in that land. One can gaze across enormous areas, and yet when you start out for a short walk before breakfast, *sacré*, you find yourself on a two-day march. So it is.

Bien, presently a countryman driving a load of hides overtook us. He was proceeding toward my destination and pulled his horses to a walk.

"Want a ride?" he asked, and when I eagerly accepted: "Where did you pick up ol' Rowdy? He sure seems to take to you."

My answer was: "I did not find him. He found me."

"Yes?" And he looked at me sidewise. "Well, anyhow, he used to belong to ol' Coll Munger, but since Coll went North he's just been panhandlin' round and won't settle down with nobody. Giddap!"

We drove on. My acquaintance was an unlovely person with a greasy skin and eyes like a fish. I could not look at him without experiencing a feeling of repugnance. For one thing he was a perfect Goliath in stature and excessively hairy. As we drew nearer the settlement I perceived that it was nothing more than the buildings pertaining to an immense farm. From it there issued a lady riding a horse. And only then did I remember my quest.

"Pardon me, my friend," I said to the driver, "but can you inform me whether there are any Hicks in the vicinity?"

Instantly his manner became suspicious and he scrutinized me with disfavor. "What're you trying to do?" he demanded. "Kid me?" After a moment he added sourly: "You bet there are. The woods're full of 'em."

"But," I ventured to protest, "I can discern no woods."

Fortunately for our amicable relations the equestrienne arrived opposite us at that moment and interrupted the violent rejoinder that seemed trembling on his lips.

"What's the matter, Tud?" she inquired of him.

"Why, this fresh guy here" indicating me—"had the nerve to ask if there was any Hicks in these parts."

The lady laughed and I nearly toppled from my perch atop the hides. Those teeth, that adorable dimple, and the silky black hair! Who should it be but the lady who had witnessed my act—none other. She shot at me a glance of the utmost penetration, but there was no recognition in it, and for that I was thankful. Somehow my art seemed out of place here. Her look seemed to say: "Are you in earnest or a dissembler?" Then abruptly she grew grave.

"No, we have no such family here. Are you going to the ranch?" When I assured her that such was the case she said curtly to the fellow called Tud: "See that the boys don't get too smart, Tud. And tell Emmett I'll be back for dinner."

"All right. *Adiós*," replied the churlish driver, and cracked his whip.

"Who," I said eagerly, "is that lady? She is very beautiful."

"You're damn whistlin' she is," was his astounding reply, delivered with much unnecessary heat; "but there's no call to say so."

"What harm, my friend? She is beautiful, and all the world may admire."

It was evident that my sincerity mollified him, for he said grudgingly:

"That's Miz Bastedo. She's the owner's wife."

We came at last to the farm buildings, Rowdy pattering under the wagon, and there were several saddled horses tethered to a rail

Shortly He Descended by a Rope, Hand Over Hand

in front of a small shop. This shop faced on what was meant to be a street, I suspected, but was in reality nothing but an uneven stretch of sand separating the concrete house and several smaller structures of clay from the barns and the cattle pens. Apparently the shop, meager though it was, had been divided into two parts, for on one side of the door protruded a sign "General Store," and on the other "Company Saloon. No Shooting Aloud." Was it not droll, m'sieu? I could not restrain my laughter.

"What's on your mind?" asked my driver; adding under his breath: "Besides your hair."

Before I could make suitable reply there emerged from the saloon three persons in the most extraordinary garb. They had on wide leather breeches with shining disks down the sides, and spurs, and the tremendous hats common to the natives of that region. They were flushed with excitement and wine. Espying us, one of them raised a piercing yell. The effect was so startling that I had much ado to conceal my apprehension.

"Why is he doing that?" I hastened to inquire.

"When he sees anything right queer he always up and does that. He's liable to do it often when you're round. Don't pay him any mind. You'll get used to it." And this amazing individual muttered so that I could hear: "He's one of your Hicks, too, but he don't know it."

All this was sufficiently mystifying, especially the hints and innuendoes and reticences concerning the family I sought, and it was not rendered clearer by the attitude of the owner of this imperial domain, into whose presence the fellow called Tud ushered me with no more formality than "A nut to see you, Mr. Bastedo."

Never shall I forget the piercing glance he turned on me, but he gave no sign of ever having seen me before, and I was relieved. A remarkable man, this M'sieu Bastedo; as large as the fellow called Tud and even more strongly muscled. He had a square, rugged chin and his mustache was long and red; in a manner he reminded me of Rowdy. Perhaps it was the force you sensed back of his placid exterior. For the rest I guessed his age to be about forty, though he might have been younger. Sun and wind soon roughen youth's bloom.

And to think of this mastiff's being the husband of the enchanting creature who had passed us on the road! It was disgusting. As I recalled the soft warmth of her color, the sparkling eyes, and the little foot peeping from beneath the divided skirt—with just a glimpse of a rounded limb that made one glad to be alive—ah, m'sieu, as I remembered those alluring charms my gorge rose that so insensate an animal should possess them. And then his voice! It was deep like the rumbling of a bull.

"Want a job, hey?" he said, eying me askance. "We're full up. But we could use a man in the messhouse, helping the cook."

Again I had much ado to restrain myself, but thought of the desperate plight I and my brave dog would be in without food or shelter steeled me to ask in a voice that faltered with emotion: "How much would you pay?"

"Twenty a month and chuck."

"Chuck?" I repeated.

"Sure—room and board. Take it?"

I had an instantaneous vision of what a refusal might bring upon us, and I answered humbly: "Yes, m'sieu, I will take it."

He gave an order to the fellow called Tud, who was lingering near the door in an extremely free-and-easy manner that I considered very far from the deportment proper to a hauler of hides; but before following him I ventured to inquire: "M'sieu, is it possible that you know the whereabouts of any Hicks?"

What talisman lurked in the query? An odd expression flitted across his countenance, but he immediately subdued it and returned:

"Not personally; but I reckon you'll find quite a few round. Perhaps Tud could help you." And with that he turned his back to me.

Thus did I become a member of the Pitchfork outfit, as they picturesquely termed the force on the estate. My duties were to bathe the dishes in the messhouse where they ate their meals, an ignoble employment for a man of genius, my friend—I blush to recall it. But what would you have? Leagues from civilization, I must work or starve.

M'sieu Bastedo had thirty-two men in his employ, shaggy, roistering fellows for the most part, strangers to the most rudimentary amenities of our world; and to cook for this ravenous pack a shriveled old man they called Jimmy, of excessive laziness and the most dictatorial temper. Never once during my connection with the Pitchfork did M'sieu Jimmy change his shirt, and on the occasion of my hinting a protest he flared out at me:

"Hush up! I reckon a free-born American don't need to be learned nothing by a furriner. Besides, what's the use? The clean one'd just get dirty too."

Bien, I will not recount the strange and wonderful sights it was given me to behold in that wild land, my friend. Of the behavior of certain ferocious horses and the marshaling of unbelievable hordes of cows I will say nothing; you would never believe me, and so I will hold my tongue. But of what befell me personally and the part so gloriously played by my faithful dog—all that will I unfold.

Rowdy was a truly remarkable creature. I would be tempted to say he had the mind of a man had I not witnessed manifestations of human intelligence that would render the comparison insulting to my dog. At any rate he evidenced all those qualities of brain and heart that at once command respect and endear the possessor to every thoughtful person.

I early discovered that he knew several simple tricks, such as lying flat on his back at a word of command and feigning dead, and that he readily learned anything impressed upon him with that earnestness essential to serious undertakings. Thus I taught him to walk lame and to imitate a bear on its hind legs, to spring with marvelous agility in a back somersault, and other feats calculated to please and astound.

Madame Bastedo caught me thus engaged one evening, and next day sent her cook to request that I repair to the house with my dog and exhibit his accomplishments. You may well believe that I was not slow in complying; Henri Giraud is not one to keep a beautiful woman waiting. Neither did I present myself in the atrocious blue shirt and trousers that were the mode at the Pitchfork, but donned my new suit and employed my razor and scissors to excellent effect. A man ought never to forget what he owes to himself, or fail in respect to a lady.

Seldom, if ever, had Rowdy performed so cleverly. Madame was entranced. She laughed and clapped her hands, demanding to know what my commands meant.

"I must learn French," she declared like an empress. "Yes, you must teach me."

"With all the pleasure in life, madame."

"Very well; we will start to-morrow."

And so it was. Every morning thereafter I repaired to the big house, accompanied by Rowdy and one of the three volumes I have never failed to carry with me in all my travels. Madame was an apt pupil; she had excellent intelligence. In short, she was enchanting. Many delightful hours did we pass together, reading some gay little anecdote or romping with Rowdy. And every day she welcomed me with growing interest.

I had only one anxiety—M'sieu Bastedo frowned on this arrangement. He evinced impatience with the French lessons, scoffing at any need of them. The selfish fellow was consumed with jealousy. Also I could no longer blind myself to the fact that Madame was in love with me. It showed in her rippling laugh at my sallies, in the brightening of her glance when I came. What more natural? I was young and polished, suave in women's society; her husband was a mere oaf. However, he was there, and one had to consider the stupid creature; but nothing untoward occurred and we went on with the lessons.

One day M'sieu Jimmy ordered me to accompany him over to the store for some cans of tomatoes, of which the native cowherds were inordinately fond, frequently quaffing from them as you would from a glass of water. We started across the street, only to discover the place filled with men from the contiguous mountains, who came thus monthly to buy provisions for their intrepid wanderings. In front stood their horses and tiny donkeys—burros, as they are known out there. Upon these sure-footed beasts they pack food in astonishing quantities.

"Watch out for Rowdy," cautioned M'sieu Jimmy.

I looked. Lying under one of the burros was a large, furtive-eyed canine, tawny in color but flecked with black.

"Down, sir," I said to Rowdy, knowing well his fearlessness and inquiring habits.

Would you believe it, m'sieu?—that dog obediently turned his gaze away from the other and walked quietly at my heels, whereupon the tawny beast rose up and in an indescribably stealthy manner crept behind us.

"Get away!" I cried at him. "Get away, *chien!* Begone!"

A person with perfectly enormous mustaches and beard was lounging in the doorway. He glared at me and said: "Don't you monkey with my dog"

"I do not monkey with him, m'sieu. He would monkey with me."

His response was: "It ain't you he's after; it's your dog, hidin' behind your laigs."

"Sir," I retorted with flashing eyes, "my dog hides his head from no one."

"Then what's he skulking like that for? If he ain't a coward he sure enough acts like one. Let 'em fight."

His challenge made me tremble with rage, m'sieu, so contemptuous was its tone.

"*Bien*, have it your own way." I clapped my hands.

A coward, he had said! Ha, ha, he was to see! Rowdy whirled about and faced his antagonist, his hair bristling; then advanced very slowly with his head turned sidewise as though looking elsewhere. But I assure you, my friend, his beautiful red eye never left his foe.

Of course the miners and cowherds straightway issued from the store to see the fight. Suddenly the strange dog snarled and rushed at Rowdy, snapping with his jaws. He seized and ripped the flesh above Rowdy's shoulder. I turned pale; the blood flowed. However, he could not maintain the hold and my dog shook him off.

They were evenly matched in weight, but the tawny one had the advantage in height and a most surpassing agility. I will confess that I was fearful, m'sieu; that I quaked inwardly. The speed with which he moved was bewildering and not to be guarded against.

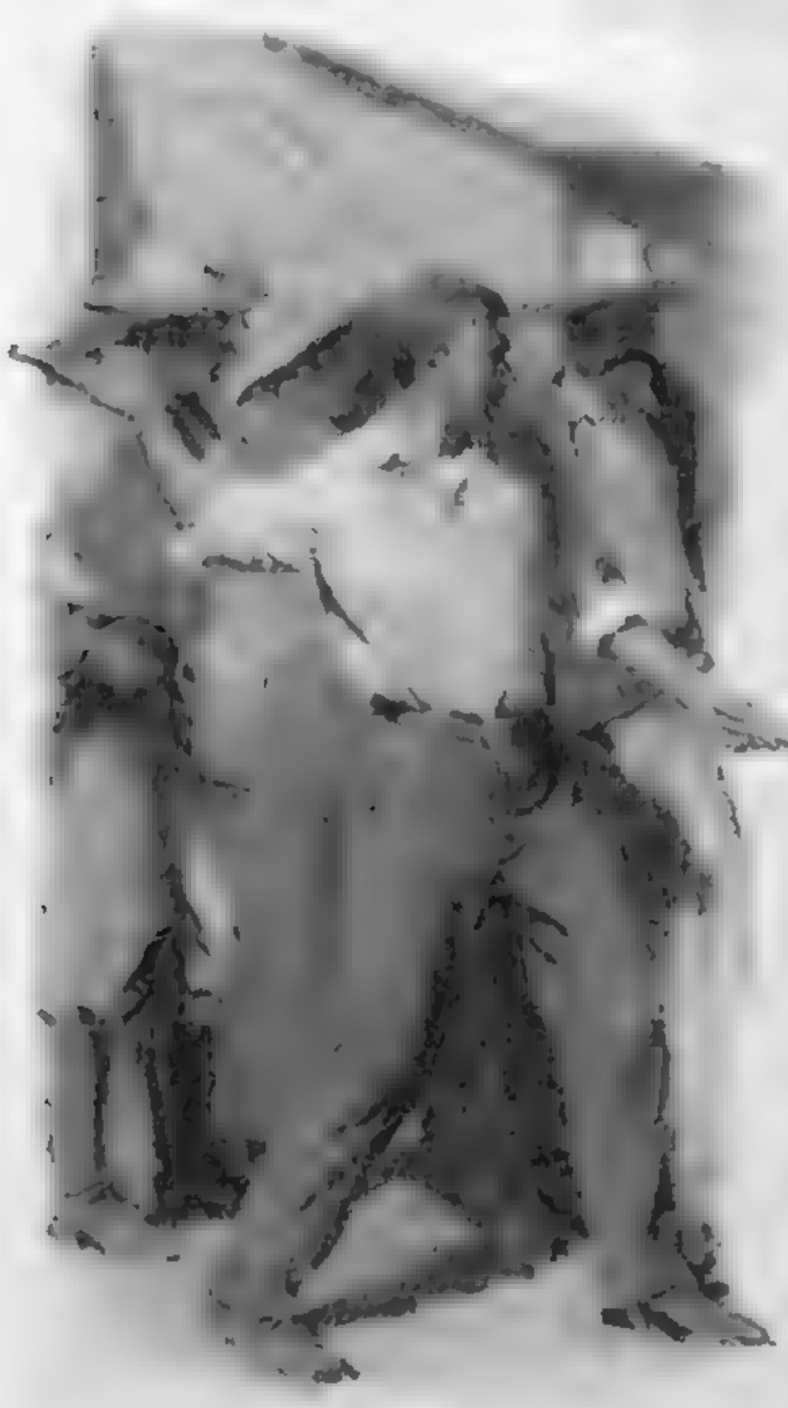
A second time he dashed in and tore a wound in my poor dog's flank. The crowd set up a shout of encouragement, but M'sieu Jimmy spat with much deliberation and said:

"Fine! He could do that till the cows came home and wouldn't hurt ol' Rowdy. Wait till the bull gets his hold. The other's scared of him."

And then the scales fell from my eyes. It was as M'sieu Jimmy said. The tawny dog would attack with vim, but he would not cling to his advantage—a swift rush and bite, and out again. That is all very pretty, my friend, but it does not win from a staunch foe. It does not, as M'sieu Jimmy remarked to me afterward—it does not bring home the bacon.

While we cheered the combatants Rowdy took the offensive. Just as the tawny beast projected himself forward for another onslaught, Rowdy went to meet him, going low and upward. Next instant the two were locked on the ground. How it was

(Continued on Page 52)



Never in All My Career Had I Been More Magnificent, So Quick of Eye and So Sure of Hand

He Began to Bawl Like a Veritable Bull

MADE IN AMERICA

Mount Rainier National Park

By EMERSON HOUGH

THE tourist who really cares for lagniappe ought not to overlook an important feature of interest located in the Siskiyous of Southern Oregon—the caves of Josephine County, sometimes called the Marble Caves—which six years ago were erected into a national monument by the United States Government.

There are two approaches to these caverns, which lie at an elevation of forty-three hundred feet. One may go in by way of Grants Pass and Holland, with about forty miles of good auto road and about ten miles that ought to be very much better. This approach will take you up Sucker Creek to the comfortable tent colony established not long ago in charge of Mr. Hillson. This is located on Sucker Creek, twenty-one hundred feet below the cave entrance. A very good trail, about five miles in length, runs from this camp to the mouth of the caves.

From Williams Creek, on the other side of Grayback Mountain, the approach is thirty-seven miles, twenty-seven of which is road and ten miles trail.

One can go up horseback or on foot from the Sucker Creek Camp, the foot journey requiring between two and three hours.

The Oregon caves do not date back very far in history. It was in 1874 that Elijah Davidson, later a prospector, then but a boy, followed a wounded bear into a dark hole which he found in the side of the mountain—a wholly orthodox way of discovering a cavern. He went back for help, and, equipped with ropes and candles, went into the cave, while a more timid youth sat on the outside and wept an hour or so over the unreturning brave.

History does not say whether or not Mr. Davidson ever got his bear, but he got his cave; and on Cave Day—June fifteenth, as established by the Chamber of Commerce of Grants Pass—Mr. Davidson is still reverenced as one of the venerable men who have come down to us from the past.

In 1898 one Mr. Nickerson conceived the idea of locating these caves as mineral land and charging an admission to see them. He could not, in Western parlance, quite "cut the mustard" for this enterprise; and in 1906 Mr. W. B. Sherman, of Grants Pass, and Mr. M. J. Anderson, forester of Siskiyou Reserve, started the attempt that three years later resulted in the Oregon Cave National Monument.

Jolly, Thrilly, Tallowy Exploration

AS TO the caves themselves, they are not so large as those of Kentucky and Virginia, but are said—by all geologists who have visited them—to be very well worth seeing. There are two levels or entrances, but both portions of the caverns can be covered on one trip if desired. The explored parts of the caverns cover about three and a half miles and, as at present visited, require about three and a half hours of rather steady progress. The only guide is the forest ranger, R. W. Rowley, who has come to know the caves very thoroughly.

These caverns—which follow a general dip toward the mouth, from which emerges a well-developed mountain stream—are, as is usual in extensive caverns, located in limestone formation. There is a draft of air continually passing downward and out toward the mouth, there being an aperture high up on the opposite side of the mountain, from which the air sucks down. For any geologist the most curious thing about the caverns is the heavy deposits of gravel wash that may be seen in distinct strata at half a dozen different places—hundreds of tons of such deposits. Where this gravel came from is something of a question; but it is there and you can see it for yourself.

There are abundant thrills and difficulties in these damp subterranean passages. Doing a cave is always a jolly, muddy, tallowy, thrilly sort of thing, you know. Forty ladders have been erected to facilitate travel, and in some cases narrow passages have been cut out in the floor, so that one does not have to crawl quite so flat. Earlier explorers, who used smoky lamps or torches, have somewhat clouded the white of the stalactites and stalagmites of the shallower passages and chambers; but there are lofty rooms and halls where everything is still crystal-white.

In one place you climb a ladder of one hundred feet, passing from the Ghost Chamber up to Paradise Lost—and you wonder just a bit when Rowley tells you that he dragged in the poles for this ladder all alone, and put it up all alone. Joaquin Miller gave names to many of these features of the caverns. There is a chapel named after him, and you will be shown the Bridal Chapel also; and, of course, the Bottomless Pit—which does seem bottomless—and Dante's Inferno, Adam's Tomb, Judicial Hall, Watson's Grotto and Kincaid's Ballroom, with scores of others, some of them very beautiful.

These caves, which have never yet had over a thousand visitors in any one year, have had one or two tragic incidents in their short career. In 1909 a Mr. Ellis and his bride of three weeks, with a friend named Vineyard, undertook to explore the caverns alone. There had been some sort of foolish talk about robbers, and Ellis is thought to have carried his revolver in his hand as he went on ahead. At a short ladder, only a hundred feet or so inside the entrance, his pistol was discharged. Killed almost instantly he fell back directly against his wife.

Terrified at the sound of the shot, the other young man fled and found his way out. Mrs. Ellis sat there for three hours in utter darkness, with her dead husband's head in her lap, the damp chill of the cavern about her—as terrifying an experience as could come to the lot of any woman. At last, after what seemed to her an interminable time—she could not tell how long—it really was three hours—she left him, managed to find the entrance, and ran three miles down the trail for help. They got the coroner sometime that night, but there was no inquest, for the facts were quite apparent.

A white cross on the cave wall marks the spot of this tragedy.

At another time a young man by the name of Love, from Portland, was lost, as he claimed, for forty-nine hours, and rescued at length by the very useful guide, Rowley. He had fallen off a steep ledge a distance of several feet to the bottom of a chamber, and probably lay for some time unconscious before he began to move round in the darkness, unable to find his candle.

Four years ago, in a low passageway that runs back from Kincaid's Ballroom, Richard Lane, of Holland, found the skeleton of a man. Was this the original discoverer of these caves? If not, he must have gone in later than 1874, perhaps to do a little exploration of his own. He was a white man—that is sure; for, though no clothing was left and the bones were crumbling, buttons were found and part of a jackknife.

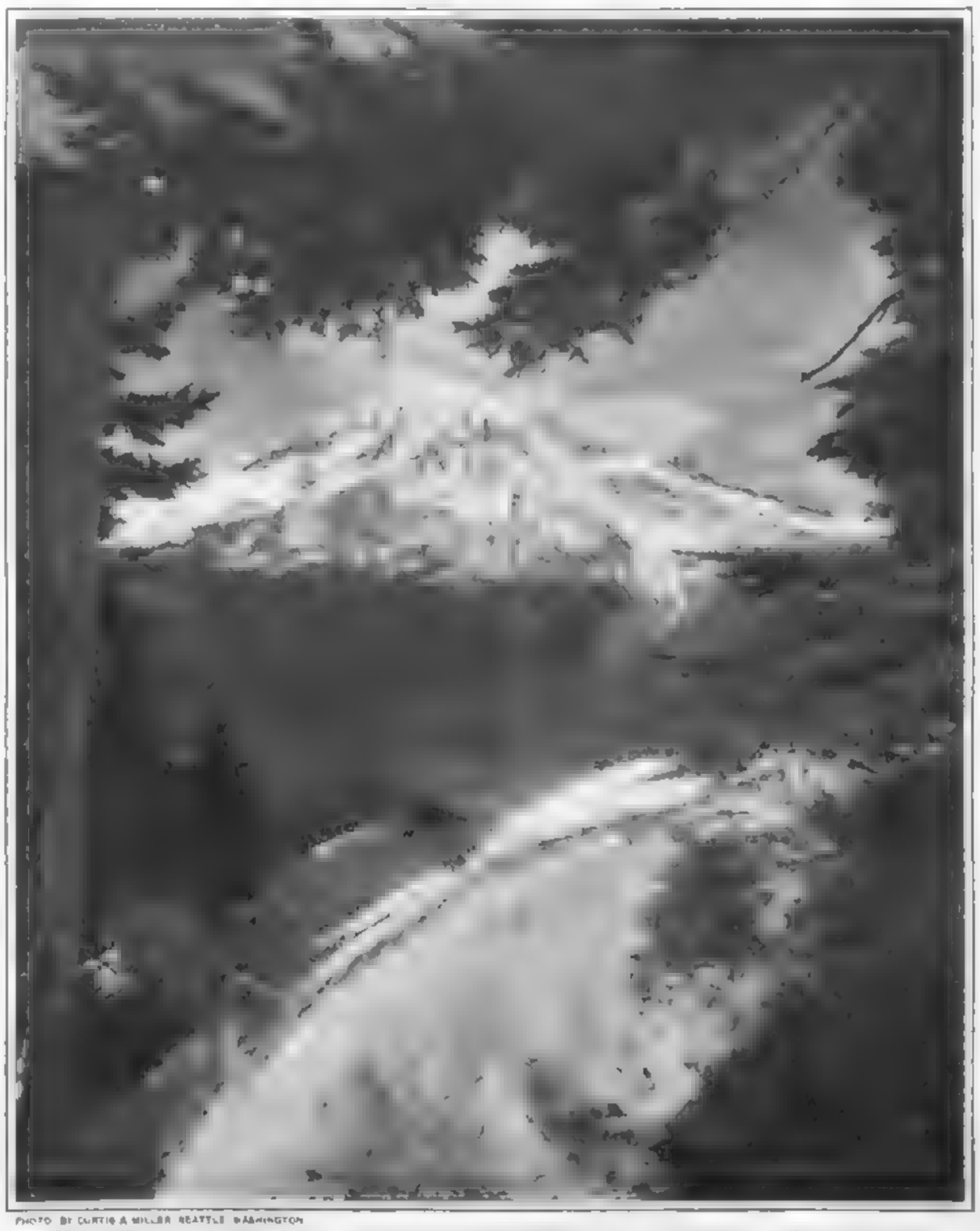


PHOTO BY CURTIS & MILLER SEATTLE WASHINGTON

Mount Rainier Stands Over a Hundred Square Miles of Forest and Leaps Ten Thousand Feet Straight Up Into the Air

Rainier or Tacoma

A TRIP out to these caves from one of these beautiful little cities of the Rogue River Valley is very much worth while. The night in camp is pleasant and interesting, as well as comfortable. All about one stretch a vast forest and a vast mountain country. From the summit above the caves one can see Mount Shasta, down in California, and a dozen other lofty peaks here and there.

This was all mining country once, and the road into these hills was built forty years ago, in the days of the old California Bar. Hydraulic mining still goes on in one or two places. You can see much pick-and-shovel work. And hard by the tent camp you may discover the handicraft of a solitary miner who has got down to bedrock and let in a stream of water for his Long Tom. He has been working this little claim for years. When he gets very hungry or very thirsty he goes to work for a day or so and makes a clean-up. He still gets his wages in gold—come peace, come war.

Mount Tacoma-Rainier—or Mount Rainier-Tacoma, as the case may be—will always retain the distinction of looking more like a perfectly good ice-cream cone than any other mountain in the world. Likewise, Seattle and Tacoma—or Tacoma and Seattle—know that it is one of the grandest little ice-cream cones in the world; and they are governing themselves accordingly.

This mountain, round which Mount Rainier National Park has been created, has been concerned with considerable industrial and social history. Time was when Tacoma was the lead-ox in the Puget Sound country and always called this mountain by the old Indian name, Tacoma; but Tacoma got so much advertising out of it that Seattle, then the lesser twin, became resentful and thought the big hill should be named after the old British admiral, in order that a new name might weaken the advertising resources of the sister to the south. A long and somewhat silly war arose over this, and for many years the name of this mountain was a shibboleth in the Puget Sound country. It was worth your life to call it Mount Tacoma if you were talking to a Seattle man; and Mount Rainier was a fighting word in Tacoma.

At the time of President Taft's visit to this park he was attended by Archie Butt, the much-loved White House master of ceremonies who lost his life on the Titanic; and Captain Archie warned the President many times of this

feud over the name. The worthy gentleman, who was in charge of Tacoma hosts, remembered himself all day and always said Mount Tacoma when he mentioned the peak. At last, toward evening, they all stood on a high shoulder looking out over the rugged Tatoosh Range, which offers one of the best panoramas in the park. President Taft asked how high those mountains were—and then, swinging round to the big peak, added thoughtlessly:

"And how high is Mount Rainier?"

"Oh, hell!" said Captain Archie, turning away. "There goes my whole day's work!"

Finally the good business men of both towns realized that this quarrel over a name was provincial and unworthy. Then the heavenly twins, Tacoma and Seattle—or Seattle and Tacoma—grinned, shook hands and made it up.

To-day the Seattle-Tacoma Rainier National Park Committee exists, devoted to the development and use of this great park; and this association is made up from the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, the Seattle Commercial Club, the Tacoma Commercial Club and Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club of Seattle, the Rotary Club of Tacoma, and the North Yakima Commercial Club.

An extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has a right of way into the park, but now runs only to Ashford—outside—whence you go fourteen miles by stage. By far the better way is to motor direct from Tacoma. There is a splendid road all the way, and the ride through the forest is one of great beauty. The distance is about sixty-five miles, and the time between three and a half and four hours. That, of course, means a good auto road; and the history of that good road is in some part the history of Rainier Park itself.

Under the climatic conditions of a mountain wilderness the problem of roads is the one important thing. Nine years ago, under Congressman Francis Cushman, an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars was secured for this park's development. After that only maintenance charges were allowed until 1912, when twenty thousand dollars more was granted for park purposes, including maintenance. In 1913 it got thirteen thousand four hundred dollars, and ten thousand dollars more for the survey of the road over the range to Yakima. Last year—1914—the park received an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars. The United States Government, by the way, has not at this writing ever formally accepted the tender of this park from the state of Washington.

Meantime the state of Washington and the loyal and plucky Pierce County have spent on the park road more than a quarter of a million dollars—Pierce County alone contributing two hundred and twenty thousand—a tax which in an archaic time caused much bitterness on the ground that Tacoma was making roads for outsiders to use. There were some very rabid Tacomans who feared that low-browed persons from Seattle would come in the night and use their road; but Tacoma rose above this. At one time she paid twenty-six thousand dollars for the sole purpose of buying off a power company and giving it a new right of way, because otherwise it would have cut out the trees along the automobile road, to the disfigurement of the park approach. Tacoma and Seattle are now united in a policy of park development. They will be even when the north side of the park is developed and a road built north from the old Tacoma road to connect with the new northwest entrance.

There was for a long time a three-mile strip through the narrow Forest Reserve—a no-man's land, not under control of the Department of the Interior, or of War, nor of the state, county or park—where the road was left undeveloped and where at times it was almost impassable. Mr. T. H. Martin, secretary of the Tacoma Commercial Club, will tell you how that was managed. Forester Graves got an appropriation of twelve thousand dollars for Rainier forest purposes. Tacoma camped on his trail and agreed to put up twelve thousand dollars against his ante. Between them they built the three miles of side-hill road across the strip of the Forest Reserve, finished and surfaced and drained it. In those three miles you get a full idea of our park administration. The Department of Agriculture, that of the Interior and that of War all stand there, and with them the state, the county, the city, and the business men of that city—and all these must be consulted before results can be obtained!

Inside the park the roads are splendidly done. The Ricksecker Road up to Paradise Valley is a triumph in United States engineering—no grade over four per cent except a short five per cent at the summit; but to get these grades the road is built too crooked for good auto travel. Without good roads Rainier Park were useless, and it lies in a hard country for road building. Here is a tremendous wilderness of rocks and forests, of bold rivers, tremendous cañons, and an extraordinarily heavy

(Continued on Page 40)

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

VI

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE wayfarer familiar with the highways and byways of New York will recall that in one of the widest, the most select of the uptown side streets opening off Fifth Avenue there is a row of brownstone double dwellings of imposing grandeur and magnitude, and of the most incredible ugliness as well. Not even Mayfair in London can show worse; for that matter, neither can Unter den Linden.

A wide stair with swollen stone balustrades guards the street front of each; and above these the houses themselves rise flatly, their façades chiefly notable for their look of smug, solid respectability—that and a wide acreage of plate-glass windows. Formerly a vast variety of rococo tutti-frutti decoration in the stonecutter's best art ornamented these fronts; but to-day the weather as well as a sluggish uneasiness awakening in the tenants' minds has got rid of the most of it; so that now the houses look merely commonplace, merely rich. But be that as it may, this particular Christmas Eve it was to the largest, the richest and most formidable of these dwellings that the Beeston limousine brought Bab. For Bab had come home.

The ride, brief as it was, up the lighted, glittering Avenue Bab felt she would ever remember with a vividness that not even time could mar. It was her first opportunity to get her mind in order. She, a Beeston? She, the little boarding-house waif, heir to a goodly fortune? Bab felt she had only to say "Pouf!" to burst, to shatter into air the frail, evanescent fabric of that bubble!

So many things had happened! So many, too, had happened all at once! The excitement fading now, she began to feel herself languid and oppressed. And yet, as she knew, the night's ordeal had scarcely begun. In a few minutes now she was to see her father's own father, that grim and masterful figure, Peter Beeston. What would happen then?

In the newspapers that day Bab had read that the old man was at death's door. If this had been true, though, there was now a surprising change. Peter Beeston was not dead, neither was he dying; instead, the news having got to him that his son's child had been found, it had roused him like an elixir. "Bring her here!" he'd said. When they had protested, fearful of the effect on him, the man had turned in smoldering wrath. "Bring her, d'ye hear!" he'd rumbled fiercely. "You bring her, I say!" So Bab, as he'd ordered, was being brought.

It would be difficult to tell how much she dreaded it! If only Mr. Mapy could have come with her! To be sure, Miss Beeston had been kind, she had been gentle; but still Bab wished she could have with her in the coming ordeal someone she had always known. Curiously, however, Mr. Mapy had disappeared. Neither she nor anyone else for hours had laid eyes on him.

She vaguely wondered why. As she remembered now, on her way downstairs that night she had met him coming up; Mr. Mapy was running, helter-skelter too! Besides, she recalled how queer his face had looked—agitated, quite fearful, in fact. More than that, though she'd tried to speak to him he hadn't heeded her. He had rushed on up the stairs.

But then Mr. Mapy was not the only one that night who'd acted curiously. There was Varick too. The impression crept over her that, for what had happened, her good fortune, Varick had seemed even sorry. That was it—sorry! Why?

It was when he came downstairs, dressed ready to go out, that he had said good-by.

They met on the stairs, and for a moment she had stood with him in the dim light on the landing. His face was grave, silent, grim. It looked to her, too, as if he had something he would like to say to her. But he didn't. Awkwardly he put out his hand.

"Good-by, Bab," he'd said.

"Good-by, Mr. Varick," she had answered, clumsily at a loss for anything else to say; and again he had smiled, a dry, dusty smile.

"Good-by; I won't see you again!"

It was not at all what she'd pictured—that parting.

Bab, however, had little time, little opportunity to mull over thoughts like these. She had no more than begun to reflect on Varick's curious attitude when the limousine, turning the corner, rolled up to the Beeston door.

"Ah, here we are!" the condescending voice of Mr. Lloyd announced; and the footman having thrown open the limousine door, Bab glanced past him at the house beyond. Dark, no light from its windows anywhere, it loomed like a cliff, a towering crag high above the pavement.

She could have gasped at its magnitude.

Miss Elvira, who had sat during the drive sunk back in a corner of the car, arose briskly.

"Come!" she said, and the next instant, the street door opening from within, Bab stood gazing about her with breathless interest at the house which once had been her father's home.

If the place outside had seemed huge, within she felt engulfed by it. A drawing-room, now a vast vault of darkness, lay on one hand, while on the other was a reception room, itself cavernous in its immensity. Beyond, other rooms opened too. Bab glimpsed a library, then a dining room, its sideboard and serving table glittering with silver. But of all this she had no more than a glance. A footman had opened the door for them, and in addition to him a butler stood in the hall. To him Miss Elvira turned abruptly.

"Well, Calvin?" she demanded.

The man, a white-haired, pink-cheeked old fellow who had been staring round-eyed at Bab, got himself hastily together.

"The doctor's still upstairs—the assistant, that is, madam. The master's stronger, 'e says."

Miss Elvira did not tarry. With a sign to Bab the energetic lady went bustling up the stairs, the others trooping after her. Not more than half a minute later Bab found herself standing at her grandfather's bedside.

What happened upon that was swift, inexpressibly confusing. The room in which old Peter Beeston lay was huge, like all the rest of that house. It was a crypt-like, impressive chamber, and was furnished darkly in the same massive way. And like his surroundings, the room and its furniture—the big dressing table, the vast writing desk, the massive fourposter that held him—the man himself was huge, a bulk of a man whose fierce, brooding face glowered about him as threatening as a thundercloud.

Bab gazed at him in awe. He lay outstretched, his limbs crossed like a Crusader's beneath the sheets; and though both age and illness had ravaged him the impression he gave was still of giant force, of giant fierceness too. His face, framed among the pillows, gazed up at her with a quick, inquiring look; and then, as he seemed to comprehend, Bab felt his eye drill through and through her with piercing intensity. His lips moved, his mouth worked momentarily, and he seemed about to speak. But when he did speak it was not to Bab.

Lloyd as well as Miss Elvira had accompanied Bab into the room, and of this Beeston instantly was aware. One gnarled, knotted hand raised itself from the coverlid, and, turning his eyes from Bab, he spoke. The speech came fiercely rumbling.

"Get out!" he said.

Lloyd's air thus far had been singularly curious, and now Bab saw him start.

"Do you mean me, sir?" he asked awkwardly. His manner, Bab thought, was uncomfortable, strangely uncertain for one heretofore so cocksure, so condescending; and she looked at him surprised.

Again Beeston spoke. The hand he had raised struck the coverlid a sudden blow, and the room rumbled with the echo of his voice.

"Get out, I say!" he repeated; and Lloyd, after a quick look at Bab, a glance the resentment of which she did not miss, withdrew abruptly.

Then old Beeston raised his hand, his forefinger beckoning.

"Vira," he said. "Vira!" And when his sister bent over him old Beeston growled thickly, his voice, if rough, still friendly: "Vira, you go too, old girl!"

So Bab found herself left alone with that grim, dark figure lying there—her grandfather.

"Come closer!" rumbled Beeston. "I want to look at you!"

A pause followed. Her heart beating thickly, Bab drew nearer to the bed, and as she stood there gazing down at the swart, fierce face staring darkly up at hers, pity for an instant welled into her heart. This was her father's father she told herself; and troubled, she began to see now that if this masterful, unconquerable man had ruined others' happiness in his life, he had ruined his own as well.

The knotted hand upon the counterpane reached out suddenly.

"They say you're my son's child," said Peter Beeston. "Well, are you?"

His voice carried in it a note of intimidation, of truculent disbelief, but now she felt no fear of him. The hand that held hers she could feel quiver too.

"Yes," she said.

Again a pause. He wet his lips, his tongue running on them dryly, eagerly; and then of a sudden his eyes left hers and went drifting toward the ceiling. His voice when again he spoke broke thickly.

"Tell me about him, about my son!" said Beeston.

Bab looked at him hesitantly. It was this that she had dreaded.

"What shall I tell you?" she asked.

Beeston's eyes still were on the ceiling.

"Dead, isn't he?" he demanded.

Yes, he was dead, as the man lying there long must have known; and, her trouble growing, Bab stared silently at him. But the grim eyes gave no sign.

"You don't look like him!" said her grandfather suddenly, so abruptly that she started. "You must look like that woman, eh?"

Bab gazed at him steadily.

"You mean my mother, don't you?" she inquired. She had been prepared for this, and in her voice was a tone of quiet decisiveness she meant him clearly to see. "You mustn't speak like that," she said clearly. "My mother did you no wrong!"

She saw his eyes leap from the ceiling to her and back again. Then a smile, a grim effigy of merriment, dawned in his somber face. A growl followed it.

"So you're self-willed, eh?" he rumbled. "You're all Beeston, I see!" Then a grunt, a sneer escaped him. "I'd be careful, young woman! I'm all Beeston, too, and I've seen what comes to us self-willed folk! Your own father, because of it, ruined himself. That's not all either. Because of it, too, my daughter is married to a fool! Oh, I've seen enough of it!" he rumbled.

Bab was startled. She knew, she thought, the fool he meant, but to that she gave but momentary heed. Struggling up, his face dark, convulsed, no doubt, with the thoughts rioting in his mind, Beeston turned and shook roughly into place the pillows that supported him. And this was the man they had thought dying! Grumbling, growling thickly, he lay back then, the growls subsiding presently like thunder muttering away among the depths of distant hills.

She was still gazing at him, absorbed, startled, when she saw a change steal upon the man's distorted face. It was as if that instant's rage, flaming hotly, must have lighted in the dim recesses of his mind some forgotten cell; for of a sudden the smoldering anger of his eyes passed and he sat staring at the wall.

"Well, won't you tell me?" he asked heavily. "I want to know about my son."

But Bab knew nothing to tell. That was why the ordeal she had faced that night had filled her so with dread. The little she knew of either of her parents was what they had told her at Mrs. Tilney's. Vaguely they'd had the impression that the mother had come from somewhere upstate; where, they did not know. But scant as this information was and shadowy, what they'd learned of the father was nothing, not even an impression. As for herself, she remembered nothing of him. Nor did she know when he had died or how. She could not, in fact, even tell where her father's grave was; and, sunken among the pillows, Beeston lay staring at the ceiling. Then suddenly he stirred.

"You mean you can't tell me anything? Answer me!" he said, his voice breaking thickly. "He was my son; I drove him from me! Don't you understand? I want to know! I've got to; he was my boy!"

Bab strove to free her hand from his.

"You're hurting me," she said, and at that he abruptly recovered himself.

"Eh?" he said as if awakening.

He dropped her hand then, and, his eyes closing, he lay back among the pillows, his breast heaving with the tumult of emotions that had tortured him. But now that the struggle had passed the man's face changed anew with one of those astonishing transformations that so often marked his character. He smiled wanly. The fierceness waned from his face. And as Bab, pitying anew, sat gazing down at him, Beeston's hand again crept out and softly closed on hers. Drawing her toward him, he laid his cheek to hers.

"Don't be afraid," whispered Peter Beeston. "You're my boy's girl—his! You need never be afraid of me!"

Ten minutes later, when Miss Elvira and the nurse looked into the room, they found Bab perched on the bed talking to Beeston as if she had always known him. A smile played about the corners of the man's grim mouth. He held her hand in his.

VII

AS MR. MAPLESON, bubbling with anticipation, had foreseen, the city the following morning awoke to a good, old-fashioned white Christmas. At midnight the snow began to fall and, the storm thickening hour after hour, by dawn the streets were deep with it.

Bab's room had been darkened, the hangings at the windows tightly drawn, so that, worn by the strain of the night before, she slumbered on long past her usual hour for awakening. But presently a peal of chimes clanging a stave from a near-by church steeple broke in on her, and with a start she sat upright. Dazed, drowsy-eyed, her perceptions still misty, she gazed about her in momentary wonder. Brunhild awakening could not have been more at a loss. Then with a throb she remembered.

Outside the chimes still pealed; the snow crept whispering on the windowpanes; and at the end of the street, murmuring like a sea, the muffled roar of the Avenue arose. Within the house, though, all was silent; and, her breath coming swiftly, Bab gazed about her open-eyed.

The surroundings, in contrast with her own little room at Mrs. Tilney's, were quite enough to make her stare. At the boarding house chintz of a cheap but pretty design was the fabric most in evidence. The curtains were made of it and so was the valance on Bab's little bed—that and the drapery on her dressing table. But here brocade thick and boardlike formed the window hangings; the bureau cover was linen edged with Irish lace; and the bed was a vast thing of mahogany, its four posts crowned by a canopy, its coverlid of costly embroidered silk.

The other appointments were as rich. Her eyes, roaming about the room, glanced from one side of it to the other in wondering appreciation. Ivory and heavy, finely chased silver filled the dressing table; a great tilting pier glass stood beside it, and there were ornaments of porcelain and chased crystal on the mantel; while at each side of the four-poster, on the carpet's yielding pile, was spread a white fur rug, the skin of a great Polar bear. The more Bab's glances roved about the more she marveled at the many costly evidences of wealth, of luxury that surrounded her.

"What Is It?" He Wheezed. "Bab, They Haven't Sent You Away?"

And to think that this room, once her father's, was with all its wealth, the riches it conveyed, now hers! Propped up among the pillows, her diminutive figure lost in the midst of the great four-poster, Bab sat absorbed in profound reflection. It was the strangeness of it all that for the moment weighed on her spirits. The big, dim room, too, so vast and solemn, sent a shadow of loneliness creeping into her heart; and just then, on the mantel over the fireplace, the clock ticking busily there softly struck the hour. That was the finishing touch! Each stroke she counted separately. There were nine of them. With a catch in her breath, a stifled gulp, she remembered that at Mrs. Tilney's they would just be sitting down to breakfast.

Breakfast—Christmas breakfast—and Bab would not be with them! First there would be grapefruit, each like an apple of the Hesperides, a golden globe of juiciness, its edge fluted by a dexterous hand. Then would follow beefsteak, baked potatoes, coffee with real cream and, to finish, a great heaping platter of waffles of a luscious golden yellow and steaming hot. Where could food be found better than this? Where, too, would one look for more good will and simple kindliness, more cheerfulness and pleasure, than in that simple, homely party there gathered about Mrs. Tilney's board?

Her eyes misty, the lump thickening in her throat, Bab sat poring on that picture in her mind. In honor of the occasion Mrs. Tilney herself would be seated at the head of the table. At the opposite end would be Mr. Mapleson, his eyes snapping with excitement and merriment, his shy, frosty little giggle sounding at every turn. For Christmas was a great day with the little man! The night before he had been up until all hours trimming a tree in the parlor. The tree was for all. No one, not even the newest boarder, would be forgotten.

"Understand," Mr. Mapleson would say, "we all can't have a home—not our own maybe; but we all can have Christmas, can't we?"

Even Mary Mangin, the kitchen behemoth, would be bidden in. Her arms akimbo, a mountainous monument of tittering embarrassment, she would be escorted to the tree by Mr. Mapleson himself. Then with a great to-do the little man would squirrel fussily among the many packages, hunting the required one. "Ha! Here we have it!" he would finally exclaim. "Miss Maria Mangin, with Merry Christmas from Kriss Kringle!" Whereat Mary Mangin, with a seismic convulsion shaking her from pediment to dome, would totter to the nearest sofa and to the peril of that piece crash down upon it, exclaiming the while in Mr. Mapleson's behalf: "Th' fairies be good to ye!

"Look Here, You Know Varick, Don't You—the Chap There Last Night?"

Th' fairies be good to ye!" Then when all the others had had their presents, and he had made sure no one had been overlooked, the little man would sit down in a corner and, his eyes gleaming, his hands trembling eagerly, would open the parcels that held the presents for himself.

What a time then! What chirps! What giggles! What laughter and merriment! "Just what I wanted!" "The very thing!" "Who told you I needed that?" "Why, Mrs. Jessup!" he cried once. "How did you ever dream ——" The sentence never was finished. "Here, give me that; it's for Bab!" Mrs. Jessup cried, scandalized; and she snatched from the little man the pink silk hairpin case which he'd been delightedly accepting. One present, however, Mr. Mapleson always reserved to the last, carefully laying it aside until all the others had been opened. Then, his eyes glowing with soft brightness and his deft, slender fingers plying skillfully, he would make haste, but carefully, to undo its ribbons and its wrappings. But first, before he came to the present, he would find a little card with a border of bright green-and-red Christmas holly:

"For Mr. Mapy,
With love and Merry Xmas,
From Bab!"

"H'm!" Mr. Mapleson would say, and he would violently blow his nose. "H'm!"

Then—— The picture faded, blurring suddenly, and with a stifled sob Bab turned and buried her head swiftly among the pillows of the big fourposter. Mr. Mapy this morning would not have his present. It lay forgotten in a drawer of her bureau at Mrs. Tilney's.

Poor Mr. Mapleson! She lay for a while thinking of the little man and of all his tenderness for her; and presently, out of that thought, a feeling of comfort cheered her. Mr. Mapy would understand. He always did. He would know she did not really forget him. It was only because everything had been so sudden, so amazing. Her spirits climbing, she again sat up among the pillows and, with a growing excitement gently stimulating her, once more she glanced about her in the big dim room.

She was still sitting there, her mind alive with a hundred thoughts, when there was a tap at the door, then a maid stole in. The servant, a tall, angular Englishwoman with a stony, imperturbable face, went to the windows and began throwing back the hangings.

"Begging pardon, it's nine o'clock, my lady, and snowing. Mrs. Lloyd asks if you will see her shortly."

"Mrs. Lloyd?"

"Yes, miss. She and Mr. Lloyd are motoring out to Long Island for luncheon."

Then Bab remembered. Mrs. Lloyd was the aunt she had not yet seen. How kind of her to think so soon of her new niece! Surely Bab would go down to see her, and at once.

"And if you please, miss," the maid announced, "a box of flowers was left for you this morning. Will you have it now?"

"Flowers!"

Even under the Englishwoman's cold, impassive stare she could not restrain the exclamation. Who could have sent her flowers—Christmas flowers? A moment later the maid handed her the long pasteboard box, then she withdrew.

With rounding eyes Bab lifted off the box cover.

"Oh, you darlings!" she whispered.

A great sheaf of cut flowers lay within. There were roses, pale Gloire de Dijons; there were lilies of the valley, mignonette and hyacinths—these and lacelike sprays of maidenhair fern. Never before had she seen a box like this, much less had it sent to her; and lifting out the cluster of fragrant, delicately tinted roses she pressed them to her face, reveling in their beauty.

"Oh, you darlings!"

Then the card lying in the box caught her eye:

"For Bab, with a Merry Christmas
and much love, from her new cousin,
David Lloyd."

Her heart beat quickly, and she was conscious that a faint color burned in her cheeks as she read the writing, penned in a delicate, well-bred hand. She knew of David Lloyd. He was the crippled boy—the man rather—she had asked Varick about; and as she read anew his kindly, pleasant greeting her heart warmed instinctively to her new-found relative.

How good it all seemed! How wonderful it was! Not even in her wildest imaginings had she dreamed it was to be like this! To think she not only had found her kin, but that they should prove so kind! She did not care now who saw how her eyes were glistening. She could have sung aloud of her happiness.

"Your bath is drawn, miss," Mawson, the impassive Englishwoman, announced, and resigning the flowers to her Bab arose. As she dressed it became evident that if Bab and the world at large had been astonished at the sudden change in her fortunes, Miss Elvira had not. Manifestly that able lady not only must have known for days what was to be expected, but also had prepared for it. Many little luxuries she had laid in to make Bab comfortable; and as Mawson one by one brought them out Bab felt her heart beat swifter, then more swiftly still. If only Mr. Mapy could have been there! If only he and she could have joined hands once to dance round, to rejoice! Mawson, imperturbable, bony-faced, was about as good company as a gryphon! However, not even Mawson's stoniness could quite repress all her feeling of wonder-growing joy. She was too young, too unspoiled and unaffected, to lose the bloom of it, and as she hurried to finish dressing her face was radiant.

Her first duty, as she hurried down the stairs, was to tap at her grandfather's door. The trained nurse answered, and as she saw who had knocked she beamed pleasantly. The patient, it appeared, was much brighter. He had already asked for Bab. She was to see him at noon; and, thanking the young woman, Bab hurried on. She must not keep the Lloyds!

The dining room, like the other rooms in that vast house, was itself vast—a great, dimly lighted apartment whose decorations, all of the richest sort, were a legacy of that morose, astonishing era of bad taste, the late Victorian period. Quartered oak and an embossed bronze wall paper vied with each other in gloominess; while the sideboard, the table and the chairs, in the style of the early eighties, wore a corresponding air of stodgy, solid richness and melancholy. This effect, too, was heightened by the pictures on the walls, all valuable and each, of course, a still life—the usual fish, the inevitable platter of grapes and oranges, the perpetual overturned basket of flowers. A group of sheep by Verboeckhoven, typically woolly, completed the display.

As Bab, her heart doing a little tattoo in anticipation, passed along the hall, she saw that her aunt and uncle had left the table and were standing on the rug before the fire, their heads together and talking earnestly. A morning coat, Piccadilly striped trousers and tan spats at the moment attired Mr. Lloyd; but one had but to glance once at the pale, myopic, blasé gentleman to guess that presently he would retire to change, his man helping him, into clothes more suitable for motoring—a lounge suit of tweeds, say, or homespun. Bab, smiling shyly, was just entering the dining room when Lloyd looked up. Instantly she saw him start. She was certain, too, she heard him whisper swiftly a warning: "Look out!" Then, turning away, Lloyd fell to twirling idly his pale, limp mustaches.

That they were talking about her was manifest. That what they said was not meant for her to hear also was manifest. For an instant she faltered. She felt her color self-consciously betrayed her.

The Patient Was Much Brighter. He Had Already Asked for Bab

"Oh, here you are!" Lloyd exclaimed in his inconsequent, singsong voice. "We've been waiting for you, you know!"

His voice was pleasant enough, and at the same time he smiled. Subconsciously, if not directly, though, Bab began to divine a hint of antagonism in the man. Evidently for some reason he had not as yet accepted her as Miss Elvira had, as his son, too, had accepted her—that is, if the message with the flowers meant anything. However, having greeted him, she turned shyly to her aunt. While waiting Mrs. Lloyd had been frankly studying her.

"So this is our new relative, is it?" she remarked. Afterward she briefly held out a hand. She did not offer to kiss her niece.

Bab felt subtly bewildered. Her aunt was a tall, finely formed woman, a Boadicea in bigness. Her eyes were a light iris-blue; her mouth small, with curiously puckered lips. It was her voice, though, that most held Bab. In it was that note of repression, a studied indolence almost insolent, that women of her class and kind often cultivate. Idly tolerant it was rather than interested, Bab thought.

There were many things that morning that she would have liked to ask about—her father, for example, his boyhood, what he'd been like, who his friends had been. All this and more. It appeared, however, that the topic held but scant interest for the Lloyds, for Lloyd the least of all. A few passing references, to be sure, were made to Bab's dead father; but in every instance these were as lacking in interest, in intimacy, as if uttered by a stranger. In her own affairs, she felt presently, their curiosity was far more robust.

Lloyd, reaching out, touched a near-by button.

"Breakfast, Lumley," he directed, indicating Bab to the manservant that entered. Then when she had seated herself Lloyd returned to his place on the hearthrug. While Mrs. Lloyd in her dragging, wearied voice addressed herself to Bab, her husband sedulously inspected his finger nails.

Curiously he seemed nervous, irritable too; but that he paid close heed to the talk Bab somehow felt sure. It did not add to her easiness. What was the matter? Why was their air so queer? Mrs. Lloyd, her manner on the surface blandly idle but her curiosity still evident, was questioning Bab about her life at Mrs. Tilney's, how she had gone there, why she had remained, when of a sudden Lloyd's increasing interest got the better of him.

"Look here," he remarked to Bab abruptly, "you know Varick, don't you—the chap there last night?"

Know Varick? The teacup she had raised to her lips hung suspended, and for a moment she gazed over it at Lloyd, inwardly astonished at his tone.

"Why, yes," she replied.

He shot a glance at Mrs. Lloyd.

"Varick's lived there a long time, too, hasn't he?" he demanded.

"Since last spring," answered Bab quietly.

"And you know him rather well, too, don't you?" persisted Lloyd.

Bab put down her teacup. Her uncle's voice not only was querulous, it had in it, for some reason, a note of mocking accusation. Varick, to be sure, was acquainted with the Lloyds; but the uncle's queries had behind them, she saw, more than a mere social interest. Nor was that all. While the man was plying her with his questions her aunt, she was conscious, was studying her with scrutinous attention.

Phryne before the Areopagus could not have felt more challenged; and her wonder rising, her discomfort keeping pace with it, she was parrying her uncle's cross-examination when of a sudden there was an interruption.

"Good morning!" cried a cheerful voice. "Merry Christmas, everyone!"

Bab, as she looked round, breathed a sigh of relief.

The smiling, boyish fellow who stood there, framed for a moment in the doorway, Bab, in the months to come, was destined to know better than any man she yet had met. Her interest in him was instant. In age he was perhaps twenty-eight, and he was slight of figure, with crisp, reddish-brown hair, an animated face, and shrewd, kindly gray eyes, deep-set and expressive. Gentle one saw he was, but in that gentleness was nothing weak, nothing effeminate. In David Lloyd—Peter Beeston's grandson—the strength, the character, that had skipped Beeston's own children again had made itself evident. As she looked at him a swift, sudden stab of pity pierced Bab to the core. Crutches supported him. He was a hopeless cripple.

He came forward swiftly, skillfully guiding himself along the treacherous hardwood floor, and his face was lighted with pleasure. "This is Bab, isn't it?" he smiled; and, propping himself on the crutches, he held out a welcoming hand. Of his heartiness she saw she need have no fear; and, shyly responsive, she gave him her hand. The clasp of his cool, strong fingers was singularly friendly, reassuring too; and though the telltale color again flew its pennons in her face, this time it signaled only pleasure.

"Think of it!" he laughed. "A week ago I didn't even dream I had a cousin!" Then he gave her a sly, whimsical look. "Much less such a good-looking one!"

Bab felt her spirits rise mercurially. He pulled out a chair and, teetering perilously for an instant on his crutches, made ready to sit down.

Bab caught her breath swiftly.

"Let me help!" she exclaimed, and half rose from her chair; but the cripple shook his head.

"Don't bother," he chuckled lightly; "I always manage somehow. There now!" he added as he lowered himself to the chair. One might have thought from it that the affliction that had maimed him for life was merely a day's disability. "Now don't mind me," he directed; "just you finish your breakfast!"

His pleasant, graceful good nature diffused about him an air of cheerfulness that seemed to lighten even the dining room's atmosphere of gloomy dimness; and inspired by it his father and mother too awoke, joining in the talk. It was not for long though. Again in gloomy abstraction his father began to inspect his finger nails; again his mother resumed her covert scrutiny of her niece.

"Hello!" David all at once exclaimed. "What's the trouble?"

Bab saw the father glance swiftly at Mrs. Lloyd, and as he did so she was sure her aunt made him a swift, subtle signal. It was as if she impressed silence. But if so Lloyd gave no heed.

"Trouble?" he echoed. "What makes you think that?" Then with a queer look he abruptly added: "What do you think—last night we saw Varick!"

Again Beeston Spoke. "Get Out, I Say!" He Repeated

"Bayard!" cried David. His interest was evident.

"Why, yes," returned his father. "He's living there in that boarding house."

There was a subtle emphasis in what he said that did not escape Bab, and again her wonder rose. What was their interest in Varick? Why, too, had they looked to her to satisfy their singular curiosity? Was Varick's presence at Mrs. Tilney's more than a mere coincidence? If it was, why were they concerned? She still was cogitating, bewildered now, when out of the corner of her eye she again saw her aunt make Lloyd a guarded signal. But Lloyd merely frowned.

David spoke then, his tone wondering:

"You say he's living where Bab was? Why, what in the world is he doing there?"

"That's what I'd like to know!" instantly answered his father, and again Bab marked in his tone that note of covert significance. David, however, did not seem to hear it.

"You don't mean Bayard's penniless?" he said hesitantly. "It can't be possible his father lost everything!"

He had, it appeared; but even so that was not what Lloyd, Senior, had sought to convey. For a third time Bab saw him glance at Mrs. Lloyd, and in turn her aunt signaled him anew. Now, however, it was David, not Bab, whom she indicated; and Bab's wonder grew. What was it about Varick they did not wish their son to know? As before, Lloyd disregarded the signal, this time turning to Bab.

"Come now," he said abruptly, his tone almost brusque, "how came Varick to go to that boarding house? Who took him there? I'd like to hear. You know, don't you?"

Bab laid her napkin on the table and prepared to rise. Her breakfast she had not finished, but in her growing distaste for her uncle she felt she must get away. His tone now was not to be misunderstood. It was very nearly sneering, and yet what motive he had behind his persistence Bab could not fathom. Uncomfortable, irritated too, she was debating how she could avoid answering him, when a second time that morning chance came to her rescue.

"Come!" Lloyd was prompting, when she saw her aunt stir uncomfortably.

"Barclay!" Mrs. Lloyd said abruptly. When her husband, not heeding her, prompted Bab anew, again she spoke, her voice now acute. "Barclay!" she said; and not even Lloyd, blundering on, could mistake her warning.

"What? Well, what is it?" he returned.

With an almost imperceptible nod Mrs. Lloyd indicated the hall outside. There in her usual energetic manner Miss Elvira came clumping down the stairs. Attired in lace and voluminous mid-Victorian brocade, the *doyenne* of the Beeston family sailed toward them, burgeoning like a full-rigged ship. And she was a ship-of-war, too, one observed, her decks cleared for action! With her eye murky, her turtle-like jaw set firmly, onward she came, and the course she set was straight toward her niece's husband.

"Good morning, Bab! Good morning, David!" said Miss Elvira; not looking at them, however, but straight at Lloyd, Senior. "You two go see your grandfather; he's asking for you. Hurry, now!" Then, the two in their wonder hesitating, she waved them to make haste. "Off with you now!" she ordered. Her eyes still were fixed on her niece's husband, and Miss Elvira, one saw, was furious.

Halfway up the stairs a fragment of talk reached Bab. It was Miss Elvira who spoke, and her voice was frigid:

"Last night I warned you to hold your tongue! The next time now it will be my brother who warns you!"

To whom she said it Bab had no doubt. Lloyd's voice arose then, an unintelligible mumble. But why did that man need to be warned? What was it about Varick they were hiding? She looked at David, and he was frowning thoughtfully. Why? Bab meant to know!

VIII

THAT Christmas Day's experience, the first with her newfound family, served as a good index to Bab of what she might expect thereafter from each of her new relatives. It placed accurately, for one thing, the two Lloyds—the husband and the wife. Obviously both her aunt and David's father resented her presence in the house; so that from them, she saw, she must expect nothing. However, though this were true, the division of forces showed she had little to fear. On her side were not only her grandfather and Miss Elvira, there was David Lloyd besides. And of him and his friendliness every instant she felt surer. Time only added to her certainty.

Christmas passed swiftly.

After that singular encounter with her aunt and uncle the next event in that eventful day was the morning's visit to her grandfather. At her entrance a muffled growl arose from the pillows.

"Well, my girl!" Beeston mumbled; and with a quick movement, his manner gentle though gruff, he drew down her face to his. Then he seemed to divine, rather than to see, that David was with her. "Hah, Davy!" he cried.

David, again teetering on his crutches, lowered himself to the bed. "Hello, partner!" he returned.

Bab pricked up her ears. Partner, eh? Her grandfather's feeling for David evidently was different from his feeling for David's father! Of his fondness for the cripple she had shortly, in fact, a rather disconcerting proof. Beeston lay there, his dark face lit momentarily with interest in their talk, when of a sudden she felt his gnarled fingers shut themselves on hers. Then with his other hand her grandfather reached out and touched David on the arm.

"Like her, Davy?" he demanded, a jerk of his head denoting Bab.

Startled, she felt herself crimson. David, too, seemed just a bit embarrassed. Then the humor of it striking him, he threw back his head and roared.

"That's a nice question!" he laughed, adding then: "Of course I like Bab! Every bit of her! Why do you ask?"

A rumbling growl emerged from the depths of the pillows.

"I wanted to make sure," avowed her grandfather, grimly frank.

Flushed and confused, she was thankful when Beeston saw fit to turn to another topic. The fact is her new place in life, even with its vast advantages, she had already begun to find trying. Presently she was to find it even more so.

Not only that day, it chanced, but for many days to come a stream of limousines and smart broughams came trundling up to the Beeston door, their occupants, with well-bred though not the less eager interest, curious to have a look at her. Bab's story, it appeared, was already widely known. Of those that came, though, only a few, the most intimate of Miss Elvira's cronies, were admitted; but few as they were, to see them was in each instance an ordeal. Not that they were not kind—they were; but the girl felt as if she were something on exhibition, and to this Miss Elvira innocently contributed. Bab had a full share of good looks, and in addition to this an easy and charming manner; and of this Miss Elvira seemed, with complete satisfaction to herself, to be aware.

"Distinguished—a manner, eh?" she snapped at one of her cronies, an antiquated dowager who had remarked on Bab's *savoir-faire*. "Well, why shouldn't she have manner? Wasn't she born a Beeston?"

The dowager agreed hastily. Farthest from her intention was the wish to combat Vira Beeston in anything. It had been tried; but never had the result been fortunate.

However, before long, David came to Bab's rescue. Having observed the way his Aunt Vira was promenading Bab before these ancient cronies of hers, he found occasion to protest vigorously.

"Why not hire a hall?" he suggested. "Why not hire a band, too, and get a ballyhoo to bark for your show?" Propped up on one crutch, with the other he began to gesticulate derisively: "Here y' are now, the only living Beeston heiress in captivity! Have a look; have a look!"

Miss Elvira did her best to scowl.

"David!" she protested.

"That's all right!" he retorted. "How would you like it yourself?" His aunt hadn't thought of that. "Think how absurd it is too!" he added. "Why, look at Bab; even she is laughing at you!"

After that when there were callers Bab found herself less frequently put to the ordeal of what David irreverently termed prancing. Nor were the callers themselves, even the softest, the most insinuating, allowed to satisfy in her their thinly veiled craving for the romantic. David, too,

(Continued on Page 61)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 6, 1915

Ocean Freight Rates

THE cost of transatlantic carriage tends decidedly upward. In October the rate on grain from our Atlantic ports to Liverpool was eighteen pence a bushel, against only four pence for the corresponding period last year—when war had been going on three months—and a normal rate in time of peace of two and a half or three pence. This, then, was more than six times the ordinary rate; and the Journal of Commerce adds: "It is the belief among owners that the present record rate of eighteen pence will be greatly exceeded."

The reasons are obvious. Eastbound shipments across the Atlantic are by far the heaviest ever known. At the same time a large part of the world's shipping is unavailable for mercantile uses. The big German merchant fleet is tied up. England, France and Italy are using many merchant ships for military purposes. The English and French Governments are now great importers, regularly taking about half the available tonnage. Private shippers must shift the best they can. Demurrage is an important factor, for a vessel may be held up indefinitely on the other side. If the shipper guarantees this charge it may cost him all the way from five hundred to two thousand dollars a day. If he does not guarantee it, it is absorbed in the freight rate.

Under present conditions, no doubt, these freight charges fall mainly on the European buyer rather than on the American seller; yet they are clearly a handicap on trade.

In other circumstances the remedy for excessive rates would be to build more ships; but an immense quantity of shipping is held off the market by the war. The moment war ends it will be competing for charges—just at a time when there will be fewer cargoes to be had. With that prospect in view, a large addition to the world's merchant fleet does not look attractive. High freight rates are being used as an argument for Government ships; but, in fact, they are one of the incidental afflictions of war.

Cheapness and Waste

AS WE all consume a great many more things than we produce, it is natural enough to assume that the lowest possible price to the consumer is the best possible condition; but the assumption may be wrong.

Take, for example, the fuel supply. A very low price for oil and coal may not be profitable in the long run. The supply is limited and cheapness may finally involve much waste. An expert calculates there are two thousand billion tons of coal east of the Rockies, three-quarters of it within easy reach of pick and shovel and close to transportation, so it can be mined and marketed at small cost. To monopolize it by ordinary means is impracticable—to say nothing of legal obstacles—because to acquire the coal lands at only a cent a ton would take an investment of twenty billion dollars, interest on which at six per cent would amount to two dollars a ton on the yearly output

Then there are more than two thousand billion tons west of the Rockies and in Alaska. The most daring trust builder in his most exuberant moments would certainly balk at so huge and uncertain an undertaking; but under competitive mining, with a low price, there is a good deal of waste, as Government reports have pointed out. Sometimes only the coal that can be got to market most cheaply is taken out, and by such methods that it will be difficult to recover the remaining coal when future needs demand it.

If coal is very cheap the incentive to use it in the most economical way is relatively small. Greater economy in mining and in consumption would no doubt be profitable in the end, even though it involved a somewhat higher price to the consumer.

The Elastic Law

WALKING through the square, the judge observed thoughtfully: "I really ought to have handed that fellow over to a policeman and he would have got six months on the Island. Street begging is an intolerable nuisance. There is a strict law against it in this state. In view of my position it was probably my duty to hand that chap over to an officer and see that he was prosecuted; but the fact is, while I was on my way downtown this morning two well-dressed, well-appearing and evidently most respectable women held me up on a street corner and solicited a subscription for a certain eleemosynary institution.

"That was exactly as much against the law as this panhandler's petition for a dime; but if I had called a policeman and given those women in charge, they and a great many other people would have considered me an unspeakable brute. They are respectable women, you see, begging for what they consider a worthy cause. If they had been arrested merely because they were breaking a law in the operation they would have been terribly offended.

"As a matter of fact, the panhandler probably needed the dime much worse than the eleemosynary institution needs the fruit of their efforts—less the usual commission; but if they had been arrested the court would no doubt have let them off with fatherly advice to obey the law in the future."

The incident struck us as typical. If we wear tolerably good clothes, associate with people who wear good clothes, and earn a livelihood in some manner that is approved by society, we are pretty apt to take the view, more or less consciously, that laws are not really for us but only for red-nosed chaps in frayed trousers.

Duration of War

EXCLUDING the Balkans, men of military age in the European countries now at war numbered round seventy-five millions. General Green, a retired army officer, whose guess is as good as anybody's, calculates from the best available information that up to October about two millions had been killed, something over three and a half millions wounded, and rather over two and a quarter millions taken prisoners or missing from other causes. That would make a total of nearly eight millions.

No doubt a good many of the wounded have recovered and returned to the front. We may say roughly that the nations have used up about one-tenth of their total theoretical fighting strength—without arriving any nearer to a decision, so far as one can now see, than they were a year ago. That they can fight two years more, if so minded, seems very probable. The will to fight may become exhausted before either the men or the money.

A Long-Needed Act

WE WONDER why no legislature has passed a law against the passing of fool laws. It is really amazing that no legislator seems ever to have thought of that.

Confessedly the country suffers much from fool laws. The statute book of every state is cumbered with all sorts of half-baked legislation, which is not enforced, or enforced only spasmodically. Every year adds to the accumulation. Every student of American government knows what an affliction this is.

Now, it is a well-settled principle of American government that the remedy for any affliction whatever is to pass a law against it. If you think your wife is injuring her feet by wearing high-heeled shoes do not attempt to argue her out of the habit. Just get in touch with a number of similarly minded neighbors and have a law passed against it.

Therefore, the remedy for the affliction of fool legislation is to pass a law against it. "Be it enacted"—and so on—"that hereafter no legislature of this state shall enact any boneheaded law." Just that, with the governor's signature, and the trick is done.

We hand the idea along in a pious hope that many states will hasten to adopt it.

Where Do Good Books Go?

WE HAVE no doubt at all that culture in the United States is in a bad way. Virtually all experts on the subject say so. We have been told so many times and so authoritatively that America is not interested in literature of permanent value and will not buy books of solid intellectual contents that we now take the statement as we should an assertion that the sun rises in the east or that water runs downhill.

Yet it is a curious and inexplicable fact that selling literature the permanent value of which is beyond dispute constitutes a well-established and apparently flourishing industry. The great poets, novelists, essayists, and some classic historians, bound in uniform sets, are pretty nearly as staple articles of urban merchandise as soap and calico. Bookshops and department stores advertise bargain sales of them.

Maybe, as one critic suggests, they are bought merely as ornaments. Then there are several low-priced, small-volume "libraries," containing a large part of the world's best literature, from Homer and Æschylus down to Dickens and Tennyson, which sell in great quantities. Maybe these are used merely for birthday presents. Of late years, if any book makes a real stir anywhere in the world some publisher is pretty sure to put an English translation on this market.

Apparently somebody buys it—perhaps merely for the purpose of pressing autumn leaves.

Congressman and Expert

LAST September Congressman Kitchin, whose strategic position in the House makes his views important, wrote:

"If Great Britain and her allies had not had a battleship German commerce and the German fleet would have been swept from the seas exactly as they were. Great Britain and her allies had enough torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines . . . to have destroyed or driven to harbor the combined battle fleets of the world." And, farther on. "Who, unprejudiced and disinterested, in or out of the navy, in the light of the experience of the present war, does not know that twenty-five, or even ten or five, well-equipped and well-manned submarines are more efficacious for offense and defense than one or even four dreadnoughts?"

As Mr. Kitchin was writing for publication to correct a misapprehension concerning his opinion, this no doubt expresses his deliberate judgment on the naval experiences of the war. We have examined a number of expert views on the comparative efficiency of battleship and submarine as disclosed by this war, and from them have derived an impression quite different from Mr. Kitchin's. He will have a good deal to say about the shaping of our naval policy for the immediate future. Whether experts will have much to say about it is still problematical.

Government Paper

THE danger to the credit of the belligerent nations from a protracted war would arise probably not from bond issues but from issues of paper money. If any government paper became really worthless it would be that issued as circulating notes. At least that has been the usual course.

There is the example of France. In 1789 the government was hard up. It had lately confiscated lands owned by the church and by the crown, converting them into national possessions; so it issued four hundred million francs of paper currency as a first lien on those national lands, to be redeemed out of the sale of the lands or used by holders in purchasing public land. As the estimated value of the lands far exceeded the amount of the notes, that seemed safe enough; but during the next year the government needed more money and issued an additional eight hundred million francs of assignats, solemnly pledging itself to issue no more. The temptation to get more money by simply starting up a printing press was too great, however.

The government decreed heavy penalties—even the penalty of death on a second conviction—for refusing to exchange gold for assignats, or charging a greater price for goods when payment was to be made in assignats than when it was to be made in gold. But, as it kept on issuing assignats, the penalties were futile. When the amount reached twenty-four billion francs assignats were worth one-thirtieth of their face value. When it got to forty-five billions they were virtually worthless. Some of them were finally redeemed at about one-seventieth of their face value.

Yet the French nation was as rich in material possessions as ever and French bonds have been good ever since.

Superlatives in Advertising

WE WONDER why a sort of lying that is amusing when applied to the circus becomes offensive when applied to fiction and plays. You expect the circus to advertise itself in superlatives and would be disappointed if it did not. Its "greatest, grandest, costliest" seems to go along with the tinsel and blare.

When a manager or a publisher applies like exaggeration to his play or his book, you think he must be an unimaginative blockhead; otherwise he would lie more artfully. Experienced persons have learned to shun books and plays that talk about themselves in superlatives—on a reasonable suspicion that they are mostly sawdust and colored glass.

The Passing of Narrow Gauge

Wartime in Canada—By A. C. Laut

WAR orders mean more in Canada than a whoop of loyalty or big gains. They mean the passing of narrow gauge, which is the biggest thing that can happen to a nation or a human on this side of the grave, though both the human and the nation are unconscious at the time of anything but very bad growing pains.

The war could not have caught Canada at a worse time. She was not only off guard—she was 'way down below par. The big real-estate boom had collapsed with a bang. A great many fortunes had been made, but also a great many had been lost; for you cannot buy city lots in a prairie town at the valuation of Broadway, New York, without paying for the fun through your purse or your nose. The boom had collapsed, leaving countless investors loaded with real estate bought at top prices, on a small payment down, in the hope of resale before the next payment accrued. Extravagant railroad construction had necessitated government aid to avert bankruptcy. There was a sudden slowing down. Property values did not slump—they crumbled. Lots for which men had fought one another, to gain standing room to bid at auction, suddenly could neither be sold nor given away. Suburbs or prairie towns more extensive than Chicago or New York, with no sign of habitation except pillared gateways and cement walks, and little posts with the names of new streets, reverted to pasture for the cows—expensive pasture carrying taxes for latest improvements.

There is always a backwash from the crest of every wave, and Canada was in the trough of the wave when the war hit her. The effect was something like a ship in the trough of a big sea unexpectedly swatted by a hurricane. Many paper millionaires were swamped; but, though the world staggered, the good ship righted herself. That is where Canada was when war orders began to come. Hetty Green once said that the time to buy is when other people are in a panic, pitching things to the wind for sale, and the time to sell is when other people are stampeding one another to buy; so that Canada's position to-day in the trough of a world depression is much more wholesome and hopeful than her position was four years ago, when everybody was a paper millionaire and used five-dollar bills for small change.

Not counting the war purchases of France, Russia and Italy, including only the contracts let directly to private firms by the British War Board, and not counting horses, which have gone out at the rate of nine thousand a week, war orders in Canada to September totaled two hundred and thirty million dollars. If you figure the horses at two hundred dollars each and the shipping season on the St. Lawrence at twenty weeks, the total mounts to two hundred and sixty-six million dollars.

How much France, Russia and Italy are buying it is impossible to tell, for their buyers and inspectors go out independently, and their shipments—owing to the scarcity of Canadian boats—come down through Boston and New York. The very week that the Department of Trade and Commerce issued the official total of British war orders as two hundred and thirty million dollars a French buyer placed an order for four hundred thousand blankets, and an Italian buyer sent out inquiries for wool underwear. Besides all these orders the British War Board buys for the Allies through the Canadian Pacific's purchasing department; and it is easily within the mark to say these purchases run from three million to four million dollars a month—or about forty millions a year, bringing the total of war orders up to three hundred millions, not counting the independent purchases of Italy, France and Russia.

This year Canada will have a wheat crop of two hundred and fifty million bushels, of which two hundred millions will go for export direct to Great Britain. If you add that to the direct war orders you will have a bigger total of exports for Canada in 1915 than she has ever had in her history. Hitherto Canada has always bought more than she sold, imported more than she exported; and, as Hetty Green says, because everybody was buying they called it prosperity.

This year Canada will sell from two hundred million to three hundred million dollars' worth more than she buys, and the difference must be settled with her in gold; and when the tide sets that way Canada will be swept clean out of her glooms and dumps, where she is literally wallowing now, to such a level of prosperity as she has never known.

Heavy Expenses and Big Returns

WHEN you buy a lot for ten thousand dollars, and sell it for a hundred thousand—as many relatives and friends of mine did in the boom—it may be a good thing for the seller; but it may be a balloon filled with hot air for the buyer. He has to force that lot to give him an income of six thousand dollars a year, while the other man needed to receive only six hundred. To do that he builds a skyscraper, or pools with the other holders to boom that section of the city. A pneumatic force pump is applied all round; and you do not in the least know where you are as to real values until the collapse comes and things revert to the actual value of what they can yield in cold cash yearly.

That is where the collapse of the boom jolted Canada; but when a country sells three hundred million dollars more than it buys, that country banks its balance and quits borrowing, and invests its balance. It develops off its own surplus; and that is what the war is forcing Canada to do, though half the population is sitting weeping by the willows to-day and a pall of gloom rests on the public atmosphere.

"But think what we are spending on the war," wails the pessimist. Canada's war appropriations to date total a hundred and fifty million dollars for her one hundred and fifty thousand troops on the front and in training; but all that should not be set down as loss. It is a shift from your right-hand pocket to your left, because the money is all spent in Canada for the equipment of her men, except the one-dollar-a-day allowance on the field for the soldier, with ten cents for perquisites. You may say that, of the hundred and fifty million dollars for war appropriations, all is spent in Canada except a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars a day for pay and cigars.

About as good examples as I can give of the passing from narrow to broad gauge are conversations with an old-school politician and with a new-school financier. The old-school politician belonged to Sir John Macdonald's day, when the provinces wasted their time spit-spatting over such questions as whether they should have bilingual, trilingual or multilingual schools. They are still doing it, right in the middle of this world war. The other man has probably had more to do with the triangular arrangement of finances between England, Canada and New York than anyone. He is easily the greatest financier in Canada and one of the greatest railroad presidents in the world.

Said the narrow-gauge man almost tearfully:

"Why, we have already spent one hundred and fifty million dollars on this war."

"And you may count on spending a billion before you are out of it," I answered.

He threw up his hands in horror.

"What is the use of talking such impossibles? Canada can't do it. She hasn't the population."

I did not answer him. I was thinking that the United States, a neutral country, had spent as much in helping Belgium as Canada has for financing the war; that one steel company in the United States, with a capital of only thirty million dollars, had landed war orders of one hundred and fifty million dollars; that one electric company in the United States had done the same; that one locomotive company in the United States had done the same. And the difference in the points of view was simply the difference between broad and narrow gauge. The man thought I should be knocked on the head for suggesting a billion-dollar expenditure in the fight for democracy, and he sat looking at me in amazement; and I sat looking at him in amazement, as belonging to the things that are past, like the Egyptian mummies.

The broad-gauge man was speaking of the fall in exchange between pounds and dollars. Some big wheat contracts had been canceled to save exchange. Canada had placed her forty-million-dollar loan in New York instead of London, and by so doing had saved over a million in exchange.

"Do you care to give any views as to how exchange will be righted?" I asked.

He did not care to have his name given, but here is what he said:

"England will restore exchange by shipping gold to the United States; and we'll borrow it back from them."

Do you appreciate just what that answer meant? Canada is to-day the king-pin of the triangle between

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London and New York banks. London cannot afford to have gold go permanently out of the empire. New York cannot afford to have half a billion of gold lying idle in her vaults. Canada will need to borrow, and she will be unable to borrow in England. The present financial movement from London to New York, from New York to Canada, is one of the most significant things that have happened since confederation. Canada must play the financial game henceforth with Uncle Sam and John Bull as her partners; and she holds the pivotal place in the game. Will she be broad-gauge enough to play it? Yes; for the narrow-gauge man will pass off the boards.

For a hundred years Canada and the United States have existed side by side without a fortress. For the next hundred years they will exist side by side bound together by gold strands. The boom brought an investment of easily a billion dollars of American capital to Canada. The war will bring another billion; and, as one of the financial experts of the Dominion Government asked me:

"Why not? Canada has never defaulted a bond. Canada is ruled under practically the same system of democracy as the United States. There are a million Canadians in the United States. There are a million Americans in Canada. Canada is the United States' second-best customer; and the United States is Canada's second-best customer. Our resources are boundless. The unencumbered capital valuation of one railroad would pay all our debts to the United States. Where could the United States have a safer investment of her surplus funds than in Canada? The bonds that bind us in friendship to the United States are bound to grow stronger, not weaker, in this stress."

An example of the change from narrow to broad gauge may be given. It concerns enlisting; and I write with a pen that should tremble—but does not. There are always two stages in every war.

There is the first stage, when the bands play and the drums roll, and the bugles waken you in the morning, and the boys sweep past spick-and-span, with the sunlight of hope in faces and hearts, and the crowd cheers and waves, and the heroes go forth to conquer. That is the first stage; and it is easy to induce men to enlist then. It is a sort of hero picnic.

Then comes the second stage, when word comes back from the front of this sand-hog job of fighting in trenches knee-deep with mud and several-ply-deep with vermin. I know the sons of bankers in Canada, on sick leave in London, who are unable to accept relatives' invitations to the country for fear of leaving undesirable lodgers in the hostess' house. It is the second stage of war, when families who have sent three sons out are in mourning for two and have a blinded invalid home for the third. Word comes back of men fighting desperately for seventy-two hours on rations of only such soda crackers and raisins as they could find in dead men's pockets. Now and then word comes back even of blunders, of needless sacrifice.

The Second Stage of War

Not much gets into the press, but a great deal is in the air. Patriotism suddenly takes on an edge with a stab to it; but it is not so easy to get men to enlist at this stage. I had read with amazement of two old Western friends enlisting. Both were men past forty, with large families and large property interests, amply able to hire a dozen substitutes. Why had they gone? I wondered.

I was walking along the streets of Ottawa when the why was suddenly revealed to me. With me was a well-known literary man high in the civil service.

"Just as soon as I can arrange for my family I expect to enlist," he said.

"But why, when there are tens of thousands of unattached, unemployed men who have not enlisted?"

He stopped and looked at me.

"What else is there to do?" he asked. "What's the use of yelling one's head off to other men to enlist—to enlist—when we are not willing to set the example? The way to get men to enlist is to enlist; and just as soon as I can arrange finances I am going."

Then I understood why men like Charles Gordon, Ralph Connor, and a hundred old Westerners I know, had left property interests, family interests, church interests—all interests but patriotism. As Charles Gordon said: "If you don't enlist now it may be too late when circumstances compel you to defend your families."

"Is it true," a German asked me as I was returning from Canada, "that there is a certain unspoken resentment in Canada over the regulars treating the Canadians as colonials?"

I had that very day received a letter from a Canadian in London, in which these words occurred:

"Our boys think that, at the present rate of advance, the troops will be in the trenches till doomsday. I am afraid there will always be an ocean between what the colonial thinks of the Briton and what the Briton thinks of the colonial."

I answered the German's question by telling him episodes, which I shall broadly paraphrase here, for the facts might be construed into offense. One was of an officer who came back invalided, with only a handful of his company left. He had some things to say that may not be repeated here of why his men had been sacrificed. It was the old story of the incompetent inspector with a monocle and a peanut brain behind it commanding men. And he finished his narrative with these words:

"And after that you could buy my loyalty to the British system for ten cents."

"What!" shouted his astonished friend. "Because you have suffered one reverse and because some incompetents blunder do you go back on the fight for freedom and show the white feather?"

"No, by"—a great many things—said the invalid. "I don't go back on the fight for freedom. Neither does Canada. So long as Canada has a man left and a dime she will fight in this war for freedom."

Kicking Over Traces of Red Tape

It was this same mood with the First and Second Contingents that gave them the reputation in London of kicking high over the traces of red tape. "Blank it!" burst out a big rancher. "We didn't come across to camp on Salisbury Plain till we could salute some spindleshanks. We came to get a whack at the Germans." And they got such a whack at them finally that they saved the line from breaking at Ypres.

A French and an English officer were walking along the promenade in front of one of the Red Cross hospitals. A nurse came along wheeling in an invalid chair all that was left of a man, swathed in bandages, with seemingly nothing uninjured but his feet. The officers paused, stopped talking and saluted the unconscious invalid. "Why—who was that?" asked an American. The French officer turned. "That," he answered, "was a Canadian." All winter the English officers had wondered about these Canadians—so obstreperous to discipline. "Yes," answered a French officer to a complaining Englishman, "they won't submit to red tape, but you can depend on them to go through hell for you."

Canada is no longer in the whooping mood over this war. She is too deadly earnest and angry to talk; and the hang-back, whether a politician or a province, she will ride over roughshod.

In supplies for the First Contingent there was wasteful buying. Ancient steeds with spavin were sold at top prices, presumably because they could not run away from the Germans, and rake-offs were extorted from dealers on equipment and medical supplies and commissariat; but all this was more waste from haste than wanton thievery. It was the unhappy fact that politics had hoisted narrow-gauge men where broad-gauge men were needed.

This has been more or less remedied by the appointment of a War Purchase Board for the purchase of all supplies for Canadian troops, of a Shell Committee for the purchase of munitions, and of a Remount Committee for horses. As much as possible Canada is placing her war orders in the hands of business men rather than specialists; but the business men are still hampered by the peanut politicians. For instance, Canada's war appropriations today total one hundred and fifty million dollars. She has placed almost a hundred thousand men in the field, has fifty thousand more equipped and is calling for another fifty thousand. You may say that the one hundred and fifty million dollars covers the first one hundred and fifty thousand troops. That is at the rate of one thousand dollars a man.

Now compare government buying with private buying. Suppose each man stays at the front six months, or a hundred and eighty days. Wages at one dollar a day,

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Complete with 12 Radio Blades
THE EVER-READY is the Surprise Razor. That's why the famous Ever-Ready trademark face depicts that contagious, gratifyingly pleased, surprised look.
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Our store is the point of contact between you and the makers of Clothcraft. Our confidence in the clothes is based upon our knowledge that the makers put into them the solid, lasting kind of value that is possible only with high standards and scientific methods.

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with ten cents extra, will be about two hundred dollars, leaving the actual cost of putting the man in the field at eight hundred dollars. The C. P. R., buying for the British War Board, can equip a man, from his hobnailed boots to his peak cap, including rifle, shells, underwear, haversack, overcoat and gloves, for one hundred and fifty dollars. The British Government takes care of transporting the troops. So, on the showing of their own figures, one thousand dollars a man for the Canadian troops, less two hundred dollars wages, leaves eight hundred dollars a man for equipment; and if you cut that in two for ammunition, for tents, for wages, horses and camp kit—you will have the private corporation buying cheaper than the government, as one and a half to four.

"The amount of waste from haste and unpreparedness in this war," said a government official to me, "would equip ten times the troops we are sending over; and the United States should take to heart the lesson that waste always results from haste and haste always results from unpreparedness."

Buying in Canada is now altogether in the open. The middleman and the grafter and the broker have been completely cut out. Any merchant, farmer, provision dealer or mill owner can send word to the War Purchase Board of what he has to sell. Samples must be forwarded with his offer. In the C. P. R. Purchasing Department for the British War Board these samples are stacked in a huge room open to public inspection at any time. Official inspectors examine the samples. Not necessarily the cheapest goods are bought, but the best value for the hard usage they will get; and it is astonishing how close prices are now being cut. Waterproof boots, which ordinarily cost five or six dollars, are bought for three dollars and ninety cents. Wool socks for winter use, which I have never seen quoted in Canada for less than fifty cents, are bought in quantities of four hundred thousand at eighteen cents. If the samples represent what is wanted the order is given forthwith and an inspector dispatched to the factory to see that the goods measure up to the same.

The Wastes of Haste

"How about these inspectors?" I asked four officials—one of the Canadian War Board; one of the agents for the British War Board; one of the Auditor General's Department, who pays the bills for the Canadian War Board; and the head of a factory making enormous quantities of shells for the Shell Committee.

Answered the Canadian War Board:

"We inspect things ourselves; and, to save my life, I can't see how shoddy could get past us. The abuses happened at the beginning, when we were all so rushed that we were unorganized."

The C. P. R., buying for the British War Board, has its own staff of inspectors for its own purchasing department; and this perhaps explains why it is able to buy closely, with low overhead expenses. It has a staff that has been trained for twenty-five years and can lay its hand on the factory for any article wanted. Graft in prices is now impossible, because the Auditor General's Department pays for the Canadian War Board and the Bank of Montreal for the British War Board; so I consider the answer of the Auditor General's Department very much to the point.

"The trouble was not that inspectors went out for palm oil," he said. "It was because they were utter greenhorns. At a moment's notice we had to pick inspectors from dry-goods stores, from provision offices, from machine shops, and we had to do it all in a rush; and they had to do it all in a rush. And I don't believe all the dealers who showed up badly were entirely blacks. They had warehouses full of inferior goods for the poorest, cheapest class of buyers. Then the hard times struck Canada and the goods hadn't sold. Then we had, at a rush, to get what we could. That is how the worst cases happened; but, now that things are organized, that can't happen again. We buy by sample now and the samples are all tested."

The man at the head of the shell factory said:

"We had trouble, very great trouble, with the army inspectors at first. They didn't know their own minds and we didn't catch on to what they wanted; but from the end of June the rejections have been very few."

Two New Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets

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I know another factory, turning out thousands of shells daily by a new process of tempering the casing, where there are practically now no rejections. The work has been standardized and is going with a clock's uniformity. The profit on these eighteen-dollar shells is round eight dollars a shell. This is a factory extemporized from great railroad shops.

Among the horses there has been heavy loss, as high as twenty horses a day at some of the remount shipping stations. This has been because the transports have often not come on time. It could be avoided by spreading the eight thousand waiting horses, sent weekly, out on back farms; but in the present uncertainty of ocean transportation the ships for the horses may be diverted to different destinations at a moment's notice. It is another of the wastes of haste.

One question vexing Canada is, Has Canadian nickel gone through to Germany? Germany has no nickel supply of her own. France and Canada control the nickel of the world, and the Canadian nickel deposits at Sudbury are controlled by a great international metal firm. The Canadian Government exacts a guaranty that nickel shall not be reëxported to enemies of the Allies; but, according to Hudson Maxim, the great authority on armaments, it does not matter very much whether nickel is going to Germany or not.

When big guns throw projectiles weighing a ton from twelve to twenty miles no armor-plating is any defense. The heat generated in the terrific velocity will fuse and melt any armor plate known to science. It has been a ten years' trial race between the perfection of the big gun and the perfection of armor plate; and the big gun has won. Maxim gives examples where holes were bored through the thickest plating, not by the force of the projectile but by the fusing of metal from great heat.

War orders are going ahead with swift silence now in Canada; but there is no mistaking that it is wartime.

When I was in Montreal a transport had gone down the St. Lawrence with fifteen hundred men—down Belle Isle way. A Canadian patrol boat saw a larger ship giving a supply of something to a small ship. The troopship was sent back up the St. Lawrence and the troops sent by rail to Halifax, where the transport met them. The patrol ship gave chase to the supposed enemy; but as the enemy had sea legs capable of thirty miles an hour and the patrol, like the spavined steeds, could boast only six miles an hour, the shots did not take effect. I understand from official sources that it was not a submarine, but a small motor-boat scout looking for a submarine base. These things bring the war close to even lethargic French Canada.

Canada's Volunteer Guard

Khaki-costumed men are everywhere in the streets and in the hotels; but it is not whooping khaki any more. It is solemn, quiet, determined khaki. Khaki men stand guard at every railroad bridge and every canal and every railroad station. Not much is said about these quiet fellows, for nothing happens. Nothing happens because they do not let anything happen. The railroads of Canada are spending half a million a year in guarding their tracks, for these railroads are bringing the Western grain east and are carrying the supplies for Russia west.

These men are known as the Volunteer Guard, or Composite Brigade, made up of volunteers of home regiments. In summer the duties are easy; but in winter sleet and cold it is irksome, dangerous work. Figures are seen lurking round the locks of canals or under bridges—and the guards fire. Nothing was known of their work until a bridge in the East was blown up, an arsenal in the Middle West wrecked, and a bridge attempted north of Lake Superior. Then people wondered for a second how in the world travel was kept so safe! And in six months nine guards were found dead or fell into rapids, or were pushed over into canals, within a distance of ten miles from Montreal. This may have been accident, but when nine men meet the same fate it looks like an accident on purpose; and the friends of the Germans never did an unwiser thing for their followers.

The miscreants guilty of these outrages were caught, and confessed that they had been paid two hundred dollars for their crimes. Now Germans have enormous property holdings in Canada, and not a cent's worth of these has been disturbed. There is a population easily of five hundred thousand German, Austrian and Balkan people in Canada. They were undisturbed in their jobs until the torpedoing of the Lusitania. After that some foreign workmen were interned and are now being held to protect them from mob violence. Property holdings are still left untouched.

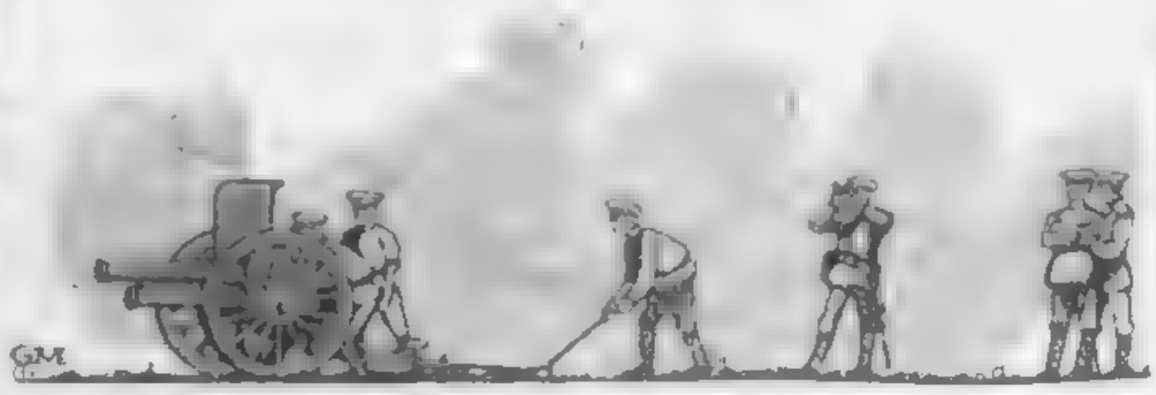
Take the morning after the Lusitania disaster in one big corporation that employed a great many German clerks. In those offices were men whose mothers and sisters had gone down in the tragedy. The German clerks had to be dismissed to keep peace in those offices. Nearly all the criminal conspiracy in Canada has been inspired by a man in the United States, well known to the Canadian police. A thing more dangerous to his compatriots in Canada this plotter could not do than to set mischief brewing in the Dominion.

Paying the War Bill With Luxuries

How is Canada financing her war orders? Considering that the war hit Canada in the very trough of the boom's backwash, it is not easy to answer that question. Hard times had reduced imports, and that had lowered the national revenue by thirty million dollars. Ordinarily Canada borrows for public and municipal works an average of one million dollars a day, or about three hundred million dollars a year, from British capitalists. This source of finance was cut off by the war, and one hundred and fifty million dollars was immediately needed for Canada's troops. The Imperial Government guaranteed advances for sixty millions. Dominion emergency notes were issued for twenty-five million dollars. The Bank of Montreal loaned five million dollars. Some treasury bills were issued in England and forty million dollars was borrowed in New York. But borrowings must be paid and treasury bills honored.

How is Canada going to raise the money? It is a question whether the taxpayer will feel the burden very heavily, for war orders from abroad have been double all Canada's war expenses. There was, first of all, a very slight all-round increase in the tariff. Banks, trusts and loans, and insurance companies were taxed one per cent. Telegraph, cable, railroad and steamship tickets, checks, receipts, express orders, letters, bills of lading—all paid for the war at the rate of from one cent to five cents. Patent medicines, perfumes and wines came in for assessments running from one cent to twenty-five cents. As nearly as possible the cost of the war in Canada was laid on luxuries and superfluities. The increase in the price of wheat last year more than balanced one war appropriation of fifty million dollars, and war orders are more than twice the size of the other war appropriation of one hundred million dollars.

Is this war, then, costing Canada nothing? It is costing Canada the flower of the land! The Angel of Death is touching the lintel of the home with the blood of the first-born; but as the Angel of Death forced a little people to take up a great destiny in Palestine, so this war may force Canada into that larger consciousness of a Greater Britain overseas. Nations do not fall into decadence through the death of the first-born. The hero's death is always a torch to destiny.



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(ORIGINAL LETTER ON FILE AT ELGIN HEADQUARTERS.)

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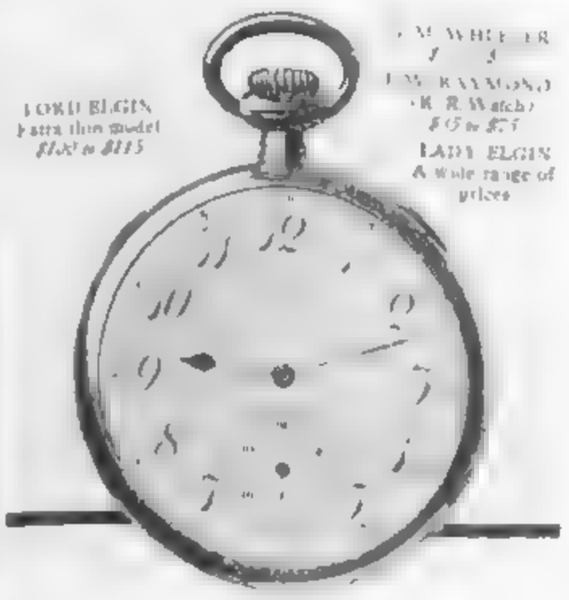

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"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS—"

(Continued from Page 5)

into a small room tastefully decorated with four walls, a floor, a ceiling, a window sill and a window, a door and a doorsill, and a bed and a chair. He told me to go to bed. I did not want to go to bed it was not my regular bedtime—but he made a point of it, and I judged it was according to regulations; so I undressed and put on my night clothes and crawled in. He left me, taking my other clothes and my shoes with him; but I was not allowed to get lonely.

A little later a ward surgeon appeared, to put a few inquiries of a pointed and personal nature. He particularly desired to know what my trouble was. I explained to him that I couldn't tell him—he would have to see Doctor X or Doctor Z; they probably knew, but were keeping it a secret between themselves. The answer apparently satisfied him, because immediately after that he made me sign a paper in which I assumed all responsibility for what was to take place the next morning.

This did not seem exactly fair. As I pointed out to him, it was the surgeon's affair, not mine; and if the surgeon made a mistake the joke would be on him and not on me, because in that case I would not be here anyhow. But I signed, as requested, on the dotted line, and he departed. After that, at intervals, the chief house surgeon dropped in, without knocking, and the head nurse came, and an interne or so, and a ward nurse, and the special nurse who was to have direct charge of me. It dawned on me that I was not having any more privacy in that hospital than a goldfish.

About eleven o'clock an orderly came; and, without consulting my wishes in the matter, he undressed me until I could have passed almost anywhere for September Morn's father, and gave me a clean shave, twice over, on one of my most prominent plane surfaces. I must confess I enjoyed that part of it. So far as I am able to recall, it was the only shave I have ever had where the operator did not spray me with cheap perfumery afterward and then try to sell me a bottle of hair tonic. Having shaved me, the young man did me up amidships in a neat cloth parcel, took his kit under his arm and went away.

It occurred to me that, considering the trivial nature of the case, a good deal of fuss was being made over me by persons who could have no personal concern in the matter whatsoever. This thought recurred to me frequently as I lay there, all tied in a bundle like a week's washing. I did not feel quite so uppish as I had felt. Why was everybody picking on me?

Anon I slept, but dreamed fitfully. I dreamed that a whole flock of surgeons came to my bedside and charted me out in sections, like one of those diagram pictures you see of a beef in the Handy Compendium of Universal Knowledge, showing the various cuts and the butcher's pet name for each cut. Each man took his favorite joint and carried it away, and when they were all gone I was merely a recent site, full of reverberating echoes and nothing else. I have had happier dreams in my time; this was not the kind of dream I should have selected had the choice been left to me.

A Hospital Joyride

When I woke the young sun was shining in at the window, and an orderly—not the orderly who had shaved me, but another one—was there in my room and my nurse was waiting outside the door. The orderly dressed me in a quaint suit of pyjamas cut on the half shell and buttoning stylishly in the back, *princesse mode*. Then he rolled in a flat litter on wheels and stretched me on it, and covered me up with a white tablecloth, just as though I had been cold Sunday-night supper, and we started for the operating room at the top of the building; but before we started I lit a large black cigar, as Gen. U. S. Grant used to do when he went into battle. I wished by this to show how indifferent I was. Maybe he fooled somebody, but I do not believe I possess the same powers of simulation that Grant had. He must have been a very remarkable man—Grant must.

The orderly and the nurse trundled me out into the hall and loaded me into an elevator, which was to carry us up to the top of the hospital. Several other nurses were already in the elevator. As we came aboard one of them remarked that it was a fine day. A fine day for what? She did not finish the sentence. Everybody wore a serious look. Inside of myself I felt pretty serious too—serious enough for ten or twelve. I had meant to fling off several very bright, spontaneous quips on the way to the table. I thought them out in advance, but now, somehow, none of them seemed appropriate. Instinctively, as it were, I felt that humor was out of place here.

I never knew an elevator to progress from the third floor of a building to the ninth with such celerity as this one on which we were traveling progressed. Personally I was in no mood for haste. If there was anyone else in all that great hospital who was in a particular hurry to be operated on I was perfectly willing to wait. But alas, no! The mechanism of the elevator was in perfect order—entirely too perfect. No accident of any character whatsoever befell us en route, no dropping back into the basement with a low, grateful thud; no hitch; no delay of any kind. We were certainly out of luck that trip. The demon of a joyrider who operated the accursed device jerked a lever and up we soared at a distressingly high rate of speed. If I could have had my way about that youth he would have been arrested for speeding.

Guests at the Opening Exercises

Now we were there! They rolled me into a large room, all white, with a rounded ceiling like the inside of an egg. Right away I knew what the feelings of a poor, lonely little yolk are when the spoon begins to chip the shell. If I had not been so busy feeling sorry for myself I think I might have developed quite an active sympathy for yolks.

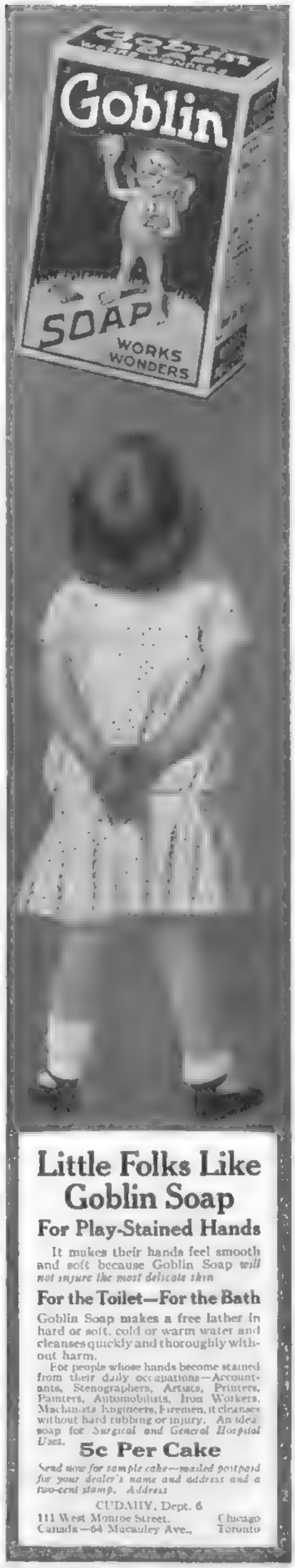
My impression had been that this was to be in the nature of a private affair, without invitations. I was astonished to note that quite a crowd had assembled for the opening exercises. From his attire and general deportment I judged that Doctor Z was going to be the master of the revels, he being attired appropriately in a white domino, with rubber gloves and a fancy cap of crash toweling. There were present, also, my diagnostic friend, Doctor X, likewise in fancy-dress costume, and a surgeon I had never met. From what I could gather he was going over the course behind Doctor Z to replace the divots. And there was an interne in the background, playing caddy, as it were, and a head nurse, who was going to keep the score, and two other nurses, who were going to help her keep it. I only hoped that they would show no partiality, but be as fair to me as they were to Doctor Z, and that he would go round in par.

So they placed me right where my eyes might rest on a large wall cabinet full of very shiny-looking tools; and they took my cigar away from me and folded my hands on the wide bowknot of my sash. Then they put a cloth dingus over my face and a voice of authority told me to breathe. That advice, however, was superfluous and might just as well have been omitted, for such was my purpose anyhow. Ever since I can recall anything at all, breathing has been a regular habit with me. So I breathed. And, at that, a bottle of highly charged sarsaparilla exploded somewhere in the immediate vicinity and most of its contents went up my nose.

I started to tell them that somebody had been fooling with their ether and adulterating it, and that if they thought they could send me off to sleep with soda pop they were making the mistake of their lives, because it just naturally could not be done; but for some reason or other I decided to put off speaking about the matter for a few minutes. I breathed again—again—agai——

I was going away from there. I was in a large gas balloon, soaring up into the clouds. How pleasant! . . . No, by Jove! I was not in a balloon—I myself was the balloon, which was not quite so pleasant. Besides, Doctor Z was going along as a passenger; and as we traveled up and up he kept jabbing me with the ferrule of a large umbrella which he had brought along with him in case of rain. He jabbed me harder and harder. I remonstrated with him. I told him I was a bit tender in that locality and the ferrule of his umbrella was sharp. He would not listen. He kept on jabbing me. . . .

Something broke! We started back down to earth. We fell faster and faster. We fell



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nine miles, and after that I began to get used to it. Then I saw the earth beneath and it was rising up to meet us. A town was below—a town that grew larger and larger as we neared it. I could make out the bonded indebtedness, and the Carnegie Library, and the moving-picture palaces, and the new dancing parlor, and other principal points of interest. At the rate we were falling we were certainly going to make an awful splatter in that town when we hit. I was sorry for the street-cleaning department.

We fell another half mile or so. A spire was sticking up into the sky directly beneath us, like a spear, to impale us. By a supreme effort I twisted out of the way of that spire, only to strike squarely on top of the roof of a greenhouse back of the parsonage, next door. We crashed through it with a perfectly terrific clatter of breaking glass and landed in a bed of white flowers, all soft and downy like feathers.

And then Doctor Z stood up and combed the débris out of his whiskers and remarked that, taking it by and large, it had been one of the pleasantest little outings he had enjoyed in the entire course of his practice. He said that as a patient I was fair, but as a balloon I was immense. He asked me whether I had seen anything of his umbrella and began looking round for it. I tried to help him look, but I was too tired to exert myself much. I told him I believed I would take a little nap.

I opened a dizzy eye part way. So this was heaven—this white expanse that swung and swam before my languid gaze? No, it could not be—it did not smell like heaven. It smelled like a hospital. It was a hospital. It was my hospital. My nurse was bending over me and I caught a faint whiff of the starch in the front of her crisp blue blouse. She was two-headed for the moment, but that was a mere detail. She settled a pillow under my head and told me to lie quiet.

I meant to lie quiet; I did not have to be told. I wanted to lie quiet and hurt. I was hurty from head to toe and back again, and crosswise and cater-cornered. I hurt diagonally and lengthwise and on the bias. I had a taste in my mouth like a bird-and-animal store. And empty! It seemed to me those doctors had not left anything inside of me except the acoustics. Well, there was a mite of consolation there. If the overhauling had been as thorough as I had reason to believe it was from my present sensations, I need never fear catching anything again so long as I lived, except possibly dandruff

I waved the nurse away. I craved solitude. I desired only to lie there in that bed and hurt—which I did.

I had said beforehand I meant to stay in St. Germeide's for two or three days only. It is when I look back on that resolution I emit the hollow laugh elsewhere referred to. For exactly four weeks I was flat on my back. I know now how excessively wearied a man can get of his own back, how tired of it, how bored with it! And after that another two weeks elapsed before my legs became the same dependable pair of legs I had known in the past.

A Diet of Thermometers

I did not want to eat at first, and when I did begin to want to they would not let me. If I felt real peckish they let me suck a little glass thermometer, but there is not much nourishment really in thermometers. And for entertainment, to wile the dragging hours away, I could count the cracks in the ceiling and read my temperature chart, which was a good deal like Red Ames' batting average for the past season—ranging from ninety-nine to one hundred and four.

I shall never forget my first real meal! There was quite a good deal of talk about it beforehand. My nurse kept telling me that on the next day the doctor had promised I might have something to eat. I could hardly wait. I had visions of a tenderloin steak smothered in fried onions, and some French-fried potatoes, and a tall table-limit stack of wheat cakes, and a few other incidental comfits and kickshaws. I could hardly wait for that meal.

The next day came and she brought it to me, and I partook thereof. It was the white of an egg. For dessert I licked a stamp; but this I did clandestinely and by stealth, without saying anything about it to her. I was not supposed to have any sweets.

A little later on, seeing that I had not suffered an attack of indigestion from this

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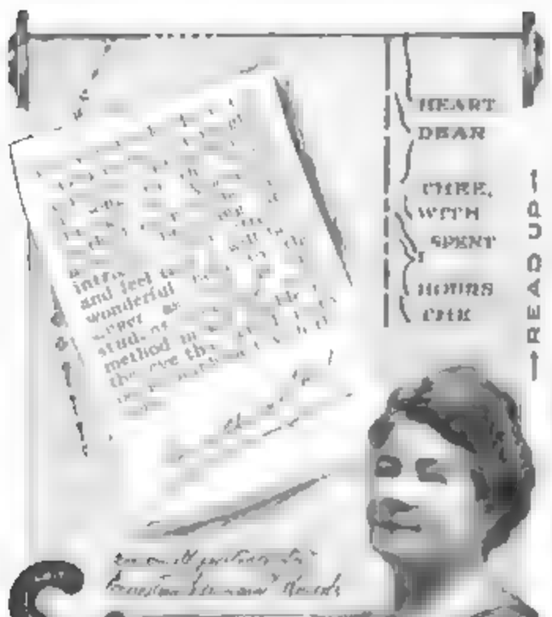

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debauch, they gave me junket. In the dictionary I have looked up the definitions of junket. I quote:

JUNKET, *v.* I. *t.* To entertain by feasting; regale. II. *i.* To give or take part in an entertainment or excursion; feast in company; picnic; revel.

JUNKET, *n.* A merry feast or excursion; picnic.

When the author of a dictionary tries to be frivolous he only succeeds in making himself appear foolish. In a hospital, junket is a custard that by some subtle process has been denuded of those ingredients which make a custard fascinating and exciting. It tastes as though the eggs, which form its underlying basis, had been laid in a fit of pique by a hen that was severely upset at the time. Hereafter when the junket is passed round somebody else may have my share. I'll stick to the mince pie *à la mode*. And the first cigar of my convalescence—ah, that, too, abides as a vivid memory! Dropping in one morning to replace the wrappings Doctor Z said I might smoke in moderation. So the nurse brought me a cigar, and I lit it and took one deep puff; but only one. I laid it aside. I said to the nurse:

"A mistake has been made here. I do not want a cooking cigar, you understand. I desire a cigar for personal use. This one is full of herbs and simples, I think. It suggests a boiled New England dinner, and not a very good one at that. Let us try again."

She brought another cigar. It was not satisfactory either. Then she showed me the box—an orthodox box containing cigars of a recognized and previously dependable brand. I could only conclude that a root-and-herb doctor had bought an interest in the business and was introducing his own pet notions into the formula.

But came a day—as the fancy writers say when they wish to convey the impression that a day has come, but hate to do it in a commonplace manner—came a day when my cigar tasted as a cigar should taste and food had the proper relish to it; and my appetite came back again and found the old place not so greatly changed after all.

And then shortly thereafter came another day, when I, all replete with expensive stitches, might drape the customary habiliments of civilization about my attenuated frame and go forth to mingle with my fellow beings. I have been mingling pretty steadily ever since, for now I have something to talk about—a topic good for any company; congenial, an absorbing topic. I can spot a brother member a block away. I hasten up to him and give the grand hailing sign of the order. He opens his mouth to speak, but I beat him to it.

"Speaking of operations ——" I say. And then I'm off. Believe me, it's the life!

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WHEN David R. Francis moved from his native state of Kentucky to Missouri, where, as all men know, he subsequently became governor and a lot of other things, he was filled with the natural desire of the young lawyer to get actively into politics at the earliest possible moment.

"I fancied myself quite an orator, too," said Governor Francis not long ago in telling his experiences; "but for some reason nobody seemed to need my services, either as his advocate before the bar or as his sponsor on the stump. Finally an old man announced himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for one of the lesser state offices. His candidacy wasn't taken very seriously and he was almost in his dotage. Perhaps all that explains why he accepted my services when I volunteered to present his claims at a rally held on the eve of the primary election. Before a whaling big crowd I got up to speak for my man.

"'Gentlemen and fellow Democrats,' I said, 'you all know who my candidate is even before I mention his name to you. He is a worthy Democrat. He has been a Democrat all his life. I admit that he is no longer young; but youth, gentlemen, is only a relative term. Some men are already old at forty; others are still young at eighty. My candidate is nearly seventy-five years old, but he is in complete possession of all his faculties. Why, gentlemen, he tells me that in his whole life he has never taken a single drop of medicine.'

"Down in the audience a big man rose.

"'Jist you wait till votin' day comes,' he yelled, 'and we'll give the old idiot a dose that'll make up fur it!'

"That was where I sat down."

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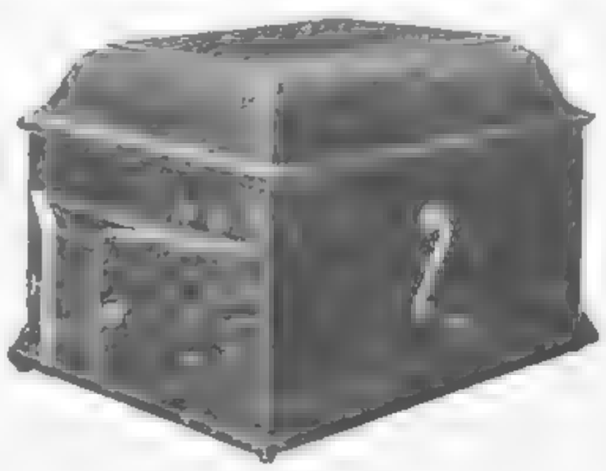

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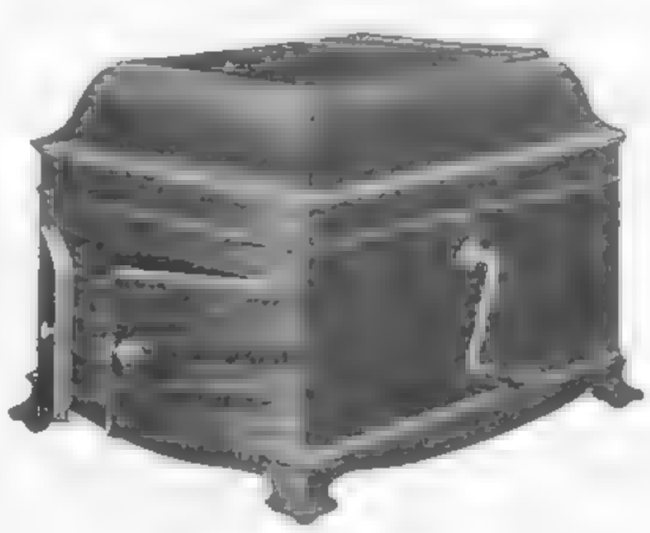

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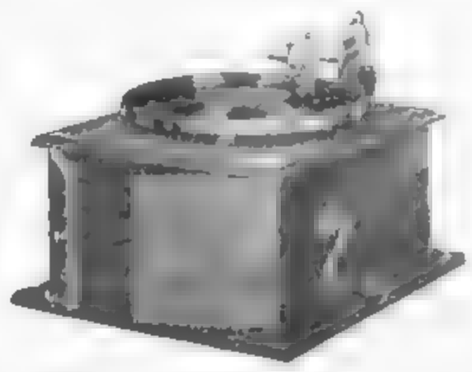

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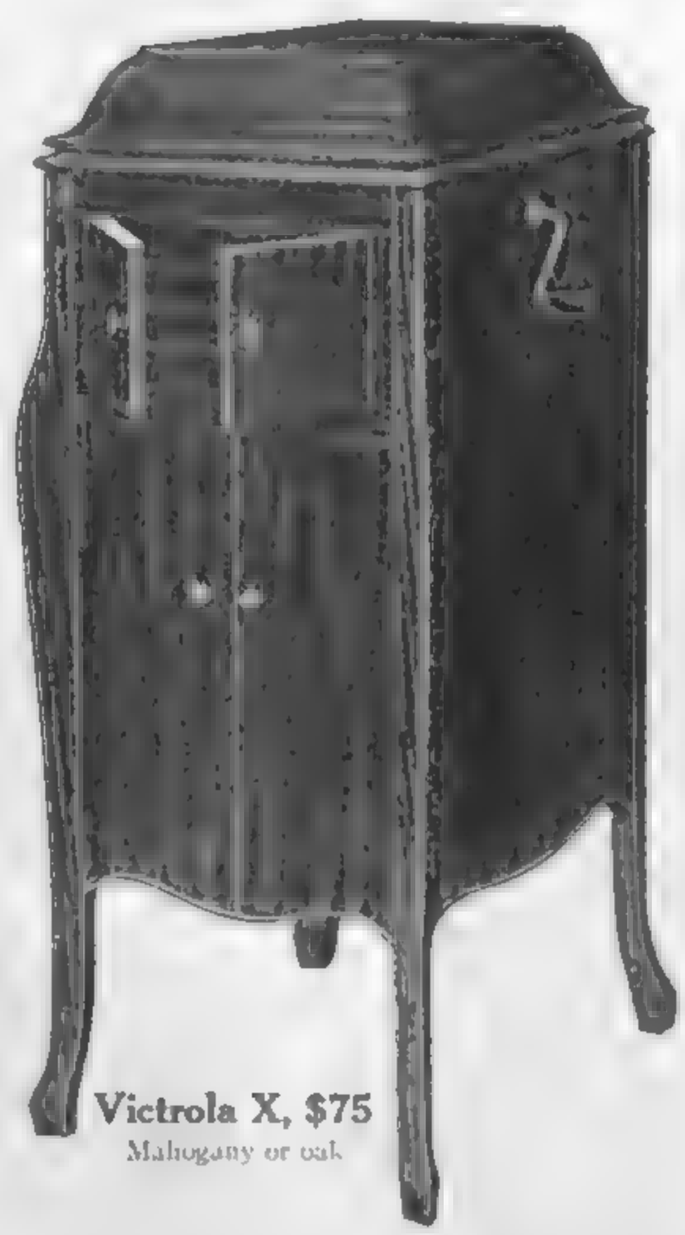

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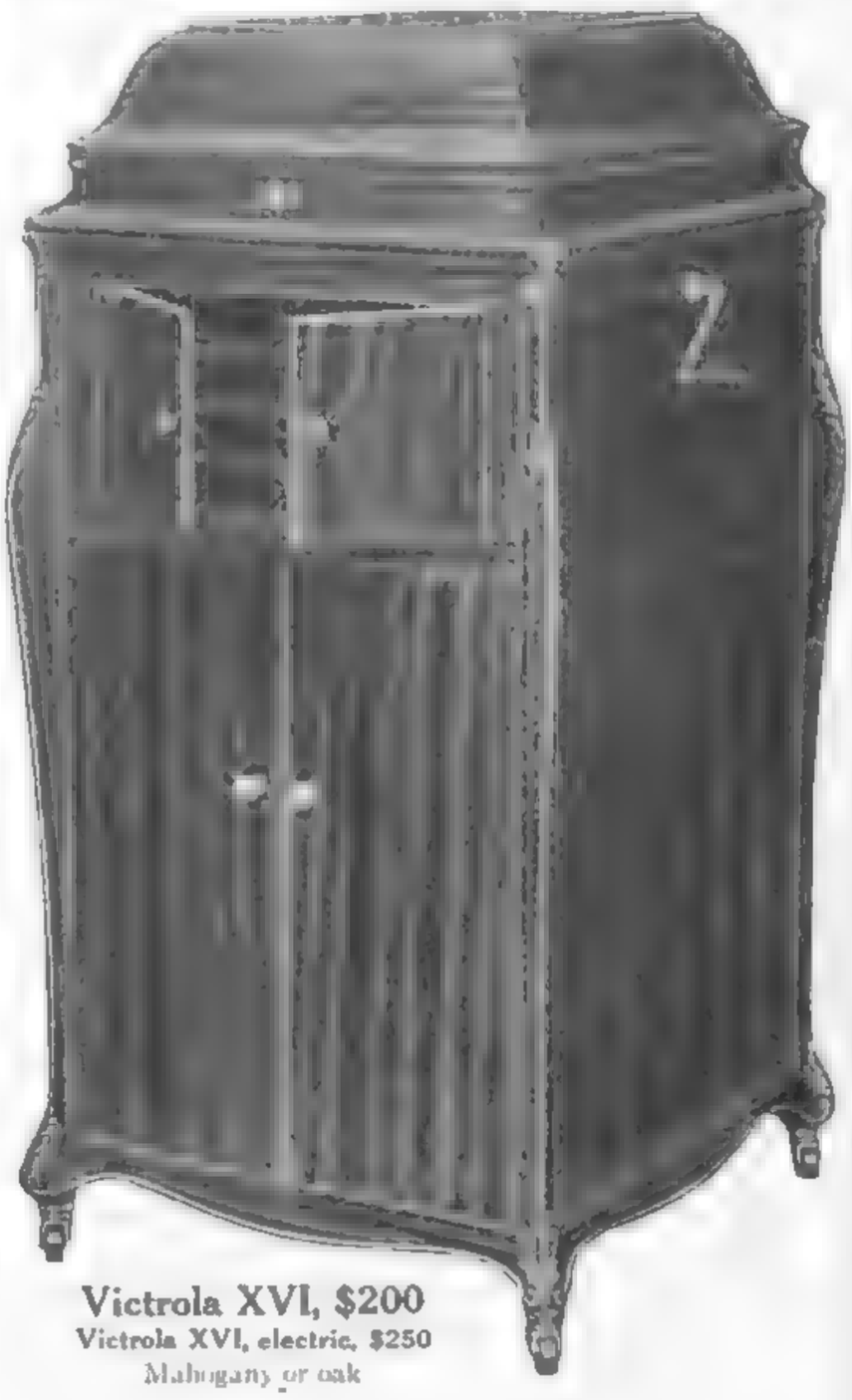
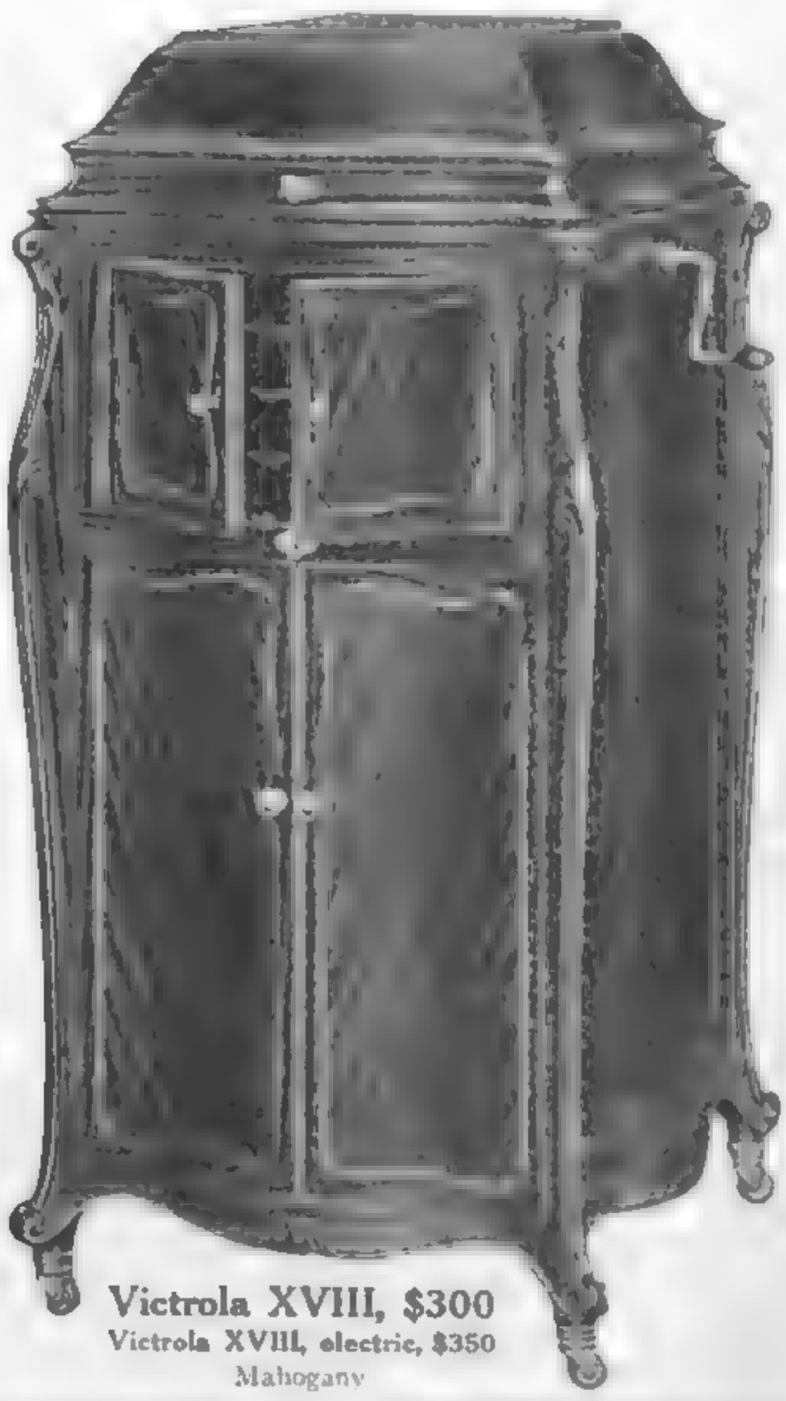


Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

Victrola VI, $25
Oak

Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak



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THE RED SPLASH OF ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 8)

"'You'll come with me,' I says firmly. And I marched 'em down to the United States Grill, where I ordered tea and toast for 'em. Ben was sensible enough, but Alonzo was horrified at the thought of tea. 'It's tea or nice cold water for yours,' I says. And that set him off again. 'Water!' he sobs. 'Water! Water! Maybe you don't know that some dear cousins of mine have just lost their all in the Dayton flood—twenty years' gathering went in a minute, just like that!' and he tried to snap his fingers. All the same I got some hot tea into him and sent for Eddie Pierce to be out in front with his hack. While we was waiting for Eddie it occurs to Alonzo to telephone his wife. He come back very solemn and says: 'I told her I wouldn't be home to dinner because I was hungry and there probably wouldn't be enough meat, what with a vegetarian poet in the house. I told her I should sink to the level of a brute in the night life of our gay little city. I said I was a wayward child of Nature myself if you come right down to it.'

"'Good for you,' I says, having got word that Eddie is outside with his hack. 'And now for the open road!' 'Fine!' says Alonzo. 'My spirit is certainly feeling very untamed, like some poet's!' So I hustled 'em out and into the four-wheeler. Then I give Eddie Pierce private instructions. 'Get 'em out into the hills about four miles,' I says, 'out past the Catholic burying ground, then make an excuse that your hack has broke down, and as soon as they set foot to the ground have them skates of yours run away. Pay no attention whatever to their pleadings or their profane threats, only yelling to 'em that you'll be back as soon as possible. But don't go back. They'll wait an hour or so, then walk. And they need to walk.'

"'You said something there,' says Eddie, glancing back at 'em. Ben Sutton was trying to cheer Alonzo up by reminding him of the Christmas night they went to sleep in the steam room of the Turkish bath at Nome, and the man forgot 'em and shut off the steam and they froze to the benches and had to be chiseled off. And Eddie trotted off with his load. You'd ought to seen the way the hack sagged down on Ben's side. And I felt that I had done a good work, so I hurried home to get a bite to eat and dress and make the party, which I still felt would be a good party even if the husband of our hostess was among the killed or missing.

"I reached the clubhouse at eight o'clock of that beautiful June evening, to find the party already well assembled on the piazza and the front steps or strolling about the lawn, about eight or ten of our prominent society matrons and near as many husbands. And mebbe those dames hadn't lingered before their mirrors for final touches! Mrs. Martingale had on all her rings and the jade bracelet and the art-craft necklace with amethysts, and Mrs. Judge Ballard had done her hair a new way, and Beryl Mae Macomber, there with her aunt, not only had a new scarf with silver stars over her frail young shoulders and a band of cherry-colored velvet across her forehead, but she was wearing the first ankle watch ever seen in Red Gap. I couldn't begin to tell you the fussy improvements them ladies had made in themselves—and all, mind you, for the passing child of Nature who had never paid a bill for 'em in his life.

"Oh, it was a gay, careless throng with the mad light of pleasure in its eyes, and all of 'em milling round Wilfred Lennox, who was eating it up. Some bantered him roguishly and some spoke in chest tones of what was the real inner meaning of life after all. Henrietta Templeton Price hovered near with the glad light of capture in her eyes. Silent but proud, Henrietta was, careless but superior, reminding me of the hunter that has his picture taken over in Africa with one negligent foot on the head of a two-horned rhinoceros he's just killed.

"But again the husbands was kind of lurking in the background, bunched up together. They seemed abashed by this strange frenzy of their womenfolks. How'd they know, the poor dubs, that a poet wasn't something a business man had ought to be polite and groveling to? They affected an easy manner, but it was poor work. Even Judge Ballard, who seems nine feet tall in his Prince Albert, and usually looks quite dignified and hostile with his long dark face and his mustache and goatee—even the good old judge was rattled after a brief and unhappy effort to hold a bit of converse with the guest of honor. Him and Jeff Tuttle went to the grillroom twice in ten minutes. The judge always takes his with a dash of pepper sauce in it, but now it only seemed to make him more gloomy.

"Well, I was listening along, feeling elated that I'd put Alonzo and Ben Sutton out of the way and wondering when the show would begin—Beryl Mae in her high, innocent voice had just said to the poet: 'But seriously now, are you sincere?' and I was getting some plenty of that, when up the road in the dusk I seen Bush Jones driving a dray-load of furniture. I wondered where in time any family could be moving out that way. I didn't know any houses beyond the club and I was pondering about this, idly as you might say, when Bush Jones pulls his team up right in front of the clubhouse, and there on the load is the two I had tried to lose. In a big armchair beside a varnished center table sits Ben Sutton reading something that I recognized as the yellow card with Wilfred's verses on it. And across the dray from him on a red-plush sofa is Alonzo Price singing My Wild Irish Rose in a very noisy tenor.

"Well, sir, I could have basted that fool Bush Jones with one of his own dray stakes. That man's got an intellect just powerful enough to take furniture from one house to another if the new address ain't too hard for him to commit to memory. That's Bush Jones all right! He has the machinery for thinking, but it all glitters as new as the day it was put in. So he'd come a mile out of his way with these two riots—and people off somewhere wondering where that last load of things was!

"The ladies all affected to ignore this disgraceful spectacle, with Henrietta sinking her nails into her bloodless palms, but the men broke out and cheered a little in a half-scared manner and some of 'em went down to help the newcomers climb out. Then Ben had words with Bush Jones because he wanted him to wait there and take 'em back to town when the party was over and Bush refused to wait. After suffering about twenty seconds in the throes of mental effort I reckon he discovered that he had business to attend to or was hungry or something. Anyway Ben paid him some money finally and he drove off after calling out 'Good night, all!' just as if nothing had happened.

"Alonzo and Ben Sutton joined the party without further formality. They didn't look so bad, either, so I saw my crooked work had done some good. Lon quit singing almost at once and walked good and his eyes didn't wabble, and he looked kind of desperate and respectable, and Ben was first-class, except he was slightly oratorical and his collar had melted the way fat men's do. And it was funny to see how every husband there bucked up when Ben come forward, as if all they had wanted was someone to make medicine for 'em before they begun the war dance. They mooched right up round Ben when he trampled a way into the flushed group about Wilfred.

"'At last the well-known stranger!' says Ben cordially, seizing one of Wilfred's pale, beautiful hands. 'I've been hearing so much of you, wayward child of the open road that you are, and I've just been reading your wonderful verses as I sat in my library. The woods and the hills for your spirit untamed and the fire of youth to warm your nights—that's the talk.' He paused and waved Wilfred's verses in a fat, freckled hand. Then he looks at him hard and peculiar and says: 'When you going to pull some of it for us?'

"Wilfred had looked slightly rattled from the beginning. Now he smiled, but only with his lips—he made it seem like a mere Swedish exercise or something, and the next second his face looked as if it had been sewed up for the winter.

"'Little star-eyed gypsy, I say, when are you going to pull some of that open-road stuff?' says Ben again, all cordial and sinister.

"Wilfred gulped and tried to be jaunty. 'Oh, as to that, I'm here to-day and there to-morrow,' he murmurs, and nervously fixes his necktie.

"'Oh my, and isn't that nice!' says Ben heartily—'"the urge of the wild to her wayward child"'—'I know you're a slave to it.

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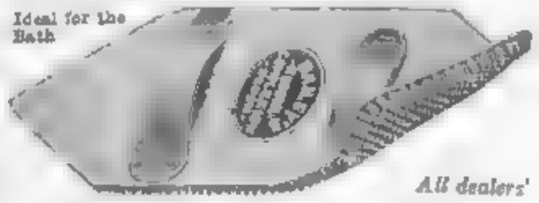

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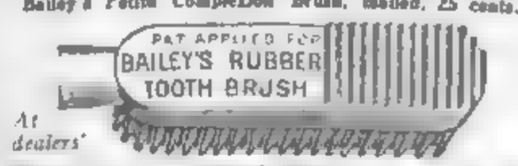

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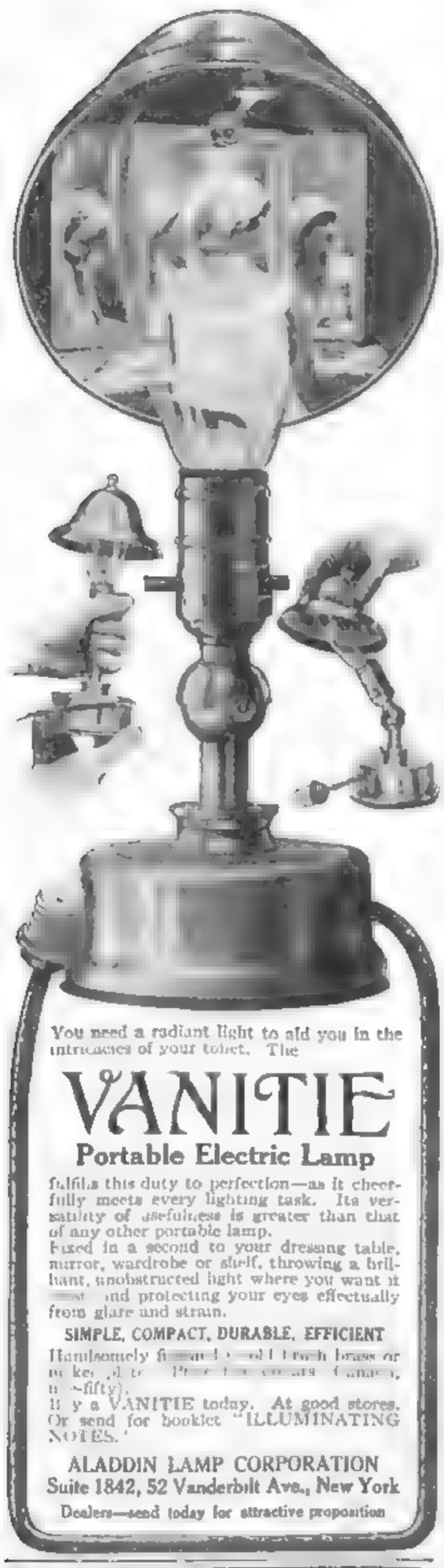

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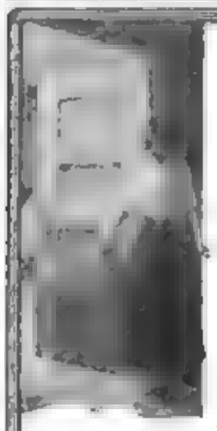

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And now you're going to tell us all about the open road, and then you and I are going to have an intimate chat and I'll tell you about it—about some of the dearest little open roads you ever saw, right round in these parts. I've just counted nine, all leading out of town to the cunningest mountains and glens that would make you write poetry hours at a time, with Nature's glad fruits and nuts and a mug of spring water and some bottled beer and a ham and some rump steak ——'

"The stillness of that group had become darned painful, I want to tell you. There was a horrid fear that Ben Sutton might go too far, even for a country club. Every woman was shuddering and smiling in a painful manner, and the men regarding Ben with glistening eyes. And Ben felt it himself all at once. So he says: 'But I fear I am detaining you,' and let go of the end of Wilfred's tie that he had been toying with in a somewhat firm manner. 'Let us be on with your part of the evening's entertainment,' he says, 'but don't forget, gypsy wilding that you are, that you and I must have a chat about open roads the moment you have finished. I know we are cramping you. By that time you will be feeling the old, restless urge and you might take a road that wasn't open if I didn't direct you.'

"He patted Wilfred loudly on the back a couple of times and Wilfred ducked the third pat and got out of the group, and the ladies all began to flurry their voices about the lovely June evening but wouldn't it be pleasanter inside, and Henrietta tragically called from the doorway to come at once for God's sake, so they all went at once, with the men only half trailing, and inside we could hear 'em fixing chairs round and putting out a table for the poet to stand by, and so forth.

"Alonzo, however, had not trailed. He was over on the steps, holding Beryl Mae Macomber by her new scarf and telling her how flowerlike her beauty was. And old Judge Ballard was holding about half the men, including Ben Sutton, while he made a speech. I hung back to listen. 'Sir,' he was saying to Ben, 'Secretary Seward some years since purchased your territory from Russia for seven million dollars despite the protests of a clamorous and purblind opposition. How niggardly seems that purchase price at this moment! For Alaska has perfected you, sir, if it did not produce you. Gentlemen, I feel that we dealt unfairly by Russia. But that is in the dead past. It is not too late, however, to tiptoe to the grillroom and offer a toast to our young sister of the snows.'

"There was subdued cheers and they tiptoed. Ben Sutton was telling the judge that he felt highly complimented, but it was a mistake to ring in that snow stuff on Alaska. She'd suffered from it too long. He was going on to paint Alaska as something like Alabama—cooler nights of course, but bracing. Alonzo still had Beryl Mae by the scarf, telling her how flowerlike her beauty was.

"I went into the big room, picking a chair over by the door so I could keep tabs on that grillroom. Only three or four of the meekest husbands had come with us. And Wilfred started. I'll do him the justice to say he was game. The ladies thought anything bordering on roughness was all over, but Wilfred didn't. When he'd try to get a far-away look in his eyes while he was reciting his poetry he couldn't get it any farther away than the grillroom door. He was nervous but determined, for there had been notice given of a silver offering for him. He recited the verses on the card and the ladies all thrilled up at once, including Beryl Mae, who'd come in without her scarf. They just clenched their hands and hung on Wilfred's wild, free words.

"And after the poetry he kind of lectured about how man had ought to break away from the vile cities and seek the solace of great Mother Nature, where his bruised spirit could be healed and the veneer of civilization cast aside and the soul come into its own, and things like that. And he went on to say that out in the open the perspective of life is broadened and one is a laughing philosopher as long as the blue sky is overhead and the green grass underfoot. 'To lie,' says he, 'with relaxed muscles on the carpet of pine needles and look up through the gently swaying branches of majestic trees at the fleecy white clouds, dreaming away the hours far from the sordid activities of the market place, is one of the best nerve tonics in all the world.' It was an unfortunate phrase for Wilfred, because some of the husbands had tiptoed

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out of the grillroom to listen, and there was a hearty cheer at this, led by Jeff Tuttle. 'Sure! Some nerve tonic!' they called out, and laughed coarsely. Then they rushed back to the grillroom without tiptoeing.

"The disgraceful interruption was tactfully covered by Wilfred and his audience. He took a sip from the glass of water and went on to talk about the world's debt to poetry. Then I sneaked out to the grillroom myself. By this time the Chinaman had got all tangled up with the orders and was putting out drinks every which way. And they was being taken willingly. Judge Ballard and Ben Sutton was now planting cotton in Alaska and getting good crops every year, and Ben was also promising to send the judge a lovely spotted fawnskin vest that an Indian had made for him, but made too small—not having more than six or eight fawns, I judged. And Alonzo had got a second start. Still he wasn't so bad yet, with Beryl Mae's scarf over his arm, and talking of the unparalleled beauties of Price's Addition to Red Gap, which he said he wouldn't trade even for the whole of Alaska if it was offered to him to-morrow—not that Ben Sutton wasn't the whitest soul God ever made and he'd like to hear some one say different—and so on.

"I mixed in with 'em and took a friendly drink myself, with the aim of smoothing things down, but I saw it would be delicate work. About all I could do was keep 'em reminded there was ladies present and it wasn't a barroom where anything could be rightly started. Doc Martingale's feelings was running high too, account, I suppose, of certain full-hearted things his wife had blurted out to him about the hypnotic eyes of this here Nature lover. He was quiet enough, but vicious, acting like he'd love to do some dental work on the poet that might or might not be painless for all he cared a hoot. He was taking his own drinks all alone, like clockwork—moody but systematic.

"Then we hear chairs pushed round in the other room and the chink of silver to be offered to the poet, and Henrietta come out to give word for the refreshments to be served. She found Alonzo in the hallway telling Beryl Mae how flowerlike her beauty was and giving her the elk's tooth charm off his watch chain. Beryl Mae was giggling heartily until she caught Henrietta's eye—like a cobra's.

"The refreshments was handed round peaceful enough, with the ladies pressing sardine sandwiches and chocolate cake and cups of coffee on to Wilfred and asking him interesting questions about his adventurous life in the open. And the plans was all made for his class in poetry to be held at Henrietta's house, where the lady subscribers for a few weeks could come into contact with the higher realities of life, at eight dollars for the course, and Wilfred was beginning to cheer up again, though still subject to dismay when one of the husbands would glare in at him from the hall, and especially when Ben Sutton would look in with his bulging and expressive eyes and kind of bark at him.

"Then Ben Sutton come and stood in the doorway till he caught Wilfred's eye and beckoned to him. Wilfred pretended not to notice the first time, but Ben beckoned a little harder, so Wilfred excused himself to the six or eight ladies and went out. It seemed to me he first looked quick round him to make sure there wasn't any other way out. I was standing in the hall when Ben led him tenderly into the grillroom with two fingers.

"'Here is our well-known poet and *bon vivant*,' says Ben to Alonzo, who had followed 'em in. So Alonzo bristles up to Wilfred and glares at him and says: 'All joking aside, is that one of my new shirts you're wearing or is it not?'

"Wilfred gasped a couple times and says: 'Why, as to that, you see, the madam insisted——'

"Alonzo shut him off. 'How dare you drag a lady's name into a barroom brawl?' says he.

"'Don't shoot in here,' says Ben. 'You'd scare the ladies.'

"Wilfred went pasty, indeed, thinking his host was going to gun him.

"'Oh, very well, I won't then,' says Alonzo. 'I guess I can be a gentleman when necessary. But all joking aside, I want to ask him this: Does he consider poetry to be an accomplishment or a vice?'

"'I was going to put something like that to him myself, only I couldn't think of it,' says Doc Martingale, edging up and looking quite restrained and nervous in the arms. I was afraid of the doc. I was afraid he was going to blemish Wilfred a couple of times right there.

"'An accomplishment or a vice? Answer yes or no!' orders the judge in a hard voice.

"The poet looks round at 'em and attempts to laugh merrily, but he only does it from the teeth out.

"'Laugh on, my proud beauty!' says Ben Sutton. Then he turns to the bunch. 'What we really ought to do,' he says, 'we ought to make a believer of him right here and now.'

"Even then, mind you, the husbands would have lost their nerve if Ben hadn't took the lead. Ben didn't have to live with their wives, so what cared he? Wilfred Lennox sort of shuffled his feet and smiled a smile of pure anxiety. He knew some way that this was nothing to cheer about.

"'I got it,' says Jeff Tuttle with the air of a thinker. 'We're cramping the poor cuss here. What he wants is the open road.'

"'What he really wants,' says Alonzo, 'is about six bottles of my pure, sparkling beer, but maybe he'll take the open road if we show him a good one.'

"'He wants the open road—show him a good one!' yells the other husbands in chorus. It was kind of like a song.

"'I had meant to be on my way,' says Wilfred, very cold and lofty.

"'You're here to-day and there to-morrow,' says Ben; 'but how can you be there to-morrow if you don't start from here now?—for the way is long and lonely.'

"'I was about to start,' says Wilfred, getting in a couple of steps toward the door.

"'Tis better so,' says Ben. 'This is no place for a county recorder's son, and there's a bully road out here open at both ends.'

"They made way for the poet, and a sickening silence reigned. Even the women gathered about the door of the other room was silent. They knew the thing had got out of their hands. The men closed in after Wilfred as he reached the steps. He there took his soft hat out from under his coat where he'd cached it. He went cautiously down the steps. Beryl Mae broke the silence.

"'Oh, Mr. Price,' says she, catching Alonzo by the sleeve, 'do you think he's really sincere?'

"'He is at this moment,' says Alonzo. 'He's behaving as sincerely as ever I saw a man behave.' And just then at the foot of the steps Wilfred made a tactical error. He started to run. The husbands and Ben Sutton gave the long yell and went in pursuit. Wilfred would have left them all if he hadn't run into the tennis net. He come down like a sack of meal.

"'There!' says Ben Sutton. 'Now he's done it broke his neck or something. That's the way with some men—they'll try anything to get a laugh.'

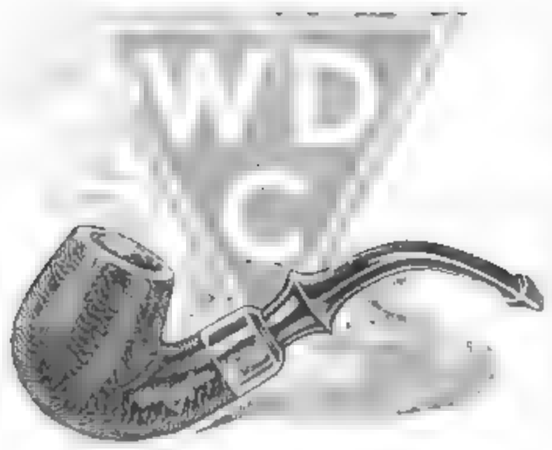
"They went and picked the poet up. He was all right, only dazed.

"'But that's one of the roads that ain't open,' says Ben. 'And besides, you was going right toward the nasty old railroad that runs into the cramped haunts of men. You must have got turned round. Here!' He pointed out over the golf links. 'It's off that way that Mother Nature awaits her wayward child. Miles and miles of her—all open. Doesn't your gypsy soul hear the call? This way for the hills and glens, thou star-eyed woodling!' and he gently led Wilfred off over the links, the rest of the men trailing after and making some word racket, believe me. They was all good conversationalists at the moment. Doc Martingale was wanting the poet to run into a tennis net again, just for fun, and Jeff Tuttle says make him climb a tree like the monkeys do in their native glades, but Ben says just keep him away from the railroad, that's all. Good Mother Nature will attend to the rest.

"The wives by now was huddled round the side of the clubhouse, too scared to talk much, just muttering incoherently and wringing their hands, and Beryl Mae pipes up and says: 'Oh, perhaps I wronged him after all; perhaps deep down in his heart he was sincere.'

"The moon had come up now and we could see the mob with its victim starting off toward the Canadian Rockies. Then all at once they began to run, and I knew Wilfred had made another dash for liberty. Pretty soon they scattered out and seemed to be beating up the shrubbery down by the creek. And after a bit some of 'em straggled back. They paid no attention to us ladies, but made for the grillroom.

"'We lost him in that brush beyond the fifth hole,' says Alonzo. 'None of us is any



Wherever you find leaders of men, there you find the leader of W. D. C. pipes—

The Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

Built with the "well" that keeps it clean and sweet. All good dealers'. 25c, 35c, 50c and up.

William Demuth & Co. New York

W D C Trade Mark

No Cement Floor Is Ever Finished

[illegible] Dustop [illegible] cement [illegible] while [illegible] your floor is new or old, [illegible] your remedy:

R I W DUSTOP

(Reg U S. Pat. Off.)

Stops dusting [illegible] with [illegible] into [illegible] Dustproofs [illegible] cement [illegible] makes it practically [illegible] and [illegible] Adds [illegible] Dustproofs [illegible] Trial gallon $1.50 f. o. b. New York.

R I W CEMENT FILLER and Cement Floor Paint

(Patented Feb. 27, 1906)

Dust-proofs, Water-proofs, Oil-proofs and Decorates. An ideal combination for new or old floors. It forms a permanent chemical union with cement and results in a permanent [illegible] pleasing finish in any color wanted. Trial gallon, $2.00 each, f. o. b. New York.

R I W FLINTOX

Chemically hardens cement floors. Flintox does what [illegible] hardeners [illegible] Dustproofs [illegible] Trial gallon $1.25 f. o. b. New York.

[illegible] Send for [illegible]

TOCH BROTHERS

Established 1868

Inventors and Manufacturers of R. I. W. Preservative Paints, Varnishes and Enamels.

320 Fifth Avenue, New York

Works: New York, London, England, and [illegible]

match for him on level ground, but we got some good trackers [illegible] line to keep him headed off from the railroad and into [illegible]

"'We should hurry back with reinforcement for the faithful watchers,' says Judge Ballard. 'The fellow will surely try to double back to the railroad.'

"'Got to keep him away from the cramped haunts of business men,' says Alonzo, brightly.

"'I wish Clay, my faithful old hound, were still alive,' says the judge wistfully.

"'Say, I got a peach of a terrier down to the house right now,' says Jeff Tuttle, 'but he's only trained for bear—I never tried him on poets.'

"'He might tree him at that,' says Doc Martingale.

"'Percy,' cries his wife, 'have you forgotten your manhood?'

"'Yes,' says Percy.

"'Darling,' calls Henrietta, 'will you listen to reason a moment?'

"'No,' says Alonzo.

"'It's that creature from Alaska leaving them on,' says Mrs. Judge Ballard—'that overdressed drunken rowdy!'

"Ben Sutton looked right hurt at this. He buttoned his coat over his checked vest and says: 'I take that unkindly, madam! calling me overdressed. I selected this suiting with great care. It ain't nice to call me overdressed. I feel it deeply.'

"But they was off again before one thing could lead to another, taking bottles of hard liquor they had uncorked. 'The open road! The open road!' they yelled as they went.

"Well, that's about all. Some of the wives begun to straggle off home, mostly in tears, and some hung round till later. I was one of these, not wishing to miss anything of an absorbing character. Edgar Tomlinson went early too. Edgar writes The Lounger in the Lobby column for the Recorder, and he'd come out to report the entertainment; but at one o'clock he said it was a case for the sporting editor and he'd try to get him out before the kill.

"At different times one or two of the hunters would straggle back for more drink. They said the quarry was making a long detour round their left flank, trying his darndest to get to the railroad, but they had hopes. And they had scattered out. Ever and anon you would hear the long howl of some lone drunkard that had got lost from the pack.

"About sun-up they all found themselves at the railroad track about a mile beyond the clubhouse, just at the head of Stender's grade. There they was voting to picket the track for a mile each way when along come the four-thirty-two way freight. It had slowed up some making the grade, and while they watched it what should dart out from a bunch of scrub oak but the active figure of Wilfred Lennox. He made one of them iron ladders all right and was on top of a car when the train come by, but none of 'em dast jump it because it had picked up speed again.

"They said Wilfred stood up and shook both fists at 'em and called 'em every name he could lay his tongue to—using language so course you'd never think it could have come from a poet's lips. They could see his handsome face working violently long after they couldn't hear him. Just my luck! I'm always missing something.

"So they come grouching back to the clubhouse and I took 'em home to breakfast. When we got down to the table old Judge Ballard says: 'What might have been an evening of rare enjoyment was converted into a detestable failure by that cur. I saw from the very beginning that he was determined to spoil our fun.'

"'The joke is sure on us,' says Ben Sutton, 'but I bear him no grudge. In fact, I did him an injustice. I knew he wasn't a poet, but I didn't believe he was even a hobo till he jumped that freight.'

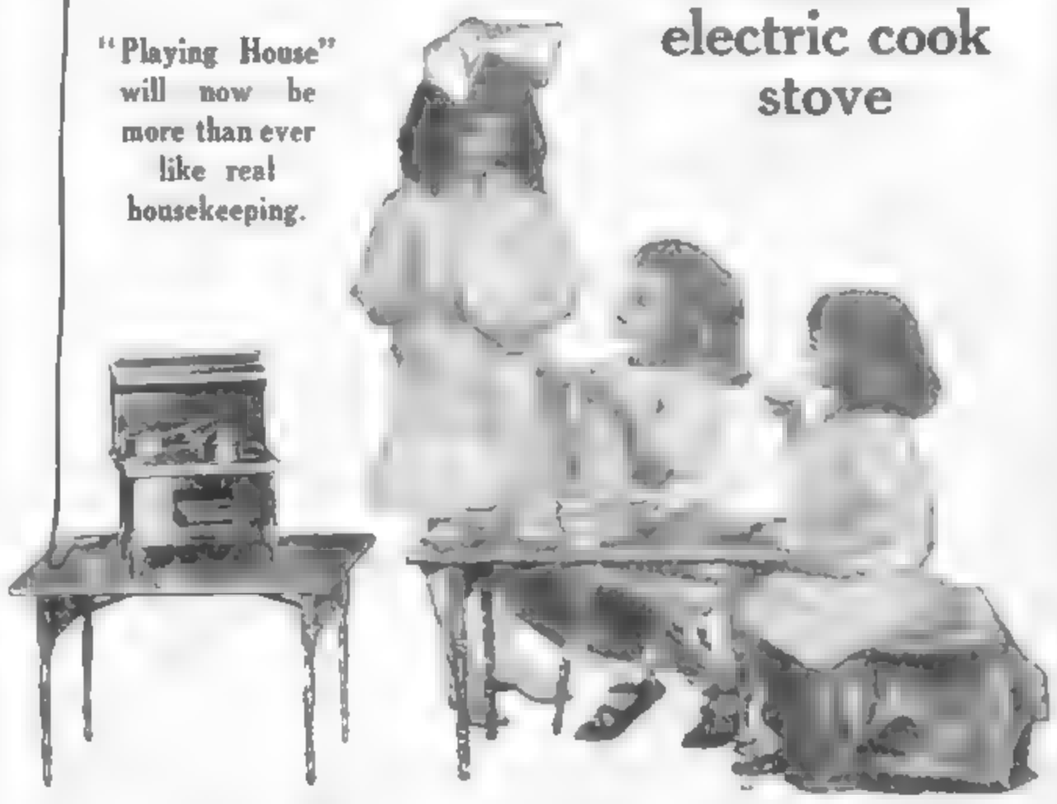
"Alonzo was out in the hall telephoning Henrietta. We could hear his cheerful voice: 'No, Pettikins, no! It doesn't ache a bit. What's that? Of course I still do! You are the only woman that ever meant anything to me. What? What's that? Oh, I may have had errant fancies now and again, like the best of men—you know yourself how sensitive I am to a certain type of flowerlike beauty—but it never touches my deeper nature. Yes, certainly, I shall be right up the very minute good old Ben leaves—to-morrow or next day. What's that? Now, now! Don't do that! Just the minute he leaves—G'-by.'

"And the little brute hung up on her!"

The New Toy For Girls

A miniature electric cook stove

"Playing House" will now be more than ever like real housekeeping.



When you see this little electric range, you'll know what to give as a Christmas present. It's a real stove on which the little girls can cook real food. Using it will be loads of fun and at the same time give the children their first lessons in domestic science.

Boys have their electrical and mechanical toys. Here is something equally entertaining and instructive for the girls. The

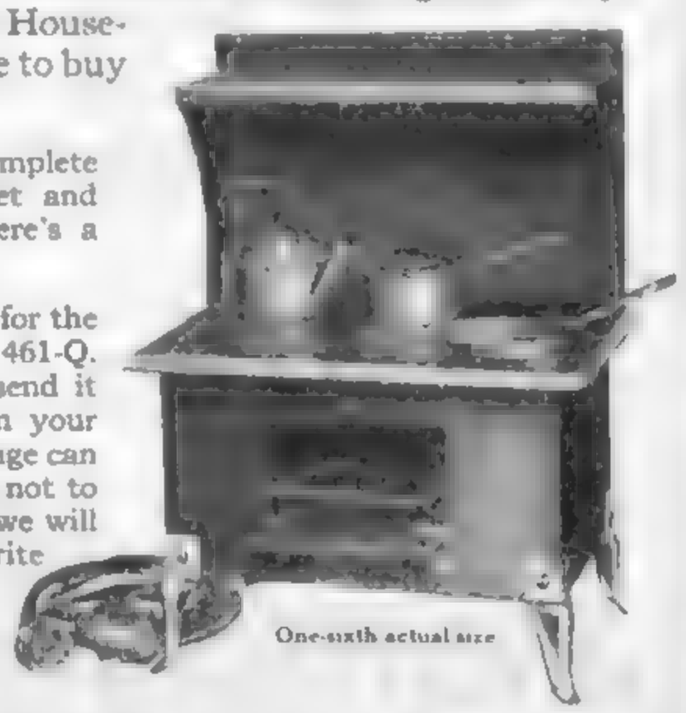
Western Electric

JUNIOR RANGE

is as safe as a toaster—no matches, no flame, no smoke. It connects to any lamp socket and works at the turn of a switch. As the newest member of the great family of Western Electric Household Helps, it is safe to buy—safe to use.

The price is $8.00, complete with tea kettle, skillet and baking pan. And there's a little cook book, too!

Special—Write today for the illustrated circular No. 461-Q. We shall be glad to send it and tell you where in your locality the Junior Range can be purchased. If it is not to be had in your town, we will supply you direct. Write to our nearest office.



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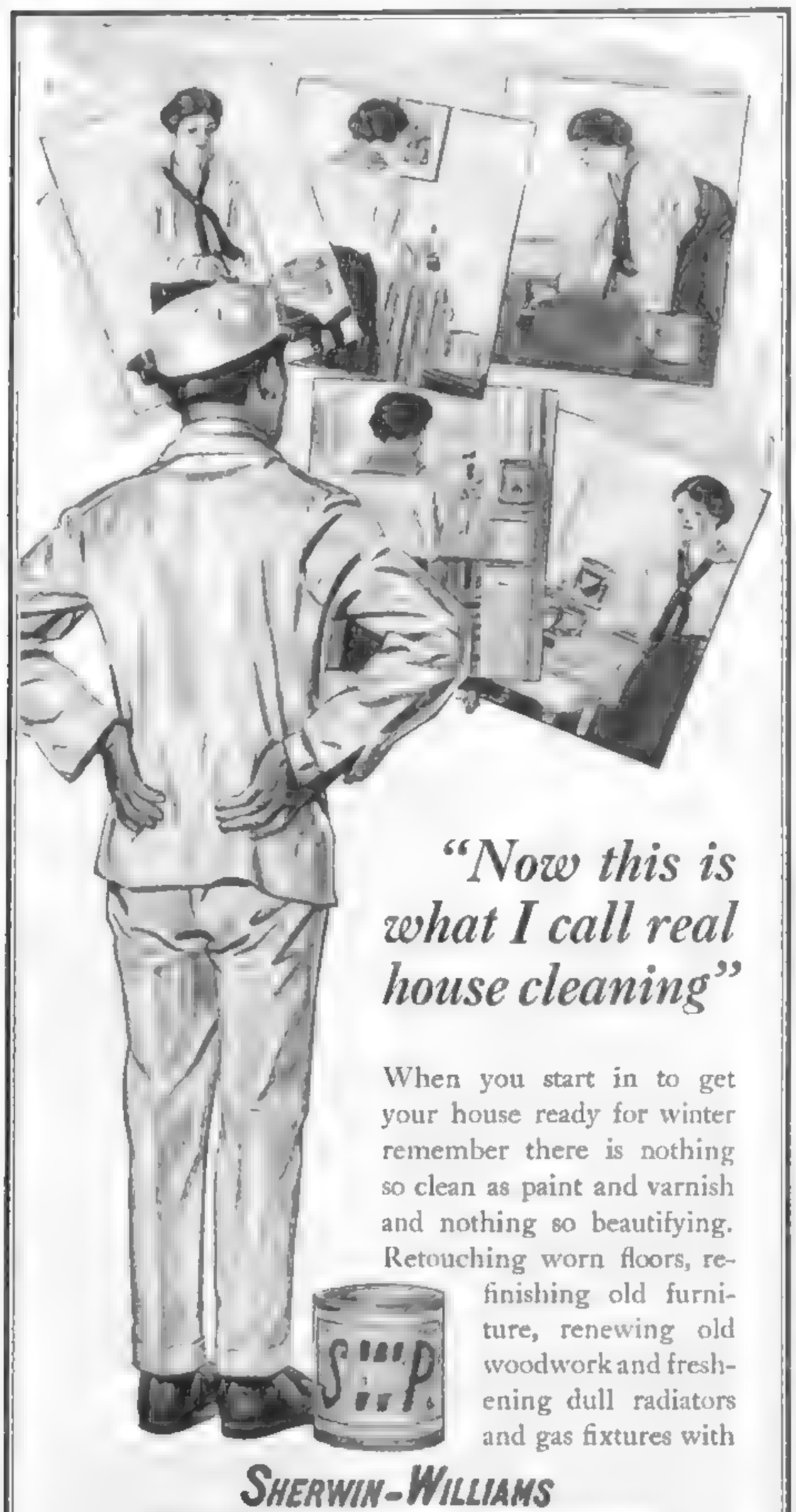

"Now this is what I call real house cleaning"

When you start in to get your house ready for winter remember there is nothing so clean as paint and varnish and nothing so beautifying. Retouching worn floors, refinishing old furniture, renewing old woodwork and freshening dull radiators and gas fixtures with

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is as easy as sweeping, scrubbing and dusting, and the result is a magic transformation.

The Brighten-Up Finishes include a quality product for every home surface. They come ready to use in pints and quarts. The Sherwin-Williams dealer can supply you.

Send 10 cents for a clever new game and get a useful book with it free of charge

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A practical, experienced painter tells you in simple words just how to paint, varnish or enamel every surface in and around your home. Send for a copy.

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is a mighty interesting game for both young folks and grown-ups. It's good training, too, for anyone who buys or sells in the markets. Sent for 10 cents in stamps

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DAY BY DAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE

(Continued from Page 15

There were mostly Germans in the garden—big mothers with broods of youngsters bringing packages of food, to be unwrapped on the little iron tables and disposed of with large quantities of beer; swaggering young men with bamboo canes, and strings attached to their straw hats; excited girls in last year's very tight skirts, having the time of their dear young lives; and sailors—sailors off the Emden and the submarines, in regular German caps, and sailors off the Goeben and the Breslau, in red fezzes. Splendid boys—all of them; mothers' boys, with straight young shoulders and narrow hips—and that terrible look in the eyes of most.

Does not everybody notice that terrible look? It is there. The ordinary chaps in the straw hats have not got it, but the square-jawed giants off the submarines have; the sailors and the soldiers have. It is a sort of indescribable, withdrawn-from-the-world look; a mild and unquestioning finality; a look that sees nothing beyond the now. They say they all go out fully expecting to "get it." I have seen the look fade from the eyes of men in the hospital when they began to come back and face possible to-morrows. Is it not wonderful that men should be so made? After what I have seen I do not want anybody ever to talk to me again about sex equality. Certain phases of sex equality, yes; but I believe in the overwhelming superiority of the male, a superiority which is and should be.

The German boys did not celebrate Franz Joseph's birthday hilariously, at least not in the early hours. They sat together at long tables touching stein to stein, keeping the nervous and overworked Greek waiters very busy and exchanging mild pleasantries, which somehow did not seem to accord with the scene, with their youth, with the lights, the music, the pretty, openly adoring girls, and the soft summer breeze. It must have been the thousand and one bands of crêpe and the many iron crosses. The iron cross is on the breast of many a boy whose mother has not yet lost the feel in her finger tips of his babyhood.

The Last Torpedo

The band played the Austrian national anthem and we all stood up; they played the German national anthem and we all stood up and sang; they played *Die Wacht am Rhein* and we all stood up and sang; then they played the tune we know as My Country, 'Tis of Thee, and I began to sing my own words to it in my own language. My German friend said:

"I wouldn't do that if I were you; you're liable to start a riot."

"But why?" said I. "It is America, isn't it?"

"Yes," said he; "but it's God Save the King! too, and they might not get anything but the fact that you are singing English."

"Sure enough, the British national hymn," I said. "I wonder why they play it?"

"The British national hymn!" he laughed. "That was a German song before the British stopped beating tom-toms!"

Oh, beautiful brotherhood! The hymns of hate are the favorite hymns. He told me a typical story with a swagger of enthusiasm that greatly lessened my respect for his really superior intelligence:

There was a German submarine operating in certain waters. It had expended all its torpedoes but one and each torpedo had done some execution. It was a jubilant crew. A French boat came in sight, a perfectly good French boat, a long way from home and capable of transporting large quantities of almost anything. The captain of the submarine refused to sink her. "We have only one torpedo left," said he, "and we'll save it for an Englishman." That torpedo got an English transport, with many lives.

I felt subdued to the point of depression. I wanted to leave; I wanted to get back to my room in the hotel, where I had left a book on Constantinople.

One must not read too late, however, and one must sleep soundly, else there are sights to be seen and sounds to be heard that banish sleep and conjure up visions. It is not every night when the tramp of marching men echoes in the streets, but often, very often; then, if you are awake,

Only the Genuine is in Bottles Like These

Let Lysol

Protect Your Family

from germs and disease. You *need* Lysol in your home. Never be without it. At the very moment you are thinking "all is well," disease germs may be beginning their deadly work.

Since it is better to *ward off* disease than to fight it afterwards, get a bottle of Lysol today and use it

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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US THE BLACK SHELLS
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As a sportsman you surely want to know these things by finding out yourself.

Write your name and address and that of the dealer from whom you buy shells, on the margin of this advertisement. Send to us and we will send you an order on your dealer for three free Black Shells, also a copy of our booklet,

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$1 DOWN

A FEW cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. Play while you pay. No special room is needed. Can be mounted on dining or library table, or on its own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). Prices from $15 up—easy terms.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

Splendidly built and adapted to the most expert play. Burrowes Regis Rail, Speed Cushions are pronounced the best rubber cushions made.

FREE TRIAL
Write for illustrated catalog and our liberal trial offer. Free. Catalog, billiard chalk, etc.
The E. T. Burrowes Co.
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Solid Comfort

Let your feet feel fine in these cool, light, easy fitting shoes. Foot comfort always comes with

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Made with flexible oil soles and linings. Will last for years. Try them for hot weather. Write for catalog. Mailed free.

No. 870
Men's sizes 5 to 10 $2.50
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YIPSI

Ypsilanti Indian Shoe Co.
1160 E Cross St. Ypsilanti, Mich.

When you get up and go out on the little iron balcony that guards your window and peer down into the deep dark. It is a scene that never loses its fascination—long lines of silent men marching in the hours after midnight to slip down the Marmora shore and across the Peninsula to the trenches.

The other night at the dead hour of three o'clock I was wakened by the most unearthly sounds that anyone ever heard outside of Turkey. It was as though each man of a large brass band had selected for himself a separate and distinct tune, to be played with all his might, and regardless—regardless of everything but the keeping of perfect time with the wild efforts of his fellows. The tempo was as measured as a march need be; the strains were fearful, and under them was the steady tread-tread of thousands and thousands of feet. There were several regiments of soldiers going to attend an early morning *baisemain* at the palace. It was the beginning of the feast of Bairam, and the Sultan was to receive the dignitaries of his state at the bewitching hour of half past five in the morning.

The "kiss-hand" is an ancient ceremonial, but it is a yellow silk scarf that is kissed—a yellow silk scarf which the Sultan holds. In the old days attendance at a *baisemain* too often proved a fatal privilege. A man for some reason might be in the bad graces of the Sultan, but he had to brave fate and obey the command to present himself at a certain hour. He approached the imperial divan and bent over the hand of his sovereign. Then—the lift of a finger under the yellow scarf, a motion, a turn of the august head, and the silent, swift action of the giant eunuchs with the horrible little silken string!

The Forbidden Seraglio

The old Seraglio, that walled point of land which juts out into the Bosporus and catches the last rays of the sun on its huddled domes—the old Seraglio, where the Sultans lived and held their divans, at which such fearful history was made—is closed. Its fascination cannot be escaped and one's mind turns toward it from every angle; but no kind of influence can gain admittance for anyone. Your old resident, who knows his history, will say to you: "That spot has been the scene of more terrible tragedies and its walls have witnessed more awful sights than any other spot on the face of the earth." But you must do your shuddering at a distance.

As I write there is a bread riot going on down in the street almost under my window. It is very distracting. Each man has a permit from the police to buy a certain quantity of bread, and each man knows that he must fight his way to the baker's window before the supply is exhausted. One wonders why they do not form a bread line and conduct the business in an orderly manner—first come, first served; but system of that sort is wholly outside their ken. The police do their part by beating the struggling men on the shins and toes with long brass-tipped clubs, and there are howls of pain mingled with imprecations and with tearful appeals.

And to think they are fighting for even worse bread than I get—flat, soggy, dirt-brown loaves, full of grit! If I ever see a French roll again, flanked by a cool pat of fragrant fresh butter, I shall make up my mind that the worst is over and that I may as well decide to live as long as I can.

There is a great scarcity of coal too. The hospitals are getting panicky over the possibility of not being able to get hot water for their big laundries and the doctors are seeing visions of epidemics. Heat is one of the primary necessities. They are "whistling in the dark" and saying that Allah will provide, because since the war began some rather extensive coal fields have been discovered along the Black Sea; but it is very bad coal. They are mining it as fast as they can, but it cannot be delivered in sufficient quantities to supply this tremendous city.

The city's needs alone demand six hundred tons a day—this for barracks, hospitals, public buildings, municipal ovens and institutions; and no private citizen can buy a single pound now. They say there is plenty of charcoal and that cooking can be done over braziers; but Constantinople's winter is severe, the houses are flimsy for the most part, and the almost immediate possibilities of a real coal famine are somewhat disquieting.

You can win a KING prize

—if you can prove yourself one of the fifty best air rifle shots in the country. They're crackerjack prizes, too. Just the things that red-blooded boys want most—things for the camp, for the stream, for the woods and for the athletic field.

If you're sixteen or under you ought to be practicing right now. If you haven't an air rifle buy or borrow one and get into training for the Grand National King Marksmanship Contest—Nov. 8–13, inclusive.

Ask your dealer—the man in your town who sells air rifles—about this great shooting contest. If he can't give you full information and free targets just send us his name and address and we will supply him with all the data.

For over thirty years the "King" has been first choice among thousands of boys for its sure, straight, sharp-shooting qualities. Whether you want a popgun, a 1000-shot lever action repeater, or the newest King model, called the King Kadet army gun, you'll find it in the King line. There is an interesting illustrated booklet E we'd like to send you. Write for it.

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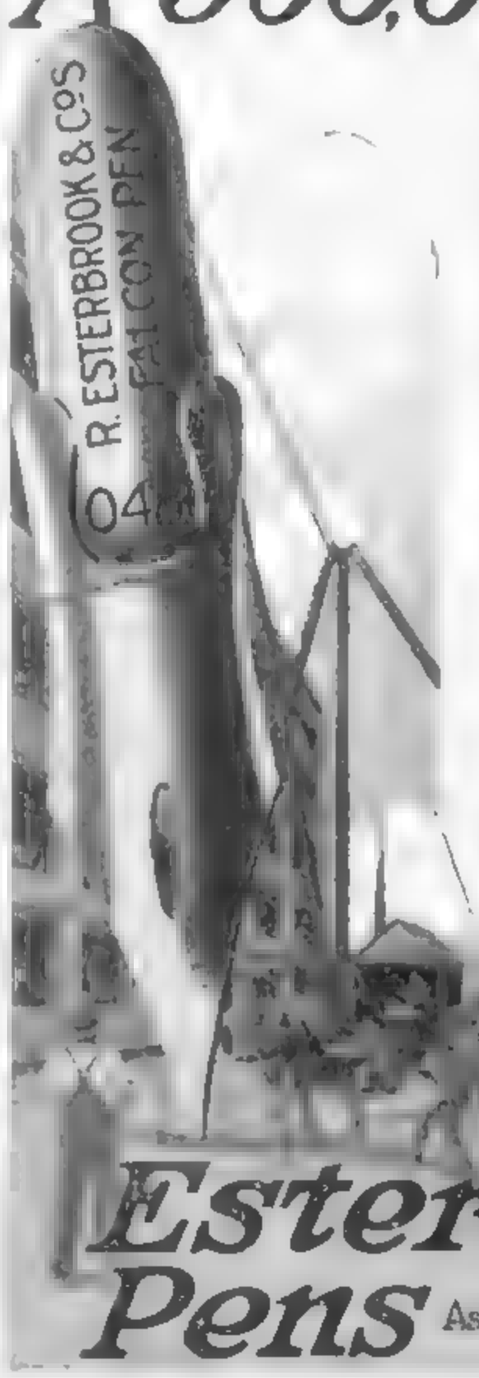
KING AIR RIFLES

If there is no "King" dealer in your town write us a letter and the postman will bring the "King" you want by parcel post, at the retail price.

A 300,000 lb. Pen



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Measuring 13 feet across.
Nearly 12 inches thick.
Requiring a pen holder 20 feet thick.
Weighing more than 2 locomotives.
Requiring 300 days to build.
Plus the labor of 600 workers.
Containing enough steel to make 3000 miles of telephone wire.
Requiring an ink well as large as a swimming pool.

Such would be the result were all the two hundred million Esterbrook Pens a year made into one monster.

An unparalleled production that shows a whole nation's preference for one make of pen.

A preference dating back to 1858, when Richard Esterbrook established at Camden the first pen plant in America.

Everybody knows Esterbrook Pens.

Most everybody uses them.

Most every store sells them.

Send 10c. for useful metal box containing 12 most popular Esterbrook Pens, including the famous 048 Falcon, most popular pen in the world.

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Esterbrook Pens Ask for them by Name and Number

THE Paige Sedan is the highest type of "year 'round" car.

Cozy and warm for winter service, it can be instantly converted into an open car by lowering the window panels into the lower casements.

Whipcord, broadcloth or Bedford is used in the upholstering. The appointments throughout are luxurious and distinctive.

With the two side doors—with the wide aisle between the front seats—with the two auxiliary folding chairs—the Sedan is as commodious as a luxurious salon.

And—most important of all—this handsome body is built upon the famous Paige "Six-46" chassis. The price, complete, is $1900.

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Closed Car Models	
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If you have reached the limit in your present position, it will pay you to make a change. By giving a little time in the evening to securing subscriptions, you will convince yourself that you can build up a permanent and increasing business.

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Write for the booklet, "*The Way To An Independent Income.*"

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 145

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

MADE IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 20)

snowfall—all of which means a very short working season. You cannot run roads at will over such a country.

For that reason only some of the attractions of this park are available to the public. The north side, by far the most bold and rugged aspect of the mountain, is as yet almost unexplored, though Fairfax Station, on the Northern Pacific, is but nine miles away by trail on that side. Most of the country round Rainier is as little known and as far off as the Himalayas.

What is the remedy for this situation? Obviously, a road encircling the park and opening the valleys; a developed entrance on the north side some day; and, lastly, a road clear through the park, or below it, east, over the mountains to the Yakima Valley. That is the plan of Seattle, Tacoma, North Yakima and the state of Washington. Eventually that plan will be carried through. Then we shall see made possible one of the most wonderful mountain journeys that can be taken anywhere on earth.

It is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Tacoma to North Yakima. Your great motor road must rise six thousand feet in four hours. It must skirt streams and run, as no other road in the world does, clear to the foot of mighty glaciers. It must pass through a vast and beautiful forest such as no Eastern man can visualize out of an Eastern experience. It must run on a five per cent grade—practical for the intermediate speed of a motor car—amid ice and snow or forest, disclosing a thousand wonderful views. It must swing below the southern foot of the great mountain, then turn up to the northeast, cross the divide, and drop down into the almost tropic valley of the Yakima, full of fruit and offering good hotels.

Up from this road side trails will be built into a score of happy valleys as yet unknown. Hundreds of views of the great mountain will then be common that are not now known. The whole horizon of the park will be enormously extended, and the park will treble and quadruple its appeal to the imagination. From the sea to the interior; from a country of smelts and sand dabs and geoduck clams, over the glaciers into the land of big red apples—one hundred and twenty-five miles in half a dozen hours—that sounds like the heavenly twins! That is like America!

The railroad situation at Rainier Park is discouraging. It seems to be the fashion for railroads to run up to the edge of a good thing and then stop and growl at any other railroad which looks that way. Two railroads are like two dogs over a bone—they show their teeth, but do not get action. Tacoma and Seattle do not rely on railroad development. They see a sufficient vision in the great through motor road over into the Yakima Valley beyond the east crest—look on it as already built.

The Original Icebox

It will cost ten thousand dollars a mile to build it, and there will be sixty-five miles to build before the state road from Yakima west is joined. On the road approaching from the east the state of Washington has already spent seventy-five thousand dollars, and in ten years Yakima County has spent another seventy-five thousand dollars on it, and has ready ten thousand dollars more.

The United States has already appropriated large sums for the surveys of this road, and should give it steady support from year to year until the project is completed. Possibly a part of the fifty-thousand-dollar appropriation for last year may be applied on additional surveys of this road. Tacoma was somewhat anxious as to the disposition that would be made of this appropriation.

Meantime here we have this great park, 207,360 acres of it: a mighty mountain, with fourteen mighty glaciers; a score of mighty cañons running down to its foot—a group of mighty wonders—all laid out on so wonderful a scale that the human eye does not realize it in terms of dimensions at all. It is a splendid asset for a country, for a state or a community. Yet its administration has always been political, vacillating—often inadequate. The year 1915 has been the year of jubilee for Mount Rainier.

The measure of Eastern travel—say, ten per cent for each of these parks of the Pacific Slope—is not in any sense of the word a fair measure of the potential interest of our people in our parks. It represents simply the inefficiency of our Government administration of these parks heretofore, the laxness of railroad interest, and the ignorance of the people themselves regarding their own possessions.

Take a car at Tacoma out to the park some summer morning when the air is bright and clear and cool. Perhaps they are sweltering down in the central valleys of California at that time; perhaps they are dying from heat in the cities of the East; but you will have a cool breeze and soon will come to the biggest cold-storage plant we have—the great mountain, lined with giant glaciers that make those in Glacier Park look like sidewalk scrapings. Cool? That mountain is the coldest thing there is! It is the original icebox.

Owing to the smoke of forest fires, we did not get a full view of the mountain until we had reached the bridge over the Tohoma Fork. There the clouds lifted, the smoke cleared away, and we could see the great white cone, fourteen thousand four hundred and eight feet high—two hundred and fifty feet higher than Shasta—sharp-cut against the sky—a magnificently impressive thing: great, ghostly, cold, often hid, always reserved. By kind fortune, when we pulled up at the Park Inn the whole sky was clear, and again the great mountain stood out in all its wonder and all its glory. It is worth waiting days for such a sight. And that mountain is yours!

Why Whitewash Rocks?

The main hotel—the National Park Inn—is backed by the railroad company, and therefore is what all the independent hotels and camps call the "monopoly," as is also the case at the Grand Cañon, Glacier, Yellowstone, or elsewhere. The hotel has thirty-eight good rooms, and there are one hundred and twenty-four tents, arranged for overflow meetings. There is a good log house, and walks all round, with nicely whitewashed rocks to edge them.

I do not know any reason why anybody should ever whitewash a rock, any more than why anyone should paint a landscape on a shovel, or coat a bunch of grass with alum crystals, or decorate a mantel with a "throw"; but the first thing a United States army officer does when he gets into a park is to whitewash all the rocks he can get hold of. This style of decoration causes deep convulsive shudders to run through the bosom of young Mr. Mark Daniels, the new superintendent of parks, who lays out gardens and cities and settlements as a business. I can imagine what will happen when these rock-lined walks dawn on the art-loving superintendent in all their ghastly splendor.

All these parks are in a high mountain country, where it snows or rains on Homeric scale, is cold sometimes in the daytime and is always cold at night. Any outdoor man knows that nothing in the world makes one feel more comfortable than a bright and cheery fire; yet there is not one-tenth enough fireplace and camp-fire room in the National Parks of the Sierras, the Cascades or the Rockies. This is true in the Big Tree parks, in Yosemite, in Crater Lake, in Rainier, Glacier and Yellowstone.

This simple truth never occurred to the Department of the Interior, the Department of Agriculture, or War, or Navy, or any other of the various intelligent departments that sway our destinies at Washington. It is one very good reason why our parks are not more patronized. If you stand round like a wet dog, shivering, with no place to get warm, you are not coming back next summer and are not going to advise your friends to come. The summer of these mountain parks is not the summer of the East or of the lowlands. It needs wool, boots, flannels—and fire.

The man who first saw hotel possibilities round Rainier was old man Longmire, who located the first trail into the park, and also carefully located a mining claim within what later became the park limits. He covered a lot of mineral springs of all sorts of temperatures and tastes; and now his descendants run a hotel for the general public on their seventeen acres of deeded land over against the company's hotel.

This homestead runs across the main road at this point, so that part of the concessioners' buildings are on Longmire's

"Ballymede" Full back, large sleeves with roomy arm eyes. Highland Heather fabric. Rainproof

Ask for "Highland Heather" when you buy your fall and winter overcoat. It's rainproof.

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land and part on the land belonging to the United States. Any wide plan of development in that part of the reserve always found Mr. Longmire to be reckoned with. He has just been reckoned with this year.

Paradise Valley camp is where one outfits for the climb to the summit of the mountain. There are good guides, some of whom were born in Switzerland, where they learned how to charge tourists.

You can rent here an entire climbing outfit, including hobnailed boots, alpenstock, goggles, and so on, and get your picture taken—for so much a photograph—so that the loved ones back home may see what a daring mountaineer you became out West all at once. This is the second center of importance in the park.

The ascent of the mountain is not one of serious hardship for those used to mountain climbing and who are in fair physical condition. There is only one point of danger—that at the rock known as Gibraltar, about twelve hundred feet up, usually passed early in the day—about six A. M. Most of the work is simply hard plugging, though ropes and alpenstocks are used in all pictures, of course.

Usually the party starts at one o'clock in the morning and returns in time for dinner at night of the same day. There is enough hard work in the experience to warrant any successful climber in feeling that he has been something of a mountaineer. During the year 1913 only fifty-odd tourists made the ascent. The view on a clear day is superb. Then Mount Hood, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens can—though rarely—be seen all at once.

The Mother of Rivers

You are in grand company at this altitude, among those lofty peaks that are the imperishable landmarks of the Northwest, all of them snowclad and iceclad the year through—tall, isolated cones of the Cascades; members of a gigantic mountain system practically all volcanic at one time, now all glacial. Rainier, which is the only glacier park *par excellence* in ancient ice, has nineteen glaciers, covering an area of forty-five square miles—far surpassing any other mountain in our country. The peak is cold now; but not so long ago it was hot. The Indians knew it when it was all on fire. It had eruptions in 1843, 1854, 1858, and even so late as 1870.

It stands over a hundred square miles of forest, and it leaps up ten thousand feet straight into the air above its foothills. It gives you the feeling of enormous size, because it stands only fifty miles, as the crow flies, from salt water. There is not much room for foothills—it is practically all mountain. And once, before it blew off its head, it stood here sixteen thousand feet clear white in the air, a splendid, symmetrical cone of snow and ice that never had known a forest fire to disfigure its flanks. Mother of mountains it was then; mother of rivers it is to-day. No grander and no less-known example of Nature's majesty exists in any of our nation's reserves.

You can do Mount Rainier National Park in two or three days if you have luck with the weather. The average visit is—or was—a day and a half in length. You should in no case leave until you have had a full view of the mountain clear to the top—which sometimes means quite a wait, for often there is mist about the summit.

Indian Henry's Camping Ground you certainly should see—you can get back for lunch if you start at five o'clock; also, Van Trump's Park—though at that point there is no camp. There is much excellent foot traveling in the park and many miles of good horseback trails; you will meet many portentously frowning persons with alpenstocks, rucksacks and hobnails. The professional climber is more in evidence here than in any other of our parks, but you see far fewer *poseurs* here than in the Alps.

The first real ascent of the mountain was made so recently as August, 1870, by Mr. Hazard Stevens, then of Olympia, son of the first governor of the state. He was accompanied by Van Trump, now one of the park rangers. They first made Success Peak, then Crater Peak, and slept overnight in a steam cave—else they would have perished. Old Chief Sluiskin showed them the way up, but begged them not to go, as the spirits would surely get them.

One thing of many ought to be mentioned as a special attraction of all the Pacific Coast parks, and that is the flowers. In the Sierra parks you see great banks and carpets of small unicolored flowers—dainty

3-In-One Oil

"That Was Certainly a Fine Shave"

That's what you will say if you prepare the blade of your razor in the scientific manner.

Magnified 1000 times the edge of a razor blade (ordinary or safety) looks like a cross-cut saw. Between the microscopic teeth moisture collects and tiny particles of rust form.

It is this indiscernible rust that makes your razor pull and hurt your face. And it is this rust you must prevent. Stropping only breaks off the rust after it is formed. Nor can you wipe a blade dry enough to get all the moisture from between the invisible teeth and prevent rusting.

Therefore, do this: Put a few drops of 3-in-One on the strop occasionally, to keep it soft. Before and after shaving, draw razor blade between thumb and forefinger moistened with 3-in-One. Then rust will positively not be able to form.

Do this and you will be gladly surprised at how smooth a shave can be. Furthermore, you will get more shaves out of a "safety" blade than you ever did before.

3-in-One is sold by all good hardware, sporting goods, drug and general stores. 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans we will send you one full of 3-in-One for 30c in stamps.

Free 3-in-One For You

On a postal card simply say: Send me your interesting circular, "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver," and a generous free sample bottle of 3-in-One Oil.

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Springtex UNDERWEAR

More for your money—that's what you get in *Springtex* underwear.

More comfort, more warmth, more wear and satisfaction than a dollar ever purchased in a union suit.

Springtex has many points of superiority. It is made of an improved elastic, spring needle ribbed fabric that has double the tensile strength of ordinary underwear fabrics. It has lots of stretch but always springs back into shape.

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Springtex is made with all the care of underwear selling at double its price. The seams are flat and it is double sewed and reinforced throughout. You can figure on at least two seasons' wear out *of a Springtex* garment.

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1—Snug-fit non-irritating Neckband.

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Don't simply get a roof for that new building. Get one that is guaranteed to last and will not be affected by gases, vapors, acids or smoke.

And when it comes to partitioning, use a Wall Board that has strength, durability, good appearance and resistance to moisture. Ask your local dealer about

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Roofing

—made in three thicknesses, guaranteed 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply and 15 years for 3-ply, backed by the responsibility of the largest roofing and building paper industry in the world.

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—for use instead of lath and plaster in small residences, cottages, bungalows, offices, booths, etc. It cannot crack or dust, and, when properly painted and panelled, many artistic effects can be produced.

Two great features about *Certain-teed* Board are its great strength and its resistance to moisture.

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little things, clinging close and thick to the ground, making blankets of white, of yellow and of faint pink. There are flowers in the Siskiyous, also, and in the Cascades. Here, round Mount Rainier, in a mild and damp climate, is one of the great flower countries of the world.

All through the forests and meadows you will see acres of the Indian paintbrush. The fireweed is also here, with its great bands of purplish blooms. These last two—the paintbrush and the fireweed—I have seen as far north as the Arctic Circle. They do not grow so tall there, and their colors are not so vivid as here in Rainier Park. The paintbrush of Rainier is a rich magenta, not the washed-out red of the Far North. The fireweed here, too, grows much taller; its clusters are larger and of a stronger and more distinctive purple.

The forests of this region are largely fir, of which there are five varieties—the Douglas, the Silver, the Alpine, the Noble and the Lovely; you see, there is sentiment even in science. There is some spruce, and two species of cedar, and there are Balm of Gilead trees and others, which you think are waving and beckoning to you as you ride along the mountain trails. They are trying to tell you something all the time.

There was once a Swede who was carried off by a cyclone, and who later was interviewed by his pastor.

"I presume you felt that the Lord was with you all the time, brother, as you were flying through the air," said the preacher.

"Vell," said Ole, "Aye don't know aif the Lord ban there; but if He vas, Aye bet you He vas gom' some!"

There are other parks besides those of the Northwest, some perhaps favored by less difficult and less costly physical conditions; but, no matter what the cost or what the problems, the people of the Northwest are going to set and hold a gait which will make any other park or any other country feel that it has been going some if it stays the pace with them.

The American Civic Association favors the park-bureau idea. Perhaps Secretary Lane, meantime, has cut the Gordian knot by his idea of a one-man bureau. At least, it will serve until the politicians get too busy. Let Secretary Lane alone, and he will show a radical improvement in our National Parks such as will be one of the chief credits of the Wilson Administration. Certainly he showed good judgment in selecting Stephen T. Mather, of Chicago, as his assistant and in delegating to him most of the labors of investigating conditions in the National Parks. Mr. Mather has a genius for organization. During the past year he has made more changes in the National Parks than have been made in all their previous history. In no park have these changes been so radical, so desirable and so wholly encouraging as in Mount Rainier. These events cast so large a shadow before them that it seemed wise to wait a time before publishing any article purporting to be a description of that park. Within the last few weeks the situation there has largely cleared.

A Million-Dollar Enterprise

In the first place no park is better than its local superintendent. In the past it has not infrequently been proved that no park superintendent was better than his politics. It is not necessary to institute comparisons, but it should be said that Mr. Mather has put a crackajack superintendent in at Mount Rainier Park, one with practical engineering training and a good business head.

The past summer, also, saw the settling of the automobile question for this park, as for so many others. The old Tacoma Road formerly ended at Longmire, whence the United States Road led up to the foot of Nisqualli Glacier. Here all the automobiles stopped. Beyond that reached a rather blood-curdling trail up to Paradise Valley, which was not open to motor traffic. It is understood that cars are now to run on this trail on a schedule not interfering with vehicle or foot traffic. The schedule is working perfectly. Unquestionably this will open up the delights of the upper Rainier altitudes to many who otherwise never would know them.

Again, the lack of accommodations for the traveling public has always been a great drawback in Mount Rainier Park. Mr. Mather put an end to the old scattering policy that has resulted in so much bickering and so much inefficiency. He dug out in Tacoma a gentleman willing to undertake a million-dollar enterprise in the Rainier wilderness. This means a merging of all the concessions. Naturally it implied certain problems in equating and commuting, but these problems have been solved. There will be one responsible head for the Rainier Park accommodations; there will be a real hotel with real accommodations in Paradise Valley; there will be a development of trails in other parts of the park; and where nothing but a summer tent colony is possible, that colony will be up-to-date, after the fashion of the best tent colony in Yosemite Park.

The question of enlarged boundaries for Mount Rainier Park has long been mooted by the intercity committee, who have had to face the conflicting managements of divers departments and bureaus, by reason of the intrusion of the Forest Service into a part of the park management. This is a matter that will at last have intelligent and final settlement.

A Magnificent Highway Program

The main question in this park, however, always has been that of roads and trails—there is no way of getting into the northern half of the park. Mr. Mather completed the entire circuit of the park and came out impressed with the wonderful features of the north side of the mountains. Nothing will satisfy him now but an automobile road entirely round the mountain. That means millions of dollars, but Mr. Mather seems to be able to think in large sums and not get very dizzy.

The question of private ownership of property in a National Park has been on hand, with all its complications, in this park also. It seems a hard thing to uproot local traditions and local habits; but if this was ever to be a great National Park it was necessary to alter wholesale the settlement clustering round the present entrance to Mount Rainier Park. In regard to this it is enough to say that what has not been done will be done. Mount Rainier Park practically dates from the summer of 1915. In the future the traveling public may go there with full confidence in their comfort and also in their ability to travel widely in one of the most wonderful wilderness regions of America. Heretofore only a little corner of Mount Rainier Park has been open to the public.

The mere telling of these details conveys no idea of the magnitude of the problems involved. It takes courage and vision to make a practical working park out of a mountain wilderness, and it takes money too. At first blush it would seem that the road-making expense in the parks themselves would be quite sufficient, but the vision of Mr. Mather, at least, does not stop there.

"I expect to see the day," said he after his return from Mount Rainier Park, "when there will be national auto roads connecting all our National Parks. All these high-level roads are going to be built in Mount Rainier Park. Sometime in Glacier Park there will be an auto road across Gunsight Pass. I expect to see an auto road connecting Glacier Park and the Canadian parks north of it, close to the line. I expect to see all the parks of the Rockies, the Cascades and the Sierras accessible to motor cars. I believe it will one day be possible to see a car start from Chicago, or even New York, and make a continuous tour of two or three months, which shall take it to every one of our great mountain parks, including the Grand Cañon, which also soon will be made into a National Park."

Few persons know the tremendous handicap under which the development of our parks has gone on—even in the matter of investigating the actual needs and the actual conditions.

Why have these men—all of them simple and modest citizens, who perhaps would not relish any reference to their own personal acts—been willing to give up all they have in time and labor and other things? It is because once in a while in America we do find a successful man who knows something of the good and glory of service. It is because these men are actuated by the keenest enthusiasm for these beautiful possessions of the American people. The least the American people can do is to back them with a like enthusiasm.

The trouble is, we have not thought America worth while. It is worth while; and more and more we are going to realize how very much worth while it is.

Protect Our Good Name

GOODYEAR

Visitors to the Goodyear factories are always impressed with a framed sign which confronts them at every turn

In every room in every Goodyear building, they encounter the same message: *Protect our good name*

It hangs on the walls of all the Goodyear branches throughout the country, and is being adopted by tire dealers everywhere as an expression of the spirit in which their business is conducted.

We believe that the public will be interested in the analysis of this simple but striking sentiment which is published herewith

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

President

STRIPPED to the waist, his huge torso streaming with sweat, a workman swings the heavy iron core to an iron table, and wrenches off a tire which has just come steaming from the heater.

His eye falls on the legend over his head, and he smiles.

Our good name is also his good name.

The two are intertwined.

He will protect the one, while he subserves the other.

His thoughts are—as they should be—chiefly of himself, of his little home, and of his family.

Their good name, his good name, our good name—his good work will stand guard over them all.

* * *

Two thousand miles away—in Seattle, we will say—the same thought, in the same simple words.

An irritating moment has arrived—the temptation to speak sharply to a customer, to fling a slur at unworthy competition.

The salesman, or the manager, or whosoever it may be, looks up, and the quiet admonition meets his eye:

Protect our good name.

In a twinkling it smooths the wrinkles out of his point of view.

He is himself again—a man with a responsibility which he could not escape if he would; and would not, if he could.

* * *

Back two thousand miles again to the factories—this time to the experimental room.

An alluring chance to save—to make more profit by skimping, by substitution. No one will ever know. But—the silent monitor repeats its impressive admonition:

Protect our good name.

What chance to compromise with conscience in the presence of that vigilant guardian?

* * *

Thousands of men striving to keep a name clean.

And keeping their own names clean in the process.

* * *

We Americans, it is said, make a god out of business.

Let the slur stand.

Whether it be true or not—it is true that business is our very life.

Shall it be a reproach to us that we try to make business as good as business can be made?

* * *

Think of *this* business, please, in the light of its great animating thought:

Protect our good name.

We are thinking of you, always, when we say it—you American millions, and you other millions in the old world.

We think of you judging us, judging us—by what we are, by what we do, by what we make.

We think of tens of thousands of homes in which our name can be made to stand for that which is worthy and worth while.

We must not lose your good will—we must not tarnish our good name.

* * *

You can call that anything you like.

You can call it business, or sentiment, or idealism, or nonsense.

It may be all of these.

It may even be that which our national critics call making a god of business.

But at least it gives to us a motive that is bigger and broader and deeper than money.

It makes thousands of men happier in their work and more faithful to it.

It has made of this business a democracy of united thought—a democracy of common endeavor—a democracy of purpose and principle.

* * *

And here is the oddest thing of all:

The more we live up to this "impractical" ideal, the greater the business grows.

The more we labor for the future, the more we profit in the present.

The more we strive for character, the greater the reward in money.

The more we put into our product, the more we take out in sales.

Perhaps, after all, there is more than one sense in which it is good to make a god out of business.

We think so.

And we think you think so.

F. A. Seiberling, *President*
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Finding a *sensible* cigarette is just plain, common sense

All you have to do is to look for three points. Take any cigarette you know. Then ask yourself—

Is its taste just what you like best?

Is it comfortable to your throat and tongue—free from bite or hotness?

Will it allow you to smoke as often as you'd like to smoke without any mean after-feeling?

Fatimas aren't the only cigarettes that answer "yes" on all of these points. There are other sensible cigarettes. But facts seem to indicate that Fatimas are the sensible cigarette for most men. Because they now outsell every other cigarette in the world costing over 5c. Doesn't it seem reasonable that you, too, will like Fatimas best? Try them—TODAY.

20 for 15c.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Fatima was the only cigarette awarded the GRAND PRIZE, the highest award given to any cigarette at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

FATIMA
THE TURKISH BLEND
A Sensible Cigarette

Preparedness for Business Success

THE day has passed when untrained men and women are employed to fill responsible positions. Business men demand trained assistants.

An official report of New England Colleges says: "The New England business man of the future is to be trained in college. This is one of the striking tendencies in higher education in the East."

This condition is not sectional; it exists in every part of the country. The man or woman who is to hold the prominent place in your town or in your state will have a college education.

Perhaps you need just this preparation for success. Perhaps you would have it if you could afford it.

Here is the Way

The Educational Division of The Curtis Publishing Company was organized to help young people. By offering scholarships in return for subscriptions sent for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* it has helped thousands to secure the training that has been the foundation of success.

If you lack the means to pay for the training that you need for a successful business or professional career, write for particulars of our plan.

Educational Division, Box 143 The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square, Phila.

SCRAP

(Concluded from Page 11)

requisitions for shovels, sledges and picks were filled with those that showed wear. These men felt that they were being defrauded because they did not draw tools which had never seen an hour's use.

"This antipathy to using tools, materials and equipment that have seen use has shaped the labor policy of our little restoration force at the scrapheap. Just so far as possible, we have developed our own help by taking in boys from the outside instead of drawing on the shops for our labor supply. We want our recruits to be young men who can be inoculated with the waste-saving spirit of this work, and who will take an honest pride in feeling that they are doing real rescue work when they restore to usefulness a tool, a machine or a piece of equipment which has been consigned to the scrapheap.

"It is hard to take a man from the shops where he has spent years on new work and put this spirit into him. About the only thing that can do this is for him to get up against the human scrapheap himself. If he has been sent to the discard because of age or having outlived his usefulness, he is likely to feel a sympathy with the spirit of scrapheap restoration that nothing else in the world would give him.

"The more intelligent a man is, the more this work appeals to him. We see this every day. The better the education a boy or young man has when he comes to this task, the surer is his success. Ignorance is always on the side of waste; intelligence, on the side of constructive economy."

Perhaps no part of this conservation force more clearly illustrates this point than the young men who rescue electrical apparatus and fine tools from untimely oblivion at the hands of the junk scavenger. The leaders of these crews have had a taste of college or institute training, and every time they snatch an electrical instrument or a tool from the pit of the melting pot they feel that they have done something really worth while.

Holding out a heavy wrench, one of these men remarked:

"Now look at that wrench; it may not be quite so good as new, but it's not far from it. Anyhow, it's good for years of service with any sort of decent treatment. It's a good, honest, useful tool, and it would have been melted up if I hadn't grabbed it off and put it into condition again. Bought in big quantities, as the road buys wrenches, it may not have cost more than a dollar and thirty-five cents, but the expenditure of ten cents' worth of labor has doubled its life of service.

"It's a crime the way things have been wasted by the railroads of this country! Some men seem to take delight in smashing and wasting things. I can't understand it. Why, when I save a good tool from the scrapheap and put it back into the running again, I guess I feel a little like the head of the rescue corps of the Salvation Army when he gets hold of a bum, puts him on his feet again, and sends him out into the world to do the work that comes his way."

The Varied Output of the Shops

Emphasis should be placed on the fact that everywhere throughout these rescue shops are appliances for testing almost every kind of device or material which passes through the hands of the waste-saving corps.

There must be no question as to the serviceability of any reclaimed article.

For example, a length of air-brake hose that appears to have been prematurely or accidentally sent to the scrapheap is subjected to a stiff air-pressure test. This is a test of both the hose and its couplings. If it passes muster it is sent back into service as it is.

The testing appliances are mainly to determine whether every article of equipment reclaimed by the scrapheap shops and offered to the mechanical or operating department is able to do the work expected of it, and to do it well and with a generous margin of safety. The testing of valves and hose is especially severe and complete.

The extent to which systematic waste-saving is pushed in this thrifty plant is suggested by the fact that even the cotton waste used about the machines in these shops is scrap waste from which the oil and dirt have been removed. Constructive thrift can hardly go farther than the use of scrap to prevent waste. From the hose-restoration shop of this modern Scrapville are sent scores of platform mats, for the prevention of damage to baggage, made of three-foot lengths of steam-heating hose, skewered on slender rods. Everything in this resilient mat is made of scrap. The consistent use of these mats has saved scores of trunks from breakage. If made of new materials and bought from a factory taking a good toll of profit they would be worth their cost, but made in this way their expense is trifling.

Still another striking example of the extent to which economy is carried in this purchasing agent's tinker shop is the scrap-burlap department, upstairs in one of the shop buildings.

Here a man hardly capable of heavier work is given employment sewing old bags into almost endless bandages, which go to the grain-shipping centers, where they are used as linings to make the car doors entirely grain-tight.

Pieces of sheet iron and boiler steel, and even old boiler flues, are punched into washers. A piece of scrap an inch wide does not escape the eye of the washer scout. Literally millions of nuts are restored to service, some by cleaning only and others by retapping.

Before the Scrapheap Bar

In the shop where the heaviest work is done are twenty forges, which flag the attention of every visitor because of their curious shape. They are so many cylindrical monuments to the spirit of constructive waste-saving, to the ingenuity of men trained to look at every piece of scrap discarded by a great railroad and ask the question: "What is the best use to which this can be put?"

Just as the expansion of this shop was pressing its chief for more forges with which to reshape waste material, a steel smoke-stack came in from the West. To see an old discarded smokestack turned into twenty forges takes some vision, but this man saw the picture in a twinkling.

The stack was quickly separated into its sections, and each section, by the clever use of other scrap material, was transformed into an excellent forge and connected with the general blower or air-pressure system of the shop.

Scores of restoration processes are in full swing in this room, but none of them is more picturesque and interesting than restoring old car springs to their former strength and resilience. They are heated in an intense fire, separated by wedges, and then plunged into a fish-oil bath for tempering. Next they are put into the testing machine, which presses the coils together six times in rapid succession. After this they are measured to see whether they have sprung back to their proper length or expansion.

Perhaps the highest practical value of these scrapheap shops is yet to be pointed out. As a training school for the buying of supplies, materials and equipment of all kinds the scrapheap tinker shop is a technical institute of the highest efficiency. The tales told by the scrapheap contain sharper lessons in buying than could be prepared by the ablest purchasing agent in the country. As a critic of cold results in buying, none can compare with the scrapheap that is handled in an intelligent, analytical and constructive way.

When the value of any article or piece of equipment on this road is under official consideration the discussion is usually closed with the significant comment: "Better ask the scrapheap."

The strength and the weaknesses of every kind of appliance are revealed here with genuine Judgment Day severity. On the findings of this particular scrapheap—perhaps the most scientific, progressive and actively constructive one in America—many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been awarded the road; and these judgments have been recovered in real money.

Of all the functions performed by this remarkable junk pile, however, no doubt the most profitable is that of first aid and general counsel to the department that must spend many millions of dollars every year for the materials and appliances which stand or fall when they face the bar of the scrapheap.

SOLVIG'S SAGA

(Continued from Page 14)

"Sure," the youth echoed; "shake a leg."

This won the displeasure of his companion. "Refinement's what makes a hit with me," she pronounced as they moved away.

The noisy gayety became, for Solvig, unbearably wearisome. She rose finally, intending to go to her room, when two men mounted to the porch. One, she saw immediately, was Eyott; the other was smaller, with a partially bald head and a long nose as sharply pointed as a pencil. Mr. Duckle met them with a loud cordiality.

"Glad to see you! Glad to see you, Frambes! Come to look 'em over? Good! Here's Miss McCracken—you remember her—and Miss Peaseley. No, this lady—that's Miss Fackenacker."

Eyott, Solvig saw, totally indifferent to the introductions, was gazing searchingly among the dancers. Then he turned and proceeded directly toward her.

"I thought you'd be hopping round in there," he said ungraciously.

"I don't feel just like it," she told him. "You sound as if you didn't like dancing."

He did not answer her directly, but, moodily intent upon the revolving couples, growled: "Fools!"

"If I felt like that I'd stay away," she observed calmly.

There was no imperative reason for her going immediately to her room, so she resumed her seat. Eyott remained standing. He wore a dark suit, a collar and broad, flat black tie, and clutched a stiff felt hat in his powerful grasp. His face, although he was heavily built, was gaunt; there was a bony ridge beneath his eyes and the skin clung tightly to the knotted muscles of his jaw.

"I haven't been here of a night for three years," he told her.

Benjamin Frambes, accompanied by Elizabeth McCracken, emerged through the window, and the latter executed fresh introductions. "My," after she had ended that social duty, "I'm as hot as hot! Mr. Frambes dances every drop out of the music. Let's go over to the pavilion."

The others followed her to the platform built between the pines. It was inclosed in a rustic rail and a low, continuous bench. Eyott silently took a place a short distance from Solvig. Elizabeth McCracken and Frambes were across the platform. In the gloom of the dense, overhanging branches Solvig could just make out the glimmer of Elizabeth's dress.

Eyott moved closer. "No time for truck," he reiterated.

"We dance in Norway," Solvig told him. "Erik Polson fiddled and everybody whirled till they dropped. It's different here—they don't laugh nor clap their hands."

Eyott was now close at her side. Without warning he said something completely unintelligible and clumsily kissed her cheek. Solvig drew sharply back and, her hand against his shoulder, gave him a powerful thrust. She heard the rustic rail break, and Eyott disappeared abruptly.

Elizabeth McCracken shrieked. An overwhelming, burning confusion took possession of Solvig. She had not been angry at the kiss; her repulse had been purely instinctive, mechanical. She heard a stir below, a muttered objurgation.

"The rail—Mr. Eyott," she responded, mortified, to the inquiries of the others, and anxiously descended the two steps to the ground, meeting Eyott at their foot.

"I'm sorry," she told him. "I didn't go to do it. I'm not mad with you."

"No other woman alive could have done that, and no man would have tried round here. When I came with Frambes to-night I didn't know what for, but I do now—I'd like to marry you. You'd make a farmer a wife and a half; you could lift a milk can wagon-high with one hand."

A strange numbness possessed Solvig. She endeavored to summon her faculties to meet the amazing thing he had said; but they lay inert, apparently dead. All emotion was beyond her, all feeling save a vanishing, inchoate dread. A complete helplessness fell over her.

"Will you marry me?" Eyott demanded.

She answered in a voice that sounded like a stranger's on her hearing, obeying an impulse which seemed to come, to dominate her, from without:

"Yes."

VII

EYOTT drove her home to his farm directly after their marriage at the minister's house. Her bag lay at their feet. It was late afternoon. Long, dusty-gold shafts of sunlight pierced the shifting, deepening shadows. Eyott drove silently, with his gaze lowered, his hard mouth tightly closed. Several observations hovered on Solvig's lips, but she suppressed them—life had taught her that the unaccountable moods of men were to be observed, concurred in. They turned from the road into a rough lane between fields of young corn. The lane was rocky and had sudden dips and rises. Her husband's gaze shifted to the corn and then turned to the cloudless vault of the sky. He pronounced discontentedly the words: "Rain—badly needed," his only remark for the past quarter hour.

The lane wound past a gnarled cherry tree and Solvig saw a stone house. The horse quickened his stride and they passed round a corner of the dwelling. It was four-square, built of smooth green stone, and had a high-pitched roof, a narrow wooden portico before the door. At one side projected a low, gray-stone wing, evidently the original dwelling; but now, Solvig saw through open doors and windows, used as a kitchen and place of storage.

The sod before the house was smooth and darkly green, with the inevitable pine at the portico. On one side were the barn and stone-walled yard, on the other a half-submerged dairy house and slatted and weathered corncribs.

The lawn was incredibly peaceful, withdrawn; the sun shot a single ray across the emerald grass; a climbing rose above the door filled the air with uncoiling scent.

Eyott turned the wheel for Solvig to descend; he waited for her to lift down her bag, and then drove the horse toward the barn. She stood awaiting his return. A sharp, overwhelming emotion seized her, a tumultuous, marveling happiness. This fine house, the sweep of lawn, the great barn and dairy and ripening fields offered her their protection, their richness, their opportunity for faithful care and labor. They were even, she thought daringly, in a way her own. A gratitude, keen as a knife, to Eyott for so largely dowering her filled her eyes with tears. There was no service that she would not render him, no task too heavy for her to undertake. She wanted to put this into words, to assure him of her supreme thankfulness. But when he approached, with a swift glance at his unrelaxed jaw, his somber eyes, she choked it within her full heart.

As she stepped upon the portico a woman appeared in the door; a short, shapeless figure, with a face that bore signs of a long past prettiness, but which had collapsed into dry, pink folds.

"Mrs. Woodloe," Eyott told Solvig. There was no further word of explanation. However, she had no difficulty in establishing the other's identity from the tale she had heard at the boarding house. The older woman met her with a tremulous cordiality; anxiety showed in the watery eyes, in the uncertain thrusting forward of a wrinkled hand. Solvig's instinctive antagonism swiftly perished; it would give her pleasure to do for the old lady. Solvig entered her home blinded by happiness.

VIII

SOLVIG was quickly absorbed in the arduous, monotonous labor of Eyott's farm. Certain duties became particularly her own—the milking and bedding of the cows, the care of the chickens and vegetables grown for their own consumption; this was in addition to entire charge of the house. At the end of June the hay was cut, field laborers had to be fed with her own family; and throughout the day she moved from stove to table, from table to stove; her other duties filled the early, gray dawn, the late dusk.

Eyott never relaxed from his attitude of cold indifference. He seldom spoke to her—he would go for weeks without addressing Mrs. Woodloe; then only voiced a direction in the fewest possible words. No successful accomplishment of a difficult task brought from him the slightest recognition. He worked from dark to dark, and, superlatively powerful, was relentless in his demands upon others.

After nightfall they would sit—Solvig, Eyott and Mrs. Woodloe—upon the portico on the still lawn. Eyott's head would sink forward, his somber gaze rest on the ground. Mrs. Woodloe would rock with an endless,

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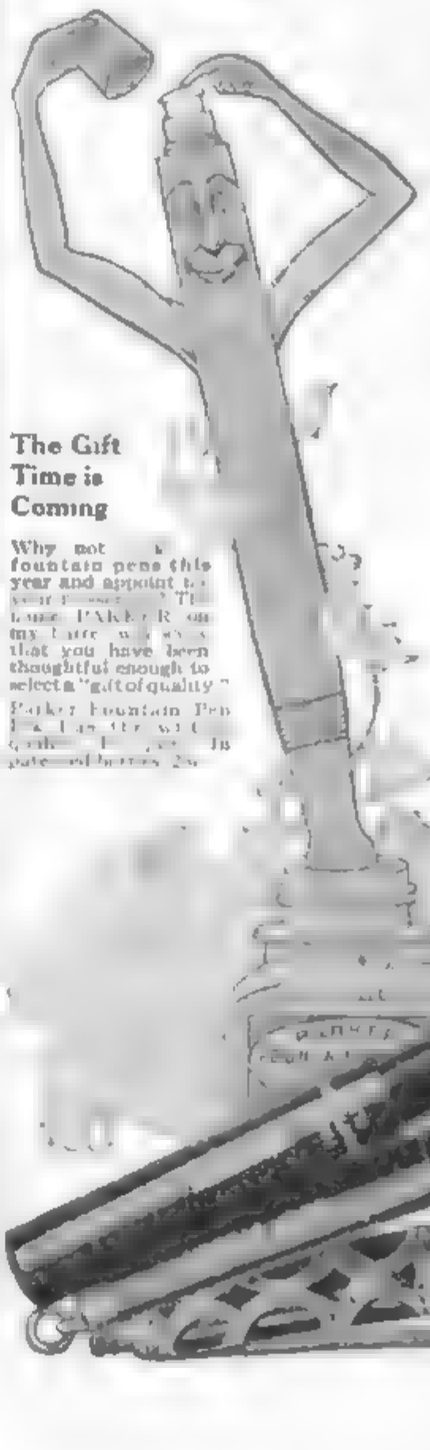

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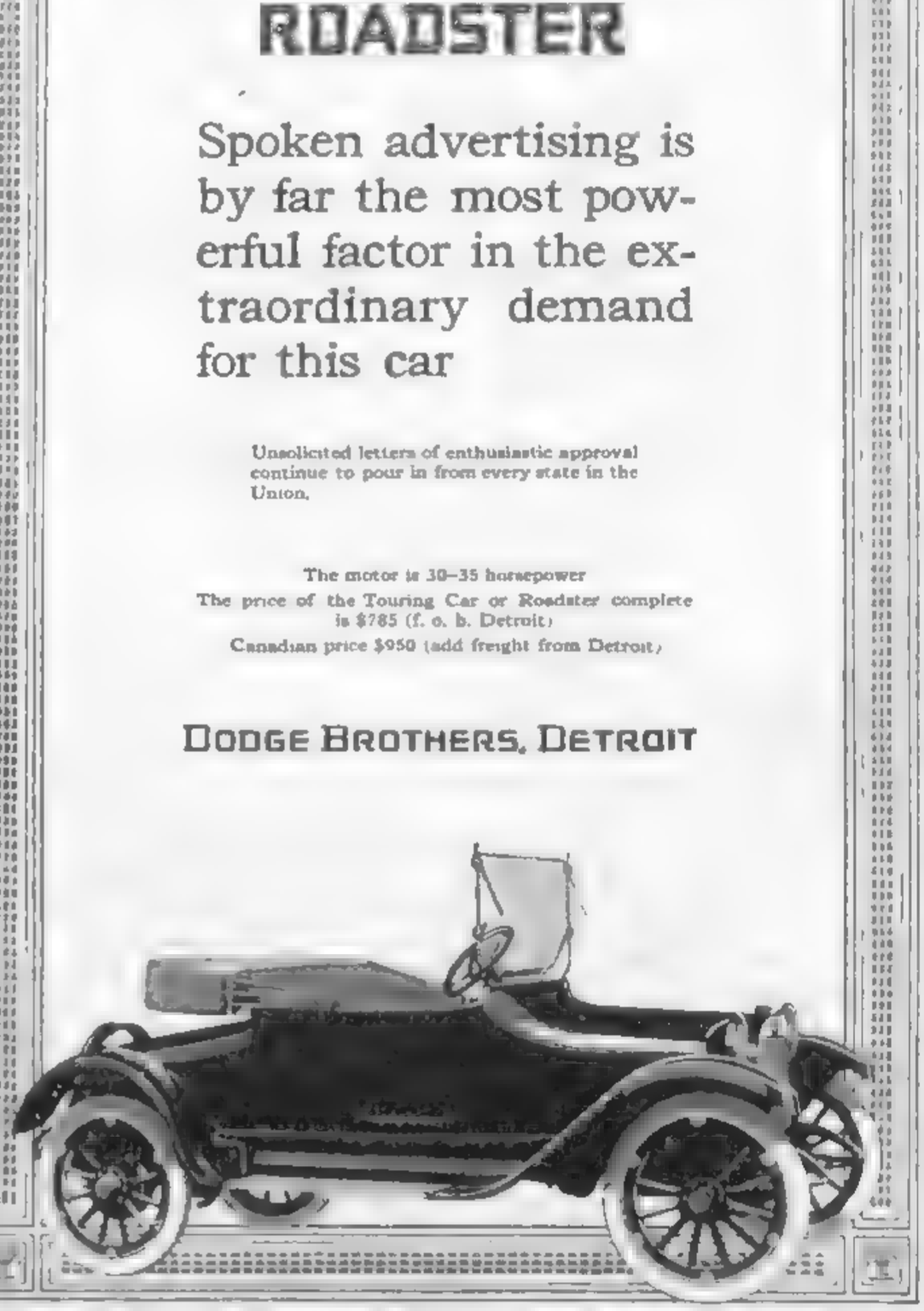

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fluttering sound; while Solvig sat motionless with open hands. She would watch her husband's bowed form with a thrill at her heart too warm now for gratitude and a longing to put out her hand and touch him. Once, when Mrs. Woodloe had gone early to bed, she actually laid her palm upon his shoulder. She felt his entire being stiffen against the slight caress, and she silently removed her hand. He said nothing for what seemed to her an interminable period, then spoke, sudden and harsh:

"It'll do you no good to ask for what you can't get. Take your place and the food and house over your head and be thankful. Any sensible body would. The rest—nonsense!" His voice dropped to a mutter: "Lies!" Silence fell blankly over him once more.

Any sensible person, Solvig reminded herself, would be satisfied with what she had; and she stifled the new stir, a faint hunger of her inner being, in a determined application to her multifarious duties.

The wheat was housed and threshed and August drooped its burning blue haze over the countryside; sudden, crashing thunderstorms swept up at dusk; and the nights were filled with the metallic shrilling of locusts.

There was hardly a waking minute in which Solvig was not occupied in house or barn, and she constantly extended her field of labor—to-day she was boiling the great, ringing row of milk cans; to-morrow —— In September the corn was cut and the fields prepared for the wheat. Eyott went several times into town in search of farm hands, and returned morose and only partially successful. He was seated on the porch in an especially savage silence when Solvig said:

"I can plow."

His only answer was an impatient movement of the shoulders.

"In Norway, on the Sogne Fjord, I plowed," she informed him. "There the women work with the men in the fields."

"Why not?" he replied. "It's honest."

The following morning, with the sun rising redly at her back, Solvig drove the first furrow in a field that lay between rounded hills. She threw her weight on the plow handles, the horse dug his hoofs into the earth, and a straight trail of rich, broken mold lay behind them. The sun mounted swiftly and the day grew hot. Solvig, guiding the plow, her strong frame swinging to the inequalities of the ground, repeatedly wiped her broad, dripping brow. She labored fiercely, striving to drive from her the steadily increasing dissatisfaction within—the growing, inchoate hunger.

In vain she recalled Eyott's words—any sensible person would be content with what she had; in vain she told herself that she owed her husband a life's service of gratitude; the unrest, the longing persisted. Her unhappiness, for it had now become that, she thought must be nonsense, because of the small things that would have instantly banished it—the touch of her fingers on Eyott's cheek while he sat lost in heedless gloom would have routed it; a word of praise, even the slightest warming of his voice, would change it to rejoicing.

She plowed through the long afternoon, until the shadow of the western hill lengthened over the purple, turned earth, with the heaviness, the emptiness of her heart undiminished. In the darkening kitchen she fried a late supper, standing over the glowing stove while her family and a stolid laborer consumed the meal she prepared for them. In the thick, yellow glow of a lamp she washed the dishes; and, long belated, took her accustomed place on the portico.

Her husband said nothing. A momentary resentment, the flicker of an elemental anger, rose within her and died away. Any sensible person —— What was it she wanted? Only trifles, things so small that she could not ask for them. She recalled her childhood, the warmth of affection that had emanated from her father, enveloping them all like a generous fire on the hearth. She shivered uncontrollably, in spite of the sultriness of the September night. Eyott's face, as he rose to go in, was as cold, as hard as granite.

IX

THE flame of autumn rose and died on the hills, the fields turned brown, and crackling leaves whirled uneasily about the corners. Only the pines remained green, outlasted the summer. The first snow powdered the ground and winter bound the earth in a frozen captivity. Winter itself was broken when Solvig gave birth to a girl.

Continued on Page 49

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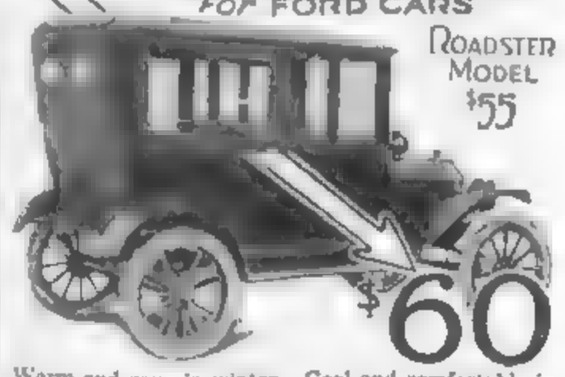

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Liberty National Bank
Marine Trust Co.
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Merchants National Bank
National Bank of Commerce
National City Bank
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J & W Seligman & Co.
Spencer Trask & Co.
White, Weld & Co.

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Traders' Bank of Rochester
Security Trust Co
Ford & Enos
Harris, Forbes & Co.

Syracuse, Ford & Enos

Troy, Troy Trust Co.
Harris, Forbes & Co.

OHIO

Cincinnati, Citizens National Bank
First National Bank

Cleveland, The Bonbright-Herrick Co.
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Hayden, Miller & Co.
Otis & Co.
The Tillotson & Wolcott Co
White, Weld & Co

Columbus, Huntington National Bank

Dayton, City National Bank

Toledo, Second National Bank
Secor & Bell

OREGON

Portland, Hall & Lewis

PENNSYLVANIA

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Brown Brothers & Co
Bank of North America
Central National Bank
Commercial Exchange National Bank
First National Bank
Fourth Street National Bank
Franklin National Bank
Philadelphia National Bank
Commonwealth Trust Co
Equitable Trust Co
Girard Trust Co
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Liberty National Bank
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Peoples National Bank
Union National Bank
Western National Bank
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Pawtucket, Slater Trust Co

Providence, Columbus Exchange National Bank
Merchants National Bank
National Exchange Bank
Providence National Bank
Industrial Trust Co.
Rhode Island Hospital Trust Co
Bodell & Co
Richardson & Clark
Wilcox, Steele & Co

Westerly, Washington Trust Co

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston, First National Bank
A M Marshall & Bro
Lee & M Moreland Co

TENNESSEE

Nashville, Fourth-First National Bank

VERMONT

Brattleboro, Brattleboro Trust Co

Montpelier, Montpelier National Bank

Rutland, Clement National Bank

VIRGINIA

Richmond, American National Bank
Bank of Commerce & Trusts
First National Bank
Merchants & Manufacturers National Bank
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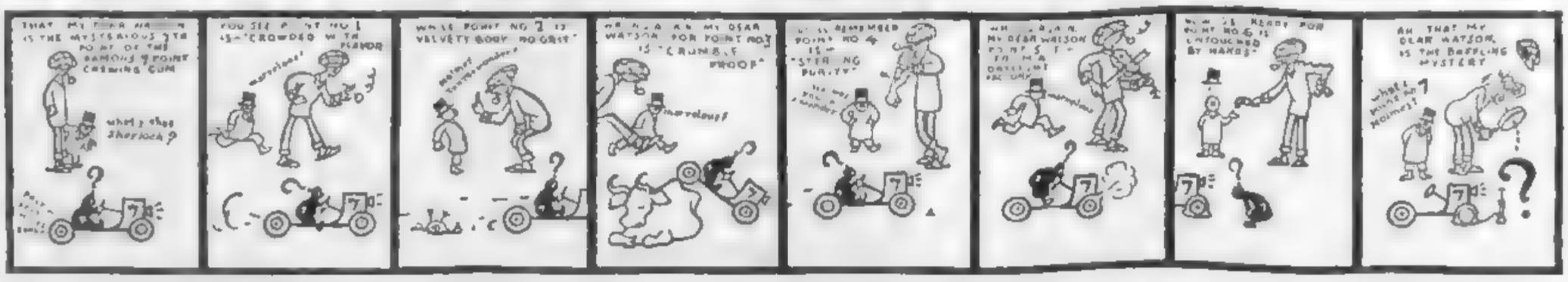

(Continued from Page 46

As Eyott stood above the bed that held the woman and her child a new grimness settled upon his countenance.

"A girl," he repeated bitterly; "another woman in the world to—to ——" He left the room abruptly, without finishing his period.

For a while the care of her child drove the uneasiness from Solvig's being—the details of bathing, of the minute garments, filled and satisfied her. After a tentative effort she gave up hope of interesting, reaching Eyott with their baby. That phrase, "A girl," pronounced with profound dislike, expressed his entire feeling. He was apparently unconscious of the diminutive existence. Eternally occupied with the actual phases of his farming, he strode with an unmoved countenance, an inattentive gaze, through his house, consumed his meals in a lowering silence.

With the opening of spring Solvig's duties again widened; and with the return of her labors without, the nameless, disturbing need came back increased a hundred fold. With the sudden multiplication of the farm's more pressing necessities it fell naturally to Solvig to break the ground for the vegetable patch. It lay, an irregular half-acre, at the back of the dwelling, and she propped her baby in a grassy angle of the hedge while she plowed. The plowing done, harrowing followed, and planting. At the turn of the row she would rise and smooth the covering laid beneath the child, wipe the minute, wet face, revel in the clutching, impotent hands.

The heat settled like a woolen blanket upon the land at the commencement of May, and day after day there was no change, no relief. Rain fell only in rare, brief gusts, driven by fitful winds, with the early echo of far thunder, and followed by steamy, intolerable sun and leaden nights. Solvig's child did not thrive in the heat. There were no actual symptoms of illness, but a palpable, slow depletion of vitality. She spoke of this to Eyott as he was driving a wagonload of seed corn from the barn, and he answered her briefly, his attention upon the horses and straining load:

"Have the doctor."

Already, the doctor told her, the year had established an appalling mortality among the very young. There was little to do—alternate diets, precautions were outlined. The doctor made a second visit three weeks later. The baby was obviously thinner, more languid. An increasing panic fastened upon Solvig, a dull conviction that the baby was not going to survive. She told her fear, in a hard, forced calm, to Mrs. Woodloe.

The older woman, with an exaggeration of Solvig's superstition, wilted in tearful sympathy, a facile sobbing interrupted by almost unintelligible words:

"The poor innocent! And you've been a true daughter to me, Solvig. You know—know about my own and Eyott. All men are born fools; seems like they never learn—blind till they're dead. If she was mine—— You are the better girl, a hundred times, and I'll—I'll tell him."

"No." Solvig laid her hard palm on the other's shoulder. "You must never say anything; it would only set him more. Any sensible person would be contented with what I have."

As she spoke the extraordinary conviction seized her that, with the exception of her child, she had nothing. All the acres about her, the towering barn and stock, the comfortable stone house and still lawn were, somehow, unreal, valueless. She could not hold them to her heart as she could the child; there was no warmth, no vitality nor joy in them. There was no warmth nor life in Eyott either, she thought. The double conviction seized her that he would never change toward her and that the baby would die, and a passionate, smoldering resentment was born. She was conscious of a strange stirring of her nature, an unfamiliar, hot anger. She broke a dish at the sink; and in a sudden, blind spurt of feeling hurled the fragments into a corner.

The hay matured and was harvested, the wheat ripened into a heavy cloth of gold. The ever-present difficulty in securing labor delayed the cutting of the grain; it hung dead ripe, swinging with a dry, ominous murmur to the momentary stirring of the air, while Eyott anxiously scanned the sky. A heavy storm now, Solvig knew, would strip the grain from the heads, destroy the crop. Eyott had started cutting, and ordinarily Solvig would have been in the field; but she scarcely stirred from the baby, cribbed in the coolest corner of the house. She watched with fear gripping her heart, the inchoate resentment growing.

A robin was whistling, querulously sweet for the dawn, the square of the window was glimmering grayly, when Solvig's child died.

x

EYOTT said to her:

"The funeral's to be this afternoon." As he spoke his gaze moved unconsciously toward the sky. He was thinking about his wheat! Solvig's hands clenched, her bright, dry eyes fastened upon him, flared like burning powder. The insane desire seized her to strike him, hurt him. The hurt in her own heart was rapidly growing beyond endurance. His gaze swept the horizon and then, after a short, awkward silence, he withdrew.

The day was appallingly hot. The sun, a molten white mass, circled slowly through a thick, gray haze; the atmosphere was like steam. The few people gathered at Eyott's house for the funeral were leaden, inert. The low, preliminary speech of the minister seemed smothered in the humidity. As he pronounced the opening of the service for the dead a sudden gloom fell over the room, an unnatural darkness from without. Solvig, bolt upright in her rigid grief, saw a change of expression on her husband's countenance. He was seated by a window, and he looked swiftly, anxiously out. She could see his anxiety increasing into a tense impatience; he could scarcely contain himself through the service.

At its end he followed Benjamin Frambes onto the porch. Across the southern horizon lay a murky, yellow cloud. The short, staccato ring of the telephone took Eyott into the house, after which he sought his wife.

"Hail," he told her, "as big as cherries is sweeping across the lower end of the county, moving this way. It may be here in the hour; and if the wheat's standing it'll cut it to pieces. Frambes is sending for his men—we are going to try and get the grain in. You'll have to go to the cemetery with Mrs. Woodloe."

Her dulled mind did not immediately grasp the import of his words, and he turned away, missing the sudden pallor of her lips, her tense exclamation. During the short ride to the cemetery, the service there unconsciously hurried by the impending storm, the day grew steadily darker; the sluggish cloud mounted, spread toward the zenith. The heat incredibly increased; the countryside lost its greenery; gray fields quivered on the vision; the trees were like smoke.

When Solvig returned, the house, shut against the heat, was gloomy and still; her footfalls echoed sharply on the bare floors; the shutting of a door sounded like a gunshot. Her resentment now completely possessed her; it mounted in waves to her brain—a primitive anger at unchangeable circumstances, at fate.

The darkness, although the day was not spent, grew so profound that in the kitchen she lit a lamp. The supper hour was rapidly approaching, but she made no preparations; she sat with her arms hanging at her sides, her gaze blank.

Eyott entered the kitchen with a slow, dragging step. His shirt, open at his dark throat, lay in wet folds over his powerful, stooping shoulders; his face was streaked and haggard with overwhelming fatigue.

"It's in," he said, sinking heavily on a chair.

Solvig made no reply; she sat motionless with a set face, burning eyes. Eyott made a further remark—he must wash before supper. But there was no indication that she had heard him. He gazed curiously at her, seemed at the point of speaking, but rose and walked softly from the room.

"It's in," she repeated silently. The wheat was safe; nothing else mattered. A sudden, blind tempest of rage shook her; she stood upright, massive in the half light of the lamp, a towering, primitive figure that dwarfed the objects of civilization about her . . . The wheat was safe! The reiteration of that statement drove her into a fury that submerged her every faculty, restraint. A shuddering impulse to destroy, to burn and ruin, possessed her utterly.

She was berserk, filled with the old, terrible madness of the Vikings, her ancestors, the sagas of whose stark rages had been preserved through the countless generations that had vanished since the early, fabulous days of blood and fire.

Her eyes swept the solid walls and rested upon the stove, upon the crumpled papers in the scuttle with which she had spread

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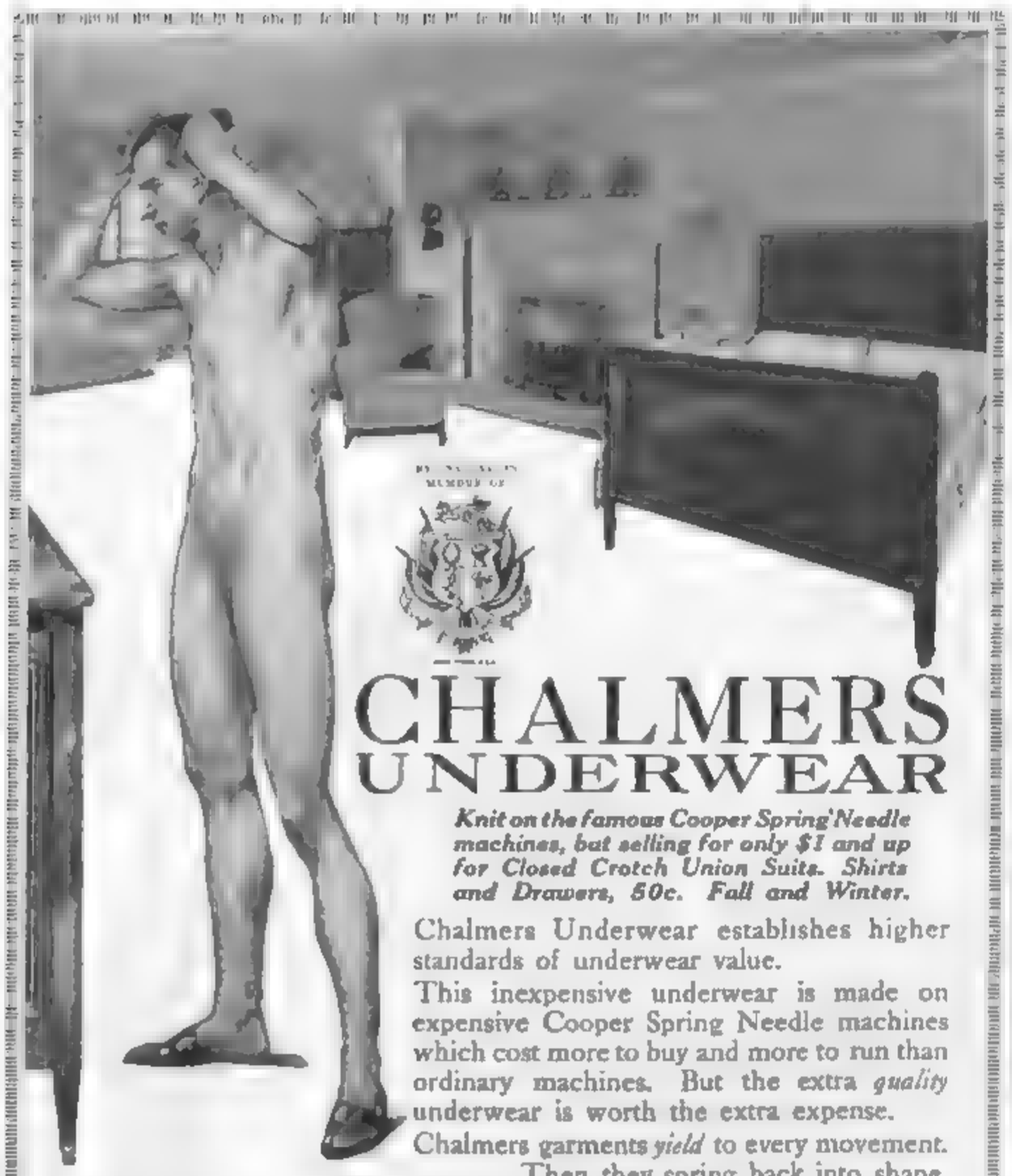

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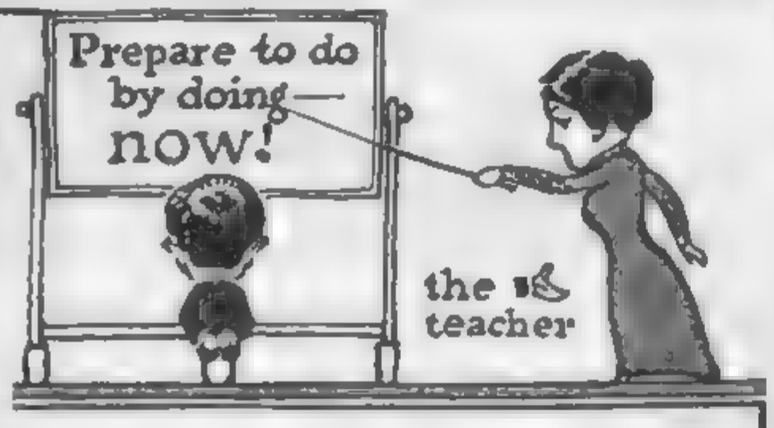

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on the greasy stove blacking. In a moment she had twisted the paper into a torch and thrust its head into the burning coals. She hurried from the kitchen with the vivid flame fluttering like a flag behind her. Eyott had called the wheat, upon which he placed his faith, safe.

Outside a deep purple pall lay across the sky; the sun, sinking into a superheated haze, seemed to fill the air with copper dust; the countryside was incredibly green, like spread, ropy paint. The metallic glow darkened; the flaring torch in Solvig's hand cast a lurid reflection on her cheek.

She went in a stumbling run toward the barn, a portentous shape in a setting, a livid gloom, appalling in its savage unreality. A white knife of lightning stabbed from cloud to earth with an instantaneous, shattering crash. To Solvig it was Thor's hammer hurled against the world, the screaming of Loki tied with his son's entrails till the end of time. She saw the fateful dark blue swan driven before the sudden tempest of wind that beat across the land. Then she plunged into the musty, sweet night of the barn. Above, reached by an open stair, was the great, dry store of hay and grain; and above she thrust the smoldering remnants of paper into the piled, aromatic mass.

A tongue of fire ran crackling over the surface of the hay, and instantaneously the great heap burst into flames. The heat poured over Solvig, forcing her back from the stair by which she had mounted; and before its blast the fire of her own passion died away. Across the barn floor a wide door opened upon the sodded driveway over which the hay was driven into storage, and, choking in the swirling, black smoke, she ran to the other entrance, fumbling for the familiar hasp that held the door. . . . It would not move for her shaking fingers. She made a second effort, putting all her power into the wrenching of the iron. It would not stir. With a fast-vanishing consciousness she saw that the door had sagged upon its hinges: she could not move it.

The fire at her back, choked by momentary lack of air, filled the barn with scorching masses of sooty smoke. Solvig beat against the door, crying out in an agony of fear. Eyott would not hear her, yet she called his name with a desperate, hopeless energy. The realization of her great peril was mingled with profound sorrow for herself and her husband, with regret for the empty silence of their wasted days. The smoke enveloped Solvig in a pitchy darkness. An unbearable accession of terror swept over her, followed by a merciful dulling of her senses. She thought she heard blows fall upon the door, but the sound was lost in the sullen roar of the flames. Then suddenly the door was burst open, flinging her backward.

"Solvig!" Eyott cried in a strange, thrilled voice. "Solvig!"

She rose uncertainly from the floor. She could see nothing, neither could she distinguish from which direction the call came; standing still, she cried her husband's name with a sobbing joy.

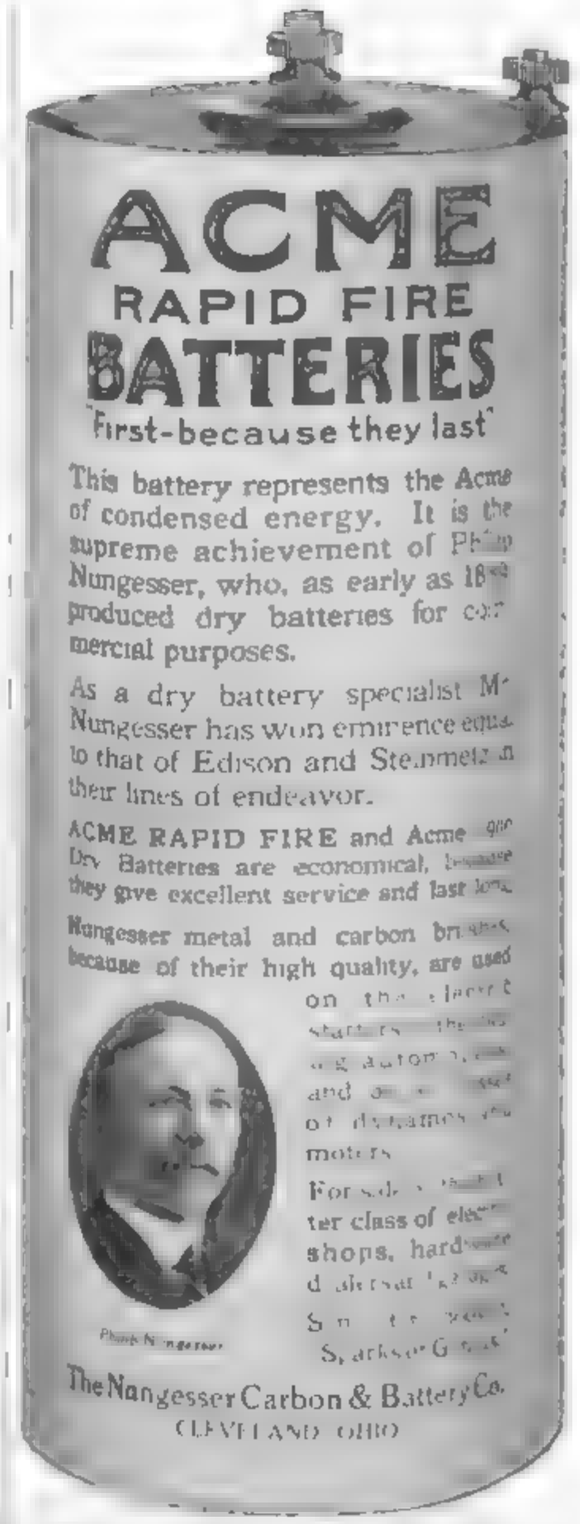
Solvig felt Eyott's groping hands; she was conscious of being lifted, carried, into the open, beyond the deep clamor of the fire. She had scarcely emerged when a wall of rain, like tarnished silver, swept over her and drowned all sound save its own thunderous impact upon the earth. The water fell in a solid mass upon the barn, pouring through the great expanse of burning roof.

She could scarcely breathe in the overwhelming flood; and, clasping Eyott's hand, they forced their way blindly toward shelter. He repeated her name—Solvig—again and again; his arm found her waist and held her upright. It seemed to her that they must be drowned together, that they would never struggle through the formless, watery waste, when suddenly the portico appeared before them. She was safe; still Eyott did not unclasp her, but held her to him with a bitter force.

"I was afraid, Solvig," he told her. "After what happened to me with that other I swore I'd never give a second woman a chance to laugh at me. Solvig, I was afraid to admit to myself how much I had grown to think of you."

A deep remorse shadowed her incredulous joy. "But I burned your beautiful grain," she said. "I hated it because it stood between us ——"

"That's only the chaff," he replied, "the hay and wheat. You're the grain, Solvig, the gold. My eyes opened when I heard you crying out of the fire, when I thought you were gone."



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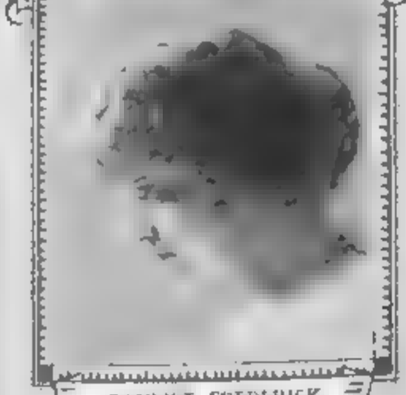

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IN PURSUIT OF HICKS

(Continued from Page 18)

achieved escaped even my trained eye, but my dog had him by the neck—yes, my friend, had him securely, though undermost. It did not require a second for him to emerge on top, and then he went to work with the terrible silence characteristic of his breed. The other immediately set up a yelp.

"Take him off!" screeched his owner, hopping round them. "Take him off or I'll shoot."

"Sir," I replied, "if you touch my dog I will kill you."

And then M'sieu Jimmy interfered. Primitive as he doubtless was, M'sieu Jimmy was not wholly devoid of merit.

"Go to it, Frenchy, ol' scout!" he yelled. "That's the ticket. You leave them dogs alone, Smith, or I'll take to you myself. Didn't you start this ruckus?"

But it was not my intention to precipitate a tragedy. The strange dog deserved a lesson, but I would not forfeit his life.

"Had enough?" I asked of his owner.

"More'n enough," he replied. "Call him off."

Therefore I stepped up to them while Rowdy was still tugging at the throat and tapped him smartly on the shoulder. He quieted somewhat, but did not desist. Again I smote him, commanding him to cease.

"He just can't let go," opined a cowherd. "His mind's on his business. You'll have to use a crowbar."

And that, m'sieu, was what we did. So securely had he locked his teeth that it required a stout stick to pry open his jaws.

Imagine the respect entertained for my dog after this episode, my friend. Indeed, his nature excited the sentiment of love as well as of respect, such was his gentleness. Madame Bastedo never tired of fondling him, and he suffered her somewhat effusive endearments with admirable tolerance. You have only to behold my dog to-day, m'sieu, to appreciate the esteem his conduct and disposition inspired in our little community.

My duties, as I have stated, were to bathe the dishes and to carry the food into the dining room, which was nothing more than a barnlike place with two long tables covered with oilcloths. The floor and walls were entirely bare, and the rapacious rabble sat on benches, bolting their meat like a pack of wolves, and so intent on the work in hand that conversation was unthought of. Indeed, one seldom raised his head from his plate save to roll his eyes in quest of an edible his appetite craved. A barbarous crew, my friend, but extremely adept in their profession.

I will not deny that my duties were disagreeable and at times demeaning to one of my nature, but whenever my spirit rebelled a brief reflection subdued the impulse that prompted me to twist the nose of M'sieu Jimmy and go on my way. I had only to recall the horrid, arid region separating us from the world to reconcile me to my lot for the time being. And the work was so arduous that for weeks I completely lost sight of my purpose to find the habitat of the Hicks.

Yet there was some relief from the degrading toil. Firstly, the French lessons with madame; secondly, Miss Hetty. Assisting occasionally in the kitchen in the capacity of helper was a buxom young woman of that name. She was not unprepossessing, her hair being extremely luxuriant and of a rich copper in hue. She had, moreover, white skin of a texture surprisingly delicate for one of her station, and her eyes were a burning brown. They were the sort of eyes, m'sieu, that cause a man to turn his head in a crowd, regardless of the decorum of their owner.

This young woman was exceedingly free with her tongue. *Mon Dieu*, how my eyes did open the first day of my employment on hearing an exchange of repartee between her and M'sieu Jimmy! I assure you, my friend, that a Maisonneuve cab-driver could have done no better. Nevertheless, M'sieu Jimmy seemed not wanting in respect for her, and so I was led to the conclusion that she was a logical product of her environment.

"Teach me your lingo, Frenchy," she said one day.

The identical request made by Madame Bastedo! Yet how different too! How could such an individual hope to acquire French? Or, succeeding, what end accomplished? I looked at her. It was not difficult to guess her motive. Indeed, for several days I had suspected that Miss Hetty was in love with me, and now I was sure of it.

"With pleasure, ma'm'selle," I answered. "Let us go and sit on the bench together behind the kitchen door. And we will begin with I love, thou lovest ——"

It made her laugh, with a delicious heightening of color.

"You're sure getting away to a running start, Little Man," she said gayly.

For some reason she persisted in calling me Little Man, although I am, as you may see, well grown; being, in fact, five feet six inches in height and of compact frame.

And so Miss Hetty and I applied ourselves to the study of language. Why dissemble to a friend? She was a beautiful woman and I a man who has readily found favor with her sex in every clime, and so—m'sieu, I set about fascinating her. But attend!—patience until you hear what an astonishing thing was this gorgeous wildflower. So bold and free in a mixed company, so forward in speech, she was as shy and fearful as a colt when approached by a lover. Yes, it was so. Against my advances she fenced with the prettiest skill. Ah, m'sieu, how wonderful are your countrywomen! So bold and yet so timid; so free, yet full of the finest reserves. They are indeed charming.

To Miss Hetty I offered those courteous attentions, those civilities and harmless tendernesses that a gallant gentleman may bestow upon a discreet woman without offense. And when I have confessed that, I have confessed all, upon my honor.

"Better watch out for Tud," warned Madame Bastedo, shaking her finger at me.

Of course I feigned to be mystified. She was smiling, but I was not fooled, m'sieu. It would have been surprising indeed had she not been jealous of the beautiful waitress.

Yet what had the fellow called Tud to do with our innocent affair? I had observed that he scowled whenever I relieved Miss Hetty of a heavy load or performed any other of those small acts of consideration which come naturally to a man of refinement—trifles to us, but meaning so much to the recipient, more especially when she is sighing from love. Now I determined to keep watch, but was frustrated by his failure to put in an appearance. M'sieu Jimmy informed me that he had gone to a distant part of the range to erect a fence round a bog hole, but the explanation struck me as another example of American humor. For why would any sane man desire to preserve a bog hole, my friend? I ask you, why would he? However, he did not come back and I promptly forgot him.

One evening, freshly shaved and in my best suit, I had gone to the big house to give madame a lesson. She was in one of her petulant moods, as full of whims as a child. I suspect that M'sieu Bastedo indulged her, as the American husband is so apt to do.

"What's the good of it all?" she protested with an adorable pout. "Of course I can see how the French have a right to call a cow a *vache* if they want to. But after all a cow is a cow, isn't she?"

Could anyone argue against such logic, m'sieu? I laughed and diverted her attention to an irregular verb. When madame was interested she had a habit of leaning forward to peep at the book over my shoulder. You will readily apprehend that this posture resulted in bringing our heads very close together, which produced in me a delicious but regrettable dizziness. I found myself wholly unable to concentrate my faculties on the written word.

We were thus engrossed in an anecdote by the immortal Daudet, when who should come clanking into the room but M'sieu Bastedo. There was a terrible frown on his brow, but he did not speak. No, he walked straight through into the dining room and poured himself a glass of whisky. I am not a timorous man, m'sieu, but I freely confess that at the moment I was daunted. He was her husband; after all, he had some rights. I began to wonder whether the time had not arrived for me to assist M'sieu Jimmy at the messhouse.

"Jess," he said to her, "come here."

Was she filled with trepidation? You little know the American woman, my friend, if you so think. She giggled in apparent

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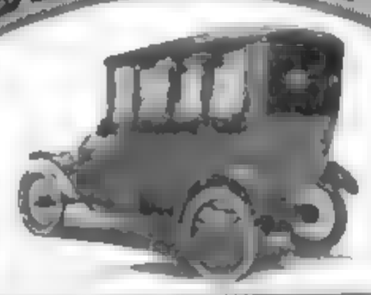

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delight and bounced out of her chair. I heard him growl: "What's that grinning jackanapes doing round here again? I told you to cut out ——" And then his voice was shut off by her white hand on his lips. Madame laughed with a note of raillery. What she said in reply I do not know. It was enough for me that I was unwelcome in that house, and I seized the pretext of her absence to go—not hurriedly, you understand, but with a touch of nonchalance, that her bear of a husband might see how little his insults flustered me.

After that I absented myself from the big house for a week. Considerations of good breeding dictated this step; overtures must come from her side. Then one day she sent her cook to summon me, and after a decent interval, to impress her with my complete indifference, and which I utilized to give a few deft touches to my appearance, I went. Madame was swinging in a hammock on the porch.

Bien, we were friends again and I gave her a lesson; but the customary pepper, as you would say, was somehow lacking in it. Do what I would, I caught myself watching the path from the barns along which M'sieu Bastedo was wont to approach. And about five o'clock there he came.

"Oh, you're not going?" exclaimed madame, endeavoring to detain me.

"It is necessary, madame. I beg of you to let me go. I assured M'sieu Jimmy—I have made a promise."

"Oh, very well," she said, as cold now as ice.

I bade her a respectful adieu and went toward the gate, but M'sieu Bastedo arrived there before me.

"What're you doing here?" he demanded.

"Emmett!" cried madame from the porch.

"Get back down where you belong," he bellowed, fairly purple with anger, "or I'll skin you alive, you jumpin'-jack."

It was too much. I drew myself up with all the dignity I could muster. "M'sieu, were you any place else than here, those words would cost you ——"

"Beat it," he interrupted. "Beat it before I turn you over my knee and spank you good."

You will be amazed, m'sieu—astounded beyond measure—at my next step. For I permitted his insults to pass; yes, I bowed sternly to him and walked away. Doubtless you marvel. Knowing me as you do, it is perhaps inconceivable to you that I should swallow this unreasonable and jealous bully's abuse, but I thought of madame and choked back my pride. Who was I, to embroil so gracious a creature with the beast to whom she was chained by law and duty? Therefore I went.

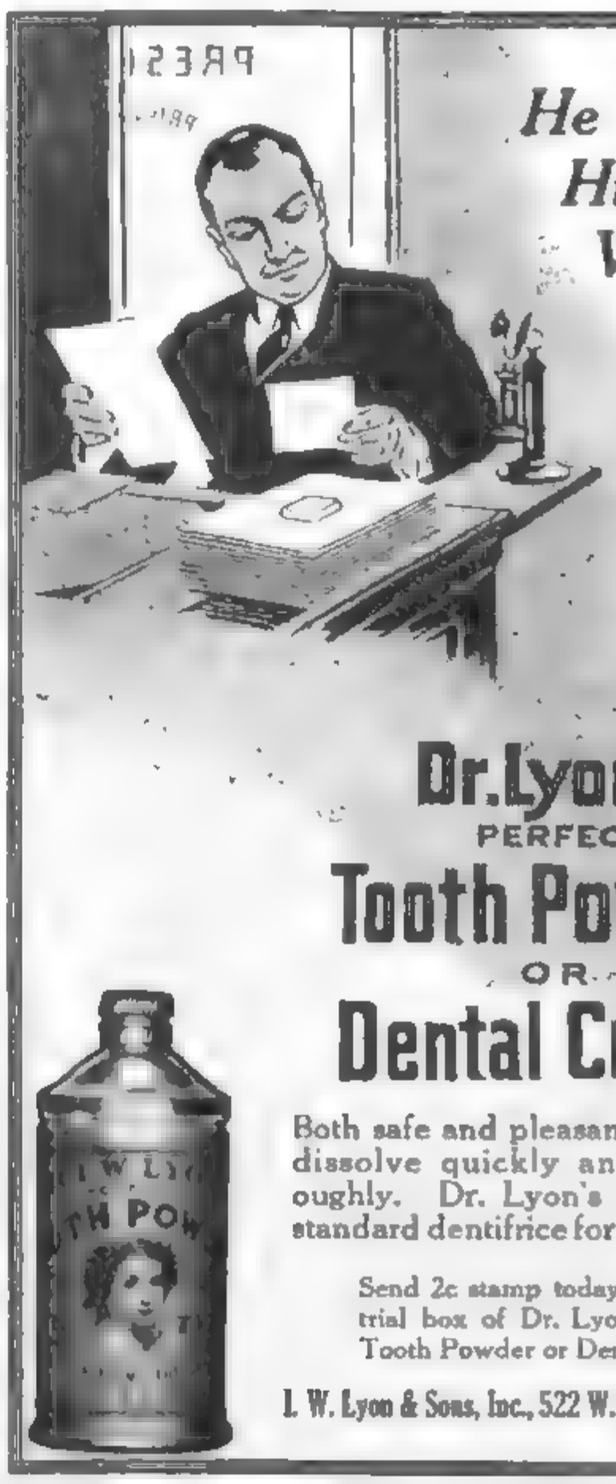
"What's the matter?" asked M'sieu Jimmy. "You look like you smelled something and couldn't locate it."

The incidents of the afternoon exercised such a depressing effect on my spirits that I stole away after supper and walked down toward the rude reservoir maintained to water the cattle. Only Rowdy was with me. Any other companionship would have been distasteful.

It was growing dusk, and the air was wonderful with that soft radiance you find nowhere else on the American continent. By and by it grew dark, and as I strolled I heard the friendly croak of a frog. Aha, thought I, here is my opportunity to vary the wretched monotony of beef, beef, beef! No sooner conceived than acted upon. I possessed myself of a stout club, m'sieu, called by the natives a two-by-four, and crept stealthily to the rim of the dam, my faithful dog sniffing at my side. There in front of us, not three feet away, sat the biggest frog it has ever been my lot to behold. His legs were of a magnificent fullness. I raised my club for a bold stroke, and just then Rowdy gave vent to a snarl and rushed at somebody behind me.

I sprang up. A rope fell over me, pinning my arms to my sides, and before I could give voice to my indignation I was dragged to the earth. Through the confusion of my fall I heard the crash of a club on Rowdy's skull, and the poor beast uttered a plaintive cry. Even in my danger I peered at him—he was stretched in the dirt, apparently lifeless.

And then rage overcame me, my friend. I struggled; I fought to free myself; I shouted, hurling imprecations at my cowardly assailant. Not a word did he vouchsafe in rebuttal, but when I scrambled to my feet he jerked me down again and sprang upon my back. He was a veritable giant, this assassin, in both size and strength,



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and he had been eating onions. To this day I cannot endure the odor.

In spite of my best endeavors he bound me securely, and then, leaving the stricken Rowdy prone where he had fallen on the altar of affection, he lifted and bore me to a light wagon that was secreted behind some trees.

"Murderer!" I hissed. "Assassin! Pig! Do your worst to me, but do not leave that devoted beast to die."

His only response was a grunt. At that I lifted my voice in a shout for help, upon which he promptly shoved an evil-tasting handkerchief into my mouth, of the sort the cowherds wear round their necks for adornment. Then he tied another round my head to hold the gag in place and dumped me into the wagon.

Ah, m'sieu, how can I depict the horrors of that ride! A captive in the hands of an unscrupulous fiend, jolting across the rough bleak country for miles and miles. It was enough to sap the courage of the stoutest, but I did not despair. My assailant never uttered a sound, but urged the mule forward with a stick.

I judged by the tilt of the wagon that we were traveling upward, probably ascending the long ridge that formed the base of the contiguous mountains. How far we went I could only conjecture. The road became excessively steep and rough, so cluttered with rocks that more than once the murderer on the seat turned to ascertain whether I had fallen out. At long last he cried "Whoa!" to the mule, and we were amid a dense grove of trees. I could descry cliffs beetling above them.

You will not credit what followed, my friend. Looking back on it I can scarce convince myself that such refinement of cruelty was not the chimera of a fevered dream. But no, it happened to me, Henri Giraud.

Arrived at this desolate spot, my captor backed and wheeled with many objurgations until the end of the wagon was above a spot he had selected for my reception. Had I known what spot it was—ah, my friend, he would never have pushed me from that wagon alive. But all unreckoning, and fearful that resistance might drive him to summary slaughter, I lay quiet and permitted him to roll me out.

Then I shrieked in terror—without sound because of the gag—for, instead of alighting upon the solid earth as I had a reasonable right to expect, I plunged down through space—down and down and down. Dirt and sticks and stones pelted me; I could not move hand or foot to stay my descent. And then quite unexpectedly I hit the ground.

Le bon Dieu ordained, m'sieu, that the earth should be soft and covered with leaves and rubbish, to the end that the assassin might be circumvented. It is true that the impact shook me cruelly, but I did not lose consciousness. For a moment I lay still. All round was dark; above showed a vague patch of light. Evidently he had thrown me into an abandoned well, or one of the shafts sunk by the prospectors who roved these mountains.

As I waited, sick with horror, there came a sharp rattle from the direction of my feet. Something struck the sole of my boot, and then I heard a gliding sound, as of a reptile over dead grass. You may well cry out, m'sieu. Seldom has the human brain concocted such tortures or living man so gloriously survived them.

When I felt the stroke on my boot I gave myself up for lost. What an end to a life not wholly lacking in brilliance! My brain reeled, and suddenly the patch of light grew blurred. I became mercifully lost to my surroundings. It is to be presumed that I swooned.

However that may be, when I again awoke to my plight there was a whine in my ears. Eagerly I listened. There was no mistaking that tone; its loving solicitude touched my heart. Rolling over on my face, I rubbed off the bandage, which enabled me to disgorge the gag.

"Rowdy!" I yelled.

A joyous bark! Ah, what music to my ears! I shouted and wept; my brave dog leaned far over the opening and whimpered and yelped.

"Go back," I commanded. "Go back, my noble friend, and bring succor. Run away and return quickly."

It required a considerable time for him to grasp the purport of these orders. The affectionate creature wished to stay by me—nay, I had to dissuade him from leaping bodily down the shaft to be at my side. But when I lost patience and told him sternly to be gone he ceased his cries, and presently I missed the outline of his head at the rim of the aperture.

The agony of the wait that ensued! It seemed eons and eons—perhaps it was two hours—but the dim patch was growing gray when I heard the scuffle of Rowdy's return and a moment later the crunch of a human foot. How I shouted, m'sieu, my voice choking with emotion, the tears of thankfulness rolling down my cheeks. I was still alive; with God's help I might yet win free and return to punish my murderer.

A head appeared at the opening.

"Hello down there," it called out. "What the Sam Hill you doing?"

"Help," I begged. "Pull me out; I perish."

"Can you grab a rope?"

"Alas, no; I am bound."

"Gee whiz!" was the astonished reply. "You don't say! Wait and I'll come down."

Shortly he descended by a rope, hand over hand, and released me.

"Can you stand up? Who did —— Watch out!" I was about to place my foot to the ground; my rescuer restrained the impulse, pointing to the sole of my boot. "A rattler's fang," said he. "Whew, don't step on it, or maybe it'll go clear through. Take off your shoe."

I did so. While I was unlacing it with much circumspection he busied himself inspecting the walls of the shaft. He was an elderly man of medium height, meanly clad and wearing a beard sadly in need of attention.

"Ol' Monte Daniels' mine," he murmured, half to himself, nosing all about. "Ain't been touched since Monte up and died."

And then he stopped, rigid, staring at the rock. Next moment he gave a furious shout and pounced on a projecting ledge. In that terrible hole, infested with deadly reptiles, this strange man whooped in mad delight. He was clutching at the ledge, his eyes wild, and while I gaped at him, started to rock about on his feet with a peculiar shuffling movement, much after the fashion of the aborigines at their feasts. And as he danced he chanted a species of incantation.

"Copper! Copper!" it ran. "Good ol' copper! Who's loony now? Who's loony now?"

"What is it?" I asked, but he paid no attention, only went on with his weird revel.

"What is it?" I demanded again, seizing his arm.

Upon that he sobered abruptly, although a fire still burned in his eyes.

"Is it?" he croaked. "We're rich, that's all. We've struck another Queen. Man, we'll be millionaires." Again he danced about. "You found it," added this generous creature, "so I'll give you half."

Even in my dreadful plight, m'sieu, I did not forget what was due the occasion. No. I embraced my noble benefactor. I kissed him on both cheeks.

"Dadgum!" he exclaimed, repelling me. "What the tarnation did you want to do that for? It tickles!"

"M'sieu," I replied in a shaking voice, "you have saved my life. Tell me your name that I may bless it forevermore."

His answer was in keeping with his rugged character.

"Put the soft pedal on that, bo," he said. "Your dog saved you, as far as that goes, and my name—it's Joe Hicks. And believe me, we'll gather the coin."

Hicks! I had found them. My long and perilous search was rewarded. Here stood a representative of that estimable family—perhaps the head of it himself—and out of his own mouth I was assured that we would gather the coin. Picture to yourself, m'sieu, my raptures. A moment of stupefaction, of joy too great for words, and then again I embraced him.

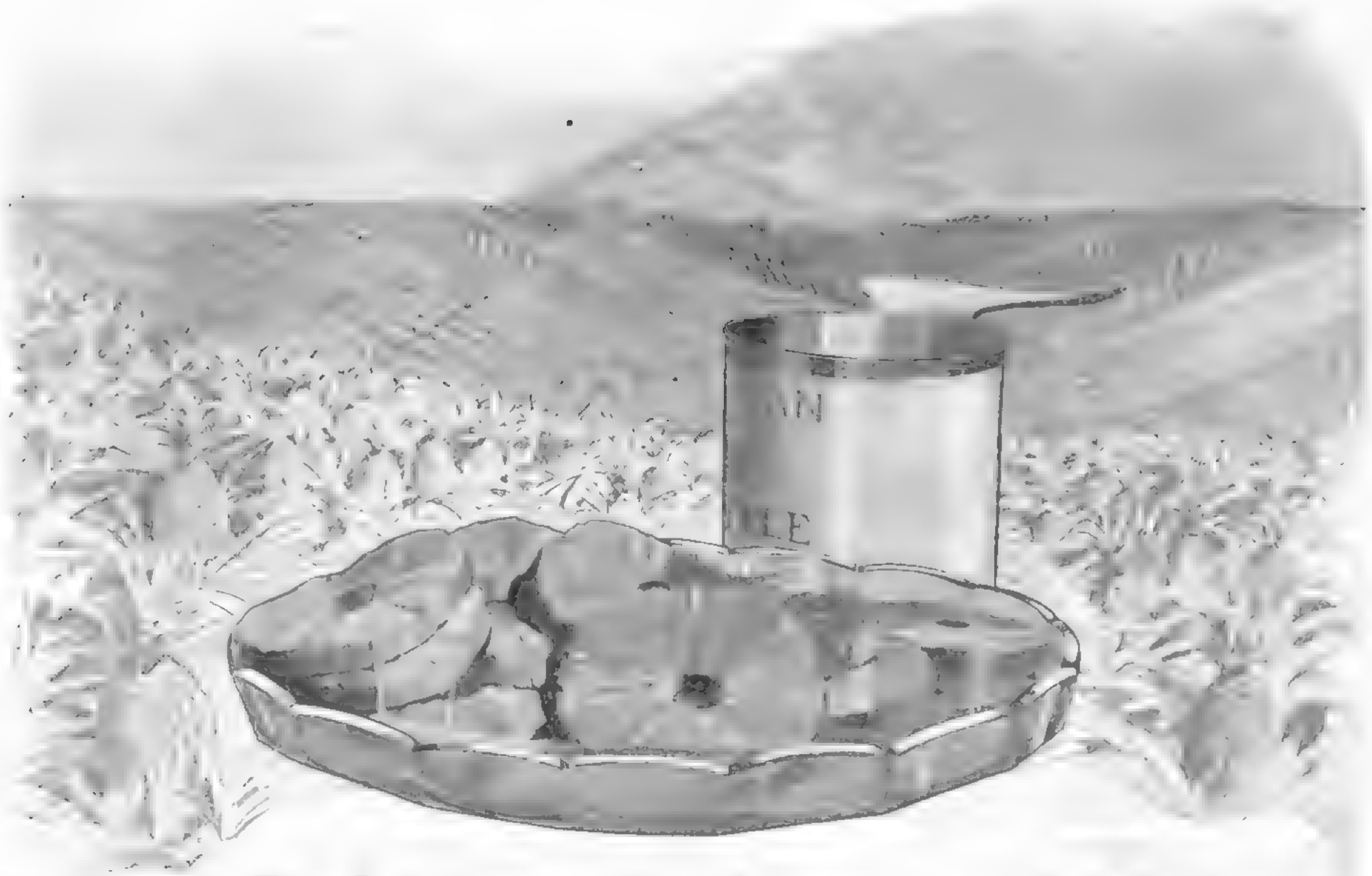
"No," he said firmly. "No more of that. We're pardners from now on, Frenchy, but no kissin'. I don't like it a-tall."

When we had calmed somewhat M'sieu Hicks had me ascend the rope.

"It'll hold," he promised. "I gave a double half-hitch round a stump."

Why describe the transports of my dear dog on beholding me safe and sound? He leaped and barked; he raced about in circles; he jumped upon me and would have licked my face. And I was scarcely less moved. The intrepid beast had a deep cut across his head, but seemed uninjured otherwise. I hugged him to me, mumbling endearments. He was worthy of the most profound attachment one could bestow.

(Continued on Page 67)



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5c Metal-lined Bags
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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Continued from Page 64.

"All right," said M'sieu Hicks, joining me. "Come along, Frenchy. We'll prove up on this claim, and then you can go bust Bastedo."

And that, m'sieu, was what I did. I stayed in M'sieu Hicks' cabin there on the mountain while he visited the town to take the steps required to establish our ownership. Then, with Rowdy at my heels, I bade him farewell for a short period and went down the mountain. I would square accounts with this man Bastedo, you understand.

How did I know it was he who had committed the deed? What better evidence was needed than his surly treatment of me in his own house, his open threats to chastise me as he might chastise a boy? It was all perfectly clear, and I went down the mountain.

They had just finished dinner at the messhouse when I arrived, and only M'sieu Jimmy and Miss Hetty were there. At sight of me she screamed and dropped a tray of dishes. Paying no heed to her or the excitement of M'sieu Jimmy, who essayed to soothe the woman, I went to my bed and extracted my precious knives from the bundle. These I stuck about my person, concealing them with care. A rope I already had, the gift of my new partner.

M'sieu Bastedo and madame were on the porch when I opened the gate and strode up the walk. Something in my face must have warned her; probably I looked grim enough, stalking back from the grave like an avenging spirit. She stood up. He glanced round lazily and, without rising, said:

"What's the matter now? Thought you had skipped out."

I continued to advance, ignoring madame's agitation. It was pitiful. She had her handkerchief to her mouth and her eyes were pleading with me to spare him, but it was no time to indulge weakness.

"So!" I replied, confronting him squarely. "I have come back, you see?" And then my nostrils confirmed all my suspicions. "Aha, onions!"

"What the ——" he began, making to get up, but I pushed him back and cried:

"No, m'sieu, it is no use. It will not do. I have come for my revenge. A month ago I submitted meekly because I was your dishwasher, and madame—— But enough! I am no longer in your debt. Therefore, rise and follow me. We will fight it out."

"Fight what out?" he retorted with so perfect a simulation of surprise that anyone else would have been duped; and then to his wife, who stood by with her hands to her chin, seemingly too terrified for speech: "What monkey business is this anyhow? What does the frog-eater want? Send him away or I'll lose my temper in a minute."

Sure of myself and of him, thoroughly master of the situation, I stepped close and coolly slapped him across the cheek.

"Perhaps," I said, "that will give you courage."

Up he reared, his hands clenched and his breath straining. "Just for that I'll break every bone ——"

But he never finished the threat, for at that moment the woman from the messhouse came charging down upon us, screaming at the top of her lungs: "Wait! Don't! It wasn't him! It wasn't him! It was Tud!"

So distraught was her manner that it gave us both pause, and while we hesitated the fellow called Tud arrived in company with a dozen others from the pens, all drawn by the sounds of our altercation. Miss Hetty did not falter, but sped up the path all out of breath, her dress and hair in deplorable disorder.

"Don't fight," she begged. "It wasn't him."

"Pardon, but ——"

It was my intention to assure her that no subterfuge would swerve me, nor any plea shake my resolve, but I was rendered tongue-tied by the extraordinary behavior of my dog. Not a sign of animosity had he exhibited toward M'sieu Bastedo—indeed, I had forgotten he followed me—but at sight of the fellow called Tud he emitted a savage growl and ran at him.

What pandemonium ensued, my friend! Madame screaming "Pull him off"; Miss Hetty inert on the steps, weakened and racked by sobs; the cowherds all kicking at Rowdy, who had his enemy on the ground and was striving to better the grip he had secured on his leather breeches; and lastly, M'sieu Bastedo and I, forgetful of each other for the nonce, staring open-mouthed at the scene. Picture it to yourself.

But in an instant I recovered my wits and sprang to the rescue of my dog. Rowdy would not listen to my command; it required force to hold him off. Never have I seen such deadly hatred as the wonderful beast displayed.

"Aha!" I cried, giving the fellow called Tud a hearty kick. "So it was you? Coward! Assassin! Pig!"

He did not offer to rise or to fight back, and a roar went up from his disgusted compatriots. "Kick him again, Frenchy. Soak him good!" Such were their acclamations of encouragement. Presently Tud sat bolt upright and wailed: "He went and made love to my wife."

I almost reeled; I felt myself turn pale.

"Wife?" I repeated.

"Yes, wife. I seen you kissin' her hand back of the kitchen."

And then it was all revealed to me in a flash. In that supreme moment, my friend, I was magnificent, transformed. So Miss Hetty was this wretched poltroon's wife! She should not suffer in future on my account.

"Sir," I replied, drawing myself up to my full height, "that the lady was so unfortunately allied in marriage was unknown to me. No one mentioned it. And so I—so I asked her to become Madame Giraud."

Never had I appeared to better advantage. Miss Hetty gave a moan of thankfulness; in madame's soft glance I read admiration and—but a gentleman does not boast, m'sieu. The fellow called Tud appeared overcome. After staring uncertainly from Miss Hetty to me he offered to rise; but I had no intention of letting him off so lightly. Now that all was safe for Miss Hetty I would have my revenge.

"Stand back!" I cried sharply to them all. "Stand back and see how I punish an assassin."

They scattered and I tossed my rope with the skill of the most expert cowherd. It noosed the fellow called Tud and I drew it tight before he could escape. Then I bound him round and round until he could barely move his feet.

"Now," said I with admirable sang-froid, "we will march, you and I. Forward, *mon enfant. Vite!*"

He could shuffle along, and that was all; but I led him remorselessly toward the saloon, the entire throng trooping after us. Even madame was drawn by her curiosity and sustained the tearful Miss Hetty, who kept imploring me not to hurt him.

"What's he up to?" I heard behind us, and "What does he aim to do?"

"He's fixing to kiss him," said one. And then the nasal voice of M'sieu Jimmy: "No, it is worse'n that. He's going to tie him up and tell him some of them French jokes."

They laughed, those primitive cowherds, but I did not mind. He who laughs last is not always an Englishman. No, I could afford to be patient and calm.

Bien, m'sieu, I led my captive to a strip of solid fence behind the saloon and there made him fast to a post. The fence was taller than his head and admirably adapted to my purpose. While I was working I caught a murmur of doubt from the onlookers that I was quick to fathom, and heard M'sieu Bastedo inquire: "This looks kind of serious. How about it, Ben? Hadn't we best stop him?"

"Shucks, no. Let's see some fun first."

Then I stepped back and raised my arm for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I announced in my best manner, "I will now offer for your delectation the most startling ——"

"Why, Emmett," she cried, "it's that sideshow man!"

Madame's voice recalled me to myself. Curtly I ended:

"*Messieurs*, I will show you how to punish a coward. Stand back, gentlemen. Let there be no interference lest somebody get hurt."

They surged back and I drew one of my knives. A ripple of consternation, and the fellow called Tud set up a dolorous whine, begging for mercy. I turned my back and walked six paces from him; then, whirling, hurled the blade without so much as a detectable glance at my prisoner. It flashed straight for his neck and buried itself in a plank, where it stuck, quivering.

"Help!" he howled. "Mr. Bastedo, ma'am—he's fixing to kill me."

"Sir," I replied with a smile, "I do not like the cut of your hair."

Whish! went another knife with the speed of light, and cut off a lock above his right ear. And then he began to bawl like a

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

veritable bull. But I was inexorable. I pinned his leather breeches to the boards; when he turned his head I clipped the end off his mustache. Never in all my career had I been more magnificent, so quick of eye and so sure of hand. After each throw there would break a gasp from the spectators.

I came to my last knife. For this I had reserved the supreme test of my skill—it was my purpose to part his hair in the middle. I faced about and walked back two more paces.

"Hold on!" exclaimed M'sieu Bastedo. "Wait a minute, Frenchy; he's fainted."

It was true; the miserable wight had succumbed to his terror. I turned him loose. With a bow to Miss Hetty that was chivalrous and yet final, I propelled the fellow called Tud toward her, and then gathered up my knives, minded to return immediately to the mountain and M'sieu Hicks.

But those brave cowherds would not hear of it. They pressed about me, slapping my back; they raised me to their shoulders and bore me in triumph to the saloon. And there we celebrated my return to life and my wonderful fortune in finding the Hicks.

In truth, they revealed themselves in that hour as excellent creatures, those cowherds of the Pitchfork. Yet I cannot but think that the exposition of my art was lost upon their uncultivated natures, and I will give you my reason for so thinking, my friend: If M'sieu Bastedo failed to grasp it, what could be expected of his more ignorant following? And attend to what M'sieu Bastedo said to me at parting.

"All the same, Frenchy," were his very words, "if I had eleven shots at a man as close as that, I'll be darned if I couldn't hit him once."

SENSE AND NONSENSE

His Favorite Beast

HARRIS DICKSON, on a hunting trip in Sunflower County, Mississippi, met an old darky who had never seen a circus in his life. When the Big Show came in the following season to Dickson's town of Vicksburg he sent for the old man and treated him to the whole thing—arrival of the trains, putting up the tents, grand free street parade, menagerie, main performance, concert, side show, peanuts, red lemonade, and all.

The old darky followed his white patron through with popping eyes, but saying never a word. Late in the afternoon they got back to the Dickson home.

"John," said Dickson, "you enjoyed it?"

"Boss," said John fervently, "Ah shore did!"

"What did you like the most?"

"Mistah Dickson," answered John, "Ah shore laked hit all."

"Well, what impressed you most?"

John scratched his wool.

"Well, suh, boss," he said, "Ah reckin hit wuz dat dere animul you calls de camuel."

"The camel, eh? Well, what was so remarkable about the camel?"

"He suttinly is got such a noble smell!"

Getting There Early

IN BIG-LEAGUE circles they are forever telling stories to illustrate the ability of Connie Mack to discern signs of talent in adolescent ball players in the back districts. Jimmy Callahan tells this one:

"When I was managing the White Sox and Jack Doyle was scouting for the outfit he kept telling me about a promising kid outfielder in one of the bush leagues. Somebody had given Jack a line on the youngster, and after he had mentioned the lad to me several times I told him to take a trip and look the kid over. At the end of a week Jack came back into camp.

"'The kid is there,' Jack said, reporting to me. 'He's a bear cat; but I didn't sign him up.'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Got there too late,' says Jack. 'I took a look at him from the grand stand when he was playing, and I knew we could use him; so, before I said anything to him, I went to see his father and mother. They had no objection to his playing professional ball on the grand circuit, but he was already under contract. Connie Mack signed him up when he was seven years old—and he's only eleven now!'"

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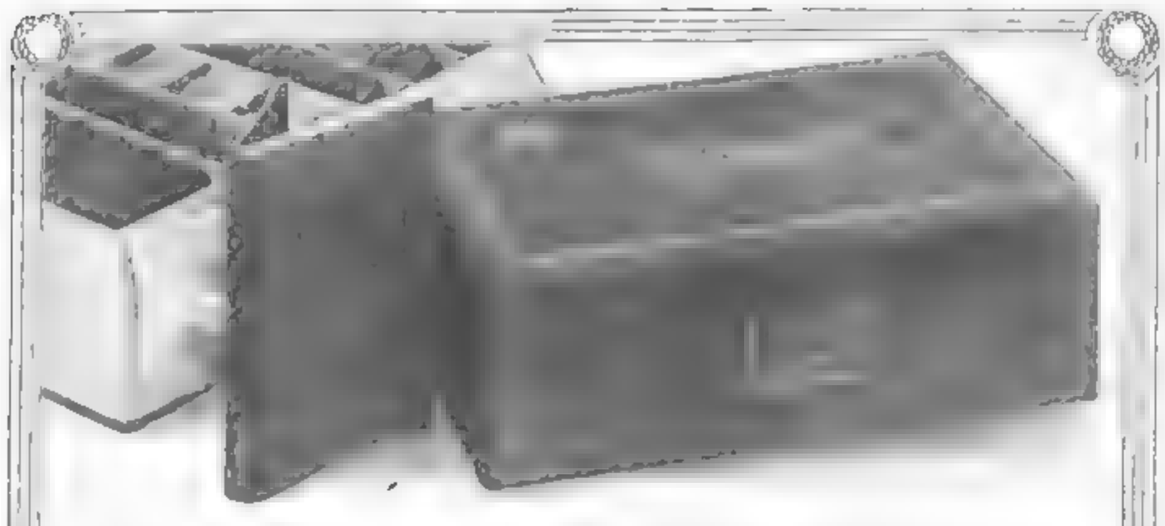

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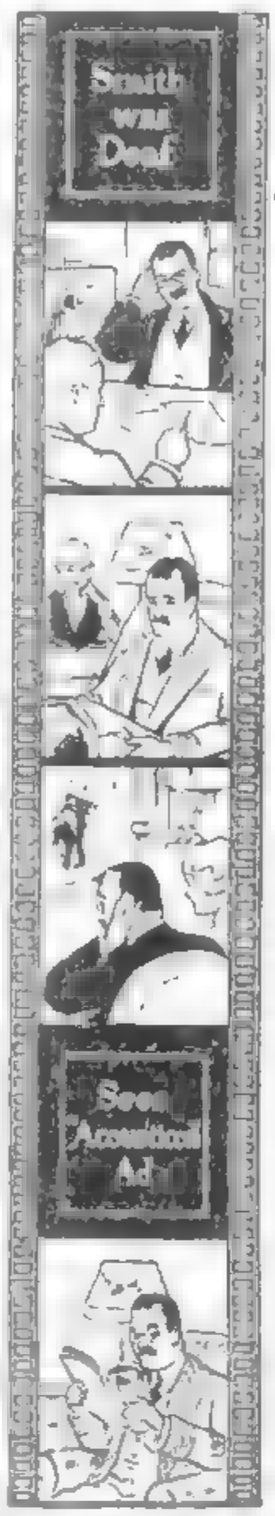

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RICH MAN, POOR MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

saw to that. At his heels usually was a small, sad-faced, rowdy-looking Irish terrier, Barney by name. "Sing, Barney!" David would say, pointing a finger at him; and Barney, lifting his head to heaven, would sing: "Ow! Ow! Ow-wow!" One day when a visiting dowager had made to Bab the brilliantly intelligent remark: "How glad you must be they found you!" David secretly pointed a finger at Barney. Instantly Barney responded.

"Ow! Ow! Ow-wow!" he sang. "Ow! Ow wow!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the visitor. "What ails the animal?"

"Oh, he's glad too," answered David—"glad, you know, Bab was found!" Even the dowager had to laugh.

But David always was forgiven. His aunt's cronies all adored him. Pink-cheeked little old ladies in bonnets would simper and smile and look arch when he laughed and joked with them; tall, grenadierlike females, classic dowagers, would titter and shake and look rollicking when he poked good-natured fun at their foibles. He had, indeed, to him a human, friendly side that few who came near him could resist; and day by day Bab felt her liking grow for her crippled cousin—a sunny, cheerful figure, the most courageous she had ever known. However, that was but a part of it. As time went on and those first days turned themselves into weeks Bab began to realize how much David had done and still was doing for her. His consideration never flagged. His thoughtfulness seemed instinctive. All his time, indeed, he stood ready to give to her.

It was a vivid period to her—that first month or so of her new life. For one thing it made her realize clearly what the power, the persuasion of wealth like the Beestons' meant. Fifth Avenue, the Fifth Avenue that would have turned up its nose at Bab, the boarding-house waif, now turned itself inside out for Barbara, old Peter Beeston's grandchild. Modistes, milliners, bootmakers, all that horde of outfitters that batten on the rich, swarmed at the Beeston door. Clothes, hats, gloves, laces, what not, were showered upon Bab. She had music lessons, she had dancing lessons; lessons in French, and in Italian too, she took daily. Miss Elvira saw to all this. Bab, indeed, might have a manner; she might, indeed, be born to it; but even so, Miss Elvira was still determined there should be no mistake about it. Bab at times felt as if her head were whirling.

"It's ridiculous!" she protested. "I'm just living my life in hatshops! What do I need with so many things?" Indeed, as she pointed out, already she had enough for a dozen débutantes. "You try on that hat!" Miss Elvira directed grimly, adding that by the time she'd finished with Bab, Bab would look like someone.

Bab thought so too—either that, or Miss Elvira would destroy them both. However, all that her aunt did could not compare with the aid David lent. What he did was invaluable. It was he who first helped Bab make friends in that big world about them -girls that he himself knew, men that were his own friends. Miss Elvira had wished to achieve this by a single, magnificent coup.

"Why not give a dance?" she suggested; but David put his foot down firmly. Bab happened to overhear him.

"Don't be an old silly!" he laughed, at the same time playfully pinching Miss Elvira's cheek. "A dance when she doesn't know a soul? Why, she'd feel as if she were alone in New York!"

"Well!" retorted his aunt, "what do you expect when you keep her always to yourself?"

The remark seemed provocative. At any rate, after this on every pretense David went out of his way to have her meet his friends. To them, it appeared, Bab was for many reasons an object of more than passing interest.

Good taste usually restrained them from probing too intimately into her past, but when curiosity got the better of them Bab laughingly revealed what they longed to hear.

One girl in particular seemed deeply interested. She was Linda Blair, a bizarre, slender creature, tall, with reddish brown hair and a thoughtful smile.

"A boarding house!" she exclaimed, incredulous when Bab told her the nature of Mrs. Tilney's establishment. "Do you really mean it?"

"Oh, yes," returned Bab, amused; "it was the landlady and one of the boarders who brought me up!"

"Not *really?*" cried the girl, her air shocked. "A clerk and a boarding-house keeper?"

"They were the two kindest people in the world," returned Bab, and after a gasp the other recovered herself.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed hurriedly. "I didn't understand!"

Bab knew she hadn't.

Kind, pleasant, friendly like himself, these were the friends that David brought to her. The grim, dark old house after years of silence awoke again. Young voices were heard within it; there were young folk roaming its vast dim rooms and halls. Upstairs one day Beeston its master heard unwonted sounds below; and he sat up, frowning curiously. Not for twenty years had he heard such sounds in his house.

"What's that?" he grumbled.

Miss Elvira happened to be with him.

"It's Barbara," she answered—"she and David. They have some friends with them."

There was a pause. "Huh!" said Beeston. Then: "The old tomb seems to be waking up, doesn't it?" It did seem so, indeed. Now that she had caught her breath, found the time to look about her and to see what life, this new and wonderful existence, held in store for her, Bab's spirits soared buoyantly. And yet even in the midst of it, as the time sped on and the flitting days had changed themselves into weeks, then into that first vivid month, a shadow, a little cloud, began all at once to creep hazily over the spirit of her dream. Varick—where was he? She had not seen him once! She had not even heard from him! Why?

In those swiftly changing hours, the time that had so swiftly sped, Bab's greatest delight had been to think that the friends she had made were his friends too; that this life she was living was his life also. Eagerly she waited to see him. Eagerly too, as eagerly as she had wished for that, she had wished to have him see her. Vanity was no fault of Bab's; but she wanted him to know that the Bab at Mrs. Tilney's had been transformed, transfigured, into a different sort of Bab. As well as Miss Elvira she divined what the new hats, the new dresses, all these and the rest had done for her. No need to look in the glass to know that! Already she had seen the eyes, frankly admiring, that followed her wherever she went. Even David had shown it! The first night she had walked into the drawing-room, her slender throat and round, girlish white shoulders revealed in the first dinner dress she had ever had on, David had stared.

"Bab!" he had exclaimed. "Why, you're lovely!"

At the compliment, breathed low in admiration, the color had crept faintly into her delicate face, tinting it to a hue lovely in its contrast with the soft pale ivory of her neck and shoulders. If Varick then only could have seen her! But Varick apparently had vanished.

After that encounter—her first day's surprising experience with the Lloyds—it was clear to Bab that she was not the only one toward whom their feeling was antagonistic. That Varick was included seemed clear. That he was suspected of something seemed as evident. Nor was that all. His attitude had itself been curious.

The more she thought of it the more queer his manner seemed when he had learned of her relationship to the Beestons. What had happened? What had he done? Why was he no longer welcome in that house? In learning who she was Bab's first thought had been: "Now I'll see him there! Now he'll come to see me!" But Varick had not come. However, though he hadn't, Bab had said nothing to anyone. Not for worlds would she have shown the ache that day by day, hour by hour, ate gradually into her heart. It was not like him to have done that. Why had he? Then, finally she learned!

IX

IT WAS from her grandfather that this revelation came. The holidays had passed. January with its cold and snow was gone; February followed, in turn giving way to a mild, springlike March; and daily gaining strength, Beeston was up and

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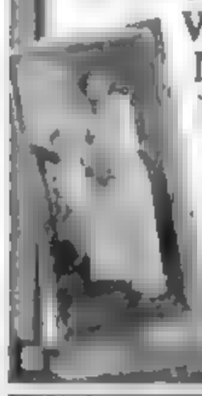

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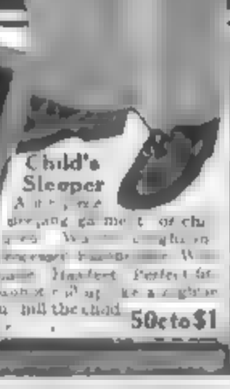

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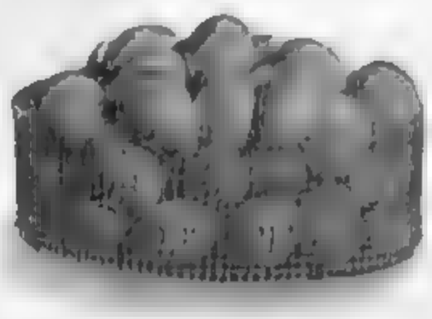

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out of doors. Overwork was the man's chief trouble; his vitality literally had burned him out. What he needed was rest, much rest. Every afternoon, tucked up in the corner of a big motor landau with the top let down, he drove in the park and on Riverside Drive, Bab and David with him. Bab before long learned to look forward with pleasure to these excursions.

By now she had lost the feeling of uneasiness that Beeston once had roused in her; and in its place had risen a deep affection for the dark, lonely, grim old man. Of his son he no longer asked now, silenced when once he realized she could tell him nothing; nor did he ever probe her about her own experiences. The past, it seemed, he had accepted as a closed book. It was as if he resolved to rouse no sleeping dogs, but meant to take out of what was left him of life whatever happiness it held. Bab, for all his prickly ways, could not have had a kindlier, more devoted relative. Certainly he let her want for nothing. All that money meant was hers. Beeston every day made sure of that.

"Happy?" he'd rumble at her.

"Happy!" she'd return.

To see her few indeed would have thought any shadow hovered in her heart—not David, not Beeston, at any rate. Perched up between them in the motor, she laughed and chatted, her face radiant; the slim figure in its furs, its jaunty little toque, a charming, animated picture. Indeed, with David's gentleness, with her grandfather's gruff, amused indulgence, there were times when she could almost forget that shadow; when, in fact, she was forgetfully happy, almost as happy as she averred.

It was on a day, a ride just such as this, then, that Bab first got that hint about Varick. That day David had not gone with them. The Lloyds having closed their town house, transferring themselves to their country place out on Long Island, David was spending the day there. Alone with Bab, Beeston all at once grew communicative.

A smile, lurking and sardonic, had crept into his face. Curiously, though, as Bab was to learn, it was at himself that Beeston smiled. The man, it appeared, had been trying to do a kindly turn; and this, the cause of his cynical amusement, seemed to have been no less than an effort to reward Mrs. Tilney and Mr. Mapleson for what they'd done for Bab. To his amazement, however, the two had declined, Mrs. Tilney refusing stiffly, not to say indignantly, the offer made by Beeston's lawyers, Mr. Mapleson, for his part, growing suddenly agitated.

Bab pricked up her ears. Mr. Mapleson's queerness long had been an old story with her. Of late, though, in her visits to Mrs. Tilney's, she had noted he had grown still more queer. Why was it? What had happened that made them all so queer? Why, the last time she had gone there she had happened suddenly on Mr. Mapleson, and the little man was in tears! And then, too, that was but a part of it.

"Yes, ran up the stairs!" Beeston was saying, still speaking of Mr. Mapleson. "The lawyers tell me the man looked downright terrified!"

Bab spoke then.

"Dad"—it was thus she called him—"Dad," she demanded, "what's wrong? Why is it that Mr. Varick never comes to our house? He used to, you know!"

Varick? At the name she saw a quick gleam spring in Beeston's eyes, and then, his brows thickening, he scowled. But Bab now had forgotten caution in her determination to know. Assuredly there must be some good reason why Varick had avoided her.

"Huh!" said Beeston abruptly; "what difference is it to you what that fellow does?"

"Only that I like him, dad! That's enough, isn't it?" Bab answered deliberately; and Beeston, from under his shaggy brows, gave her another sharp stare.

"Oh, so you like him, eh?" he returned, his eyes lowering. "That's how the land lies, is it? And why do you like him? let me ask."

"Why shouldn't I?" Bab retorted quietly. Then without calculating the consequences of what she said, she added: "So would you have liked him if he had been as kind, as pleasant as he always was to me!"

The statement seemed to hit Beeston as significant. Again his eyes lit darkly and he gazed at her, his face sneering.

"Huh, I see!" he drawled. "Made love to you, I suppose, down in that boarding house! Eh? So that's it, is it?" At his brusqueness, the blunt, brutal frankness of his scorn, Bab felt all the blood in her body rush hotly into her face. Before she could answer him, however, Beeston spoke again.

"Yes," he rumbled, "it'd be like a Varick to want to do me dirt!" His voice came thickly, contempt and hatred bubbling together in his tone. "You don't know, I suppose, why that fellow's living in that house? Eh? Well, I'll tell you why. His father set out to trim me and I turned the tables on him. That's why. Lord!" growled Beeston; "and now, I take it, the son wants to get back at me! Trying to get you and your money, isn't he?"

But this, it happened, was too much.

"That's not true!" said Bab. "You shan't say that!"

She would have said more but that Beeston, with a scornful laugh, cut her short.

"You don't think, do you, he'd marry you without your money? If you do," he sneered, "then why didn't he do it when he had the chance? He was there in that house with you, wasn't he?"

Each word, as he drawled it slowly at her, seemed poisoned with a venom calculated to destroy. Her face white, Bab heard him in wonder. Curiously she had no answer. When she tried she could not find the words. Beeston, leaning forward, tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Drive home!" he ordered.

Was it true? Was it, indeed, that Varick never would marry her except that she had money? She knew it was! How could she disguise it? She herself had said as much in the days when she had been only Bab, Mrs. Tilney's unknown ward. The words, the phrases of that very thought kept recurring to her now. A Varick single and living in a boarding house was far different from a Varick married, living in a four-room Harlem flat!

That was it then. If he married her it would be only for her money? Bab couldn't believe it! He was not that sort. She didn't care who said it, Varick was not a vulgar fortune hunter. Yes, but if he wasn't, then why hadn't he married her when she was only Bab—Bab of the boarding house? Why? Why? Why?

Her face like stone, Bab sat out the remainder of that drive, plunged in those gnawing reflections. Beeston, too, seemed stricken into silence. His brows drawn together, his murky eyes peering from beneath their heavy lids, he was slouched down in his seat, staring straight ahead of him. What visions stalked before him, wraiths of his dead, stormy past, Bab had no guess; but that hatred stirred thickly in his heart one had but to see his face to know. Bab, though, gave little heed to that. Deep in her own heart, too, poison bubbled.

It was true! He never, never would marry her unless she had money! And if marry her he did, never would she know whether it was for herself or for her money. She was still thinking of it, mulling it all over and over in her mind, when the motor rolled up to the Beeston door. Beeston, leaning heavily on the footman's arm, alighted. Bab, still plunged in reflection, sat where she was.

"You coming in?" her grandfather demanded.

Bab shook her head. She had something to do, she said; and saying no more Beeston turned away. She watched him hobble up the stairs and, still on the footman's arm, disappear indoors. Then when he was gone, when the door was shut and the servant had returned to the car, Bab, as the man touched his hat to her, sat up, suddenly alert. She knew what she must do.

"Drive to Mrs. Tilney's," she said.

X

THE window was open, letting in a flood of the spring day's mellow sunshine, and the leaves of Mr. Mapleson's geraniums in their boxes on the sill quivered delicately in the breeze. There was a lily, too, standing in a dish beside them; and as the air stirred its stalk and slender, rapierlike leaves, they gracefully curved themselves, nodding and curtsying like a maiden. Outside, the clocks had just finished striking six.

Mr. Mapleson sat on the bed; and with his chin in his hands, his shoulders sunken, he gazed vacantly at the wall. Never had his lined face looked so gray, so furrowed; never had it seemed so worn. Age in the last few weeks, it seemed, had told heavily on the little man.

At Mrs. Tilney's the boarders had not only seen this, they had noted more than

one other change in him. His shy, friendly voice no longer joined in the talk at the dinner table; his timid, frosty little giggle no more was heard to echo their merriment. Banquo at the feast indeed could not have been more dejected. Submerged, downcast, detached, he had altered utterly in the brief two months since Christmas.

What it was that weighed on the little man's mind was of course not known to the others. But Mr. Mapleson knew. And it was this knowledge that had worn on him so destructively. Even now at the thought his face grew full of pain; and as he raised a hand to draw it across his brow a penetrating sigh escaped him.

He was still sitting there, the tragic simpleton, the sentimentalist, when of a sudden a quick footfall, a step he well remembered, sounded in the hall. Then a hand rapped on the door.

The limousine bearing Bab to Mrs. Tilney's had come swiftly; as a matter of fact, for her it had come too swiftly. Uptown, when she had made up her mind, she had felt so sure, so certain. The thing to do, she had been convinced up there, was to see Mr. Mapy; he would set everything right. Yes, but now that she had come, what was it he was to set right? What was it he or anyone else could do? She confessed she didn't know.

Beeston's sneering and contemptuous speeches still rang echoing in her ears. Even had they been true, the affront in those utterances could not have been more stinging. And again, how did she know they weren't true? A vulgar fortune hunter Beeston had termed him; and what reason had she to believe he wasn't? To be sure, he had neither asked her to marry him nor openly made love to her; but then how did she know he wouldn't if once he got the chance? That was it—if once he got the chance!

"Oh, Mr. Mapy!" called Bab. "Oh, Mr. Mapy!"

Closing his door she stood there smiling wistfully.

The little man's face was a picture. Amazement and alarm together struggled in it—alarm most of all. Then of a sudden, as if from the cloud in her eyes he divined something, Mr. Mapleson scrambled to his feet.

"What is it?" he wheezed, and caught thickly at his breath. "Bab, they haven't sent you away?"

Sent her away? What in the world did he mean?

"Don't you understand?" she faltered; "I needed someone to talk to; I had to come to you! Aren't you glad to see me, Mr. Mapy?"

Mr. Mapleson wet his lips. Whatever it was that had troubled him seemed again to have laid its burden on his soul; for when he spoke it was with difficulty, his words clacking brokenly between his teeth.

"Then nothing's happened—nothing up there? They are kind to you? You are happy?" A half-dozen questions came dragging from his lips. After that, of a sudden Mr. Mapleson held out his pipelike arms to her. "Bab, Bab!" he cried; "tell me you are happy!"

"Oh, happy enough," she answered dully.

Then she told him what she herself had been told. After that what happened at Mrs. Tilney's was swift.

That evening, as Varick came down the stairs of the "L" road station on the corner and trudged briskly up the side street toward Mrs. Tilney's, a curious thing occurred. Across the way, as he approached, two men had come out from the shadow of a doorway; and after a sharp glance at him they had followed him, matching their step to his. The night before the same thing had happened, and the night before that too. What was more, when he had left the bank a moment that morning he had seen one of the pair standing on a corner across Broad Street. What did they want with him? It hardly could have been a coincidence, his seeing them; for on reaching his room he drew the curtain to look and they still were there. Just then a hand rapped at Varick's door; and, his face grim, curiously thoughtful, he turned away from the window.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Mapleson. His manner hurried, he looked about him sharply. "You are alone?" he inquired. "You have a moment you can spare?"

Varick stared at him fixedly. His expression was, in fact, singularly hard and penetrating for one of his usual kindliness; and when he spoke his tone, too, was no less uncompromising.

"What do you want, Mr. Mapleson?" he inquired.

The little man was not to be rebuffed.

"You must come with me!" he said. "You must come with me for a moment!" Catching Varick by the arm he half led, half tugged him down the hall. Then having reached his own door he paused, at the same time peering up at Varick like a little gnome.

"Be kind! Oh, be kind!" whispered Mr. Mapleson; and with this, having thrust open the door, he pushed Varick into the room, then closed the door behind him. Afterward, wandering along the hall, Mr. Mapleson sat down on the stairs.

It was a queer sight, the picture that slight, insignificant figure made huddled there in the dimness of the hall. A ray of light from the gas jet overhead fell upon his face, and Mr. Mapleson, one saw, was smiling rapturously. It was as if all were well now. It was as if, as in the fairytale, all were to live happy ever afterward. But Mr. Mapy, it appeared, had counted without his host. Perhaps ten minutes had passed, certainly not more than fifteen at the most, and he was still sitting there, his face radiant, when behind him the door suddenly was thrown open. Bab spoke then, and as he heard her Mr. Mapleson got up hurriedly. Both in tone and in manner she seemed abrupt.

"No, no, you've said enough!" said Bab. "I won't hear you!"

Mr. Mapleson's face fell.

"What is it?" he exclaimed.

Bab went straight toward him, toward the stairs.

"I'm going," she said, and her voice was like steel. "I'm going," said Bab, saying it between her teeth, and over her shoulder she gave Varick at the same time a look. Its air of disdain Mr. Mapleson did not miss. Neither did he miss the break in her voice, a note of hurt, of outrage, and nervously he put out his hand to halt her. "No, don't stop me!" she said, and pushed his hand aside. "It's true! It's true what they told me about him! He's just what they said he was!"

Varick's face was like a mask. He did not speak; he made no effort, so much as by a look, even to answer her. Again after a glance at him Mr. Mapleson stammered: "What is it? Why, what is it?"

Bab answered with a laugh.

"Ask him!" she said; that was all. The next instant she had gone hurrying down the stairs. Then presently far below the street door slammed. At the sound, his eyes still on Varick's, Mr. Mapleson shuddered involuntarily.

"What is it?" once more he whispered. "Tell me what you've done."

Varick's face did not alter.

"I tried to save her," he said; "I did my best. I asked her to marry me."

"To save her?" echoed the little man, and a gasp escaped him. "To save her!"

Varick's face grew still harder.

"Mapleson, are you mad or what is it? My soul, man; whatever in the world possessed you?"

Mr. Mapleson's jaw dropped suddenly. Again the last vestige of color fled from his furrowed face.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.

Varick said it then:

"I've found you out, Mapleson! You had those letters, didn't you? You gave those lawyers their proofs. It was you that got together all those papers."

Yes, it was Mr. Mapleson that had done all this, but still he did not speak. It was as if his tongue, paralyzed, cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"Well," said Varick, "they were all forgeries! You forged them, John Mapleson. You cooked them all up yourself! Bab is no more Beeston's grandchild than I am!"

Mr. Mapleson did not even deny it.

"Hush!" he whispered, his voice appalled. "What if they should find out! Think what they'd do to her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Fits any Pocket
For Ladies & Gentlemen
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"Say, you ring-one up with some P. A., too!"

Copyright 1915 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

"Well, smoke it yourself if you want that all-fired-joy-feeling!"

Prince Albert is the cross-lots-cut to tobacco satisfaction, via a jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette! It hands out more genuine happiness each puff, finer flavor each puff and fresher fragrance each puff than you ever did dream would fall to your lot. The patented process *fixes that*—and cuts out bite and parch! From dawn's early light until turn-in-time you can bang away, *man-like,* because there isn't any flare-back in

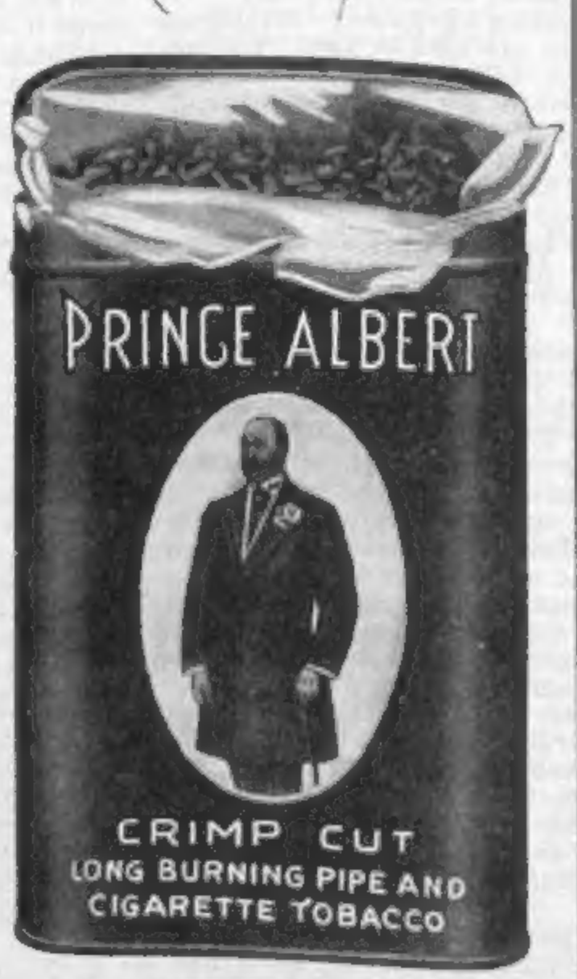
PRINCE ALBERT

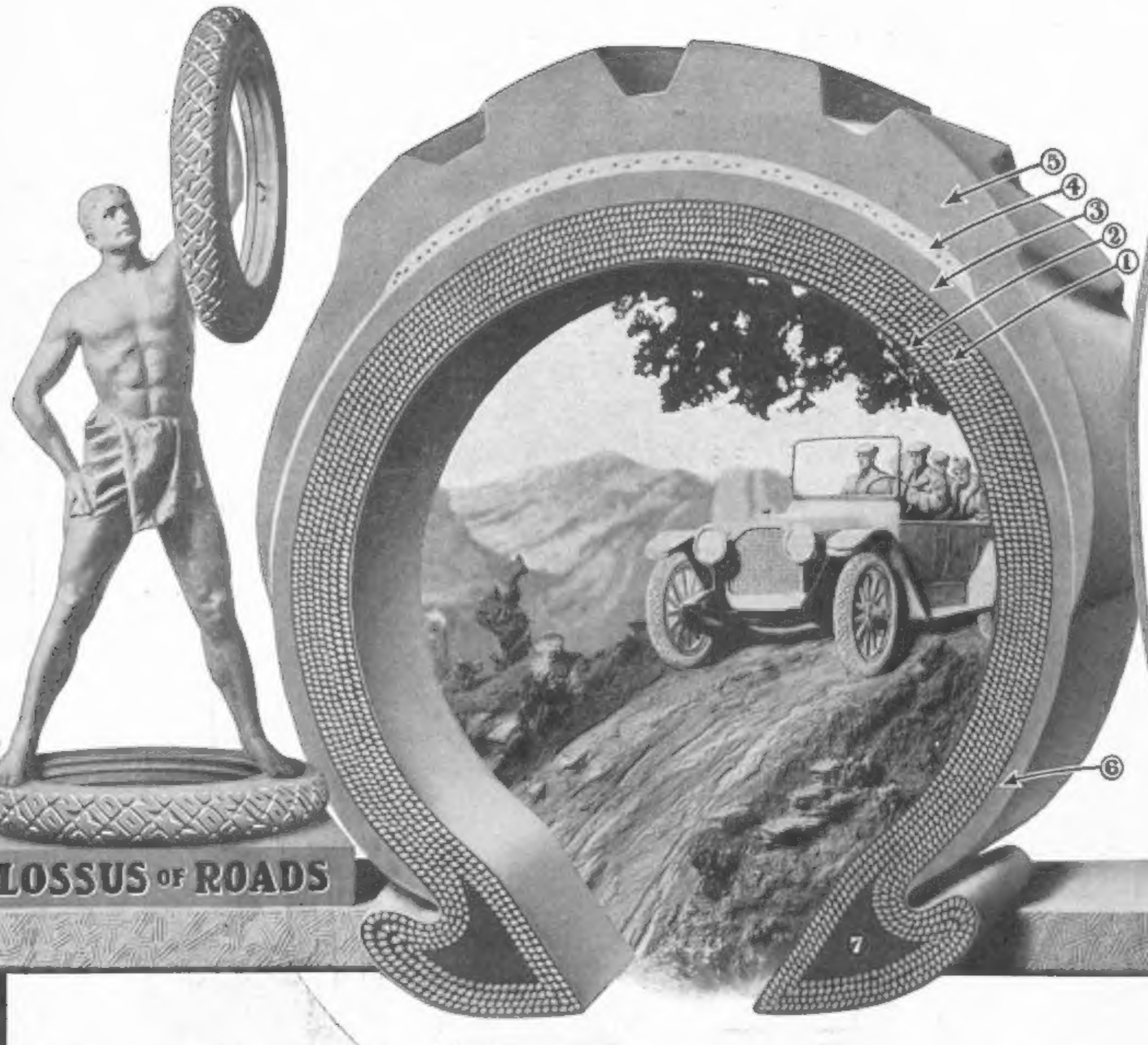
the national joy smoke

Don't you linger-longer-than-a-mighty-short-time about what you're going to do about this pipe-packing and makin's-material question. Because, men, you're losing fascinating fun and a bunch of contentment that will slide-into-your-system when you greet P. A. face-to-face!

Now, you set-sails and steer right to Port P. A. and swing swift and true with your party-pipe or some "papers" and it'll be fair weather *for yours,* coming and going! Go to the toppy red bag, at a nickel; or land on the tidy red tin for a dime; or pick the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors. But of all the P. A. packages, you'll find that classy crystal-glass pound humidor what you *need most!* The sponge in the top keeps the friendly tobacco in such bang-up trim!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.





Actual Size 5-in. "Non-Skid" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1—7 plies of Sea-Island fabric in Firestone—exact number for exacting service.

Fig. 2—Additional coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone.

Fig. 3—⅛ in. finest rubber cushion layer in Firestone.

Fig. 4—Breaker strip of Sea-Island fabric and finest rubber in Firestone.

Fig. 5—½ in. tread, good measure of tough, resilient, gripping rubber.

Fig. 6—Side wall, thick, sturdy, strongest live rubber in Firestone.

Fig. 7—Firestone bead, built into tire specially for clincher rims.

To Mileage Economy Through Firestone

IT is through the consistent use of Firestone tires that you will arrive at true economy. The purchase of one tire may not interest you keenly, but multiply it by four and the difference gets big.

With a Firestone on every wheel you are reaping a four-fold advantage. That Firestone measure of rubber and fabric in every tire piles up the mileage-saving rapidly. The Firestone two-cure process has allowed double inspection of each tire and eliminated fabric buckles and other defects. That counts big on four wheels. Multiply by four the good measure mileage in the additional non-skid tread, and you realize how worth while it is to insist on Firestones every time. Scientifically angled against skid in any direction, these piled-up gripping letters add the element of safety without adding cost to you. The trifling difference in price is returned many times in added mileage. Get full benefit of Firestone "Safe-Side" building by consistently demanding these good measure tires until they are serving you on every wheel.

Firestone Net Prices to Car Owners

	Case Round Tread	Case Non-Skid	Grey Tube	Red Tube
30x3	$ 9.40	$10.55	$2.20	$2.50
30x3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32x3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34x4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34x4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36x4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37x5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38x5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. *"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"* **Akron, O.—Branches and Dealers Everywhere**

Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Motorcycle Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, Etc.

Firestone
NON-SKID TIRES

E. P. Seidel

COMMUNITY SILVER

PATRICIAN

SHERATON

"Dearest Barbara: *August 1, 1915*

This is most private. Tom is urging me to set a day in October. Absurd, of course. * * * * Still—I might consider December if I could be sure of getting a chest of Community exactly like Betty's. But you mustn't even *hint* this to Tom!!!

——*Constance*

P. S.—Tom just called and insisted on our being married *at once.* I *positively refused.* * * * * So we compromised on the twentieth of this month—and, oh, Barbara, you're the first bridesmaid I've asked.

P. P. S.—I'm going to have a chest of Community—a big one—even if Tom has to give it to me himself."

NOTE—Do not confuse COMMUNITY PLATE with ordinary plated silver, for "Community" is so especially thickened at the wearing points and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too.

COMMUNITY STERLING *(Patrician design only)* Ask your dealer for prices.
COMMUNITY PLATE *(best plated ware made)* At your service for 50 years. Six teaspoons, $2.15.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD. - - - ONEIDA, N. Y.

Also Makers of Oneida Community Reliance Plate (at your service for 25 years, six teaspoons, $1.10), *and* Oneida Community Par Plate